Overcoming Boundaries?
Questions of Identity in the Experience of German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–45

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Abstract

Between 1933 and 1945 a relatively small number of people fled Nazi Germany and made their homes in Ireland. The oral and written testimonies collected and analysed here trace the physical and psychological journey of eight exiles who lost their homes, their jobs, their cultural and linguistic communities and sometimes even family members. The analysis of these sources focuses on how, as a consequence of this fundamentally felt loss, the exiles had to develop strategies to cope with these changed circumstances and rethink categories such as home, nationality and personal identity.

The first chapter deals with Ireland in the context of exile studies. It explains why Ireland has only recently become part of international exile studies and gives a brief history of the discipline with special emphasis on the relevance of oral history. It also outlines the methodology used.

The second chapter outlines how the category of identity is one of the most widely discussed in the human and social sciences and highlights core issues which are particularly relevant to the experience of exile, such as the precarious nature of personal identity, the subsequent need to build up a stable idea of the self and the traumatic effects a challenge to familiar strategies of identification can have on the individual. After exploring the experience of exile as a concrete manifestation of these issues, it also gives a more detailed account of the theologian Paul Tillich's concept of the boundary and how his ideas may prove a useful tool in the analysis of the collected testimonies.

The next three chapters are dedicated to the stories of the refugees. They follow a largely chronological order and trace the painful journey of the exiles who lost their homes, their jobs, their friends and family, and their cultural and linguistic communities and had to establish themselves in new surroundings in Ireland. With special emphasis on the testimonies by Monica Schefold, John Hennig, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman, Herbert Karrach, George Clare, and Ernst von Glasersfeld, the

chapters explore how identity is negotiated by each of the participants on their way from the familiar into the unknown.

The third chapter deals with the lives the exiles led at home, their family backgrounds and their relationships with their respective home countries. In keeping with the overall argument that the experience of exile poses a fundamental challenge to individual identities, this chapter explores how the participants remember their lives before they were forced to emigrate and leave those lives behind. The narrative focuses on the categories of home life, school and work, and religion as they play an important part in how we see ourselves.

The fourth chapter shows how the lives described in the previous chapter came under threat and follows the exiles' journey to Ireland, focusing on their preparations, expectations and the administrative hurdles they had to overcome to be granted a visa and travel to Ireland. It also outlines the first impressions people had of Ireland and how they settled in their new unfamiliar surroundings.

The fifth chapter concentrates on the lives of the exiles in Ireland and beyond. In looking at the attitudes the refugees were met with, issues surrounding language, culture and religion, and the contributions the exiles made to Irish society as well as any links to their host countries, its aim is to paint a vivid image of the complex nature of living in exile. In order to facilitate a comparison with the lives the exiles led in their home countries, the same categories of home life, school and work life, and religion have been chosen for special attention.

The final chapter gives a summary of the findings and reflects on their implications for exile studies and identity studies.

Biographical Dates

Monica Schefold (1938–), emigrated in 1939 at the age of 1

John Hennig (1911–1986), emigrated in 1939 at the age of 28

Peter Schwarz (1927–), emigrated in 1938 at the age of 11

Hans Reiss (1922–2020), emigrated in 1939 at the age of 16

Marianne Neuman (1913–2008), emigrated in 1936 at the age of 23

Herbert Karrach (1924–), emigrated in 1938 at the age of 14

George Clare (1920–2009), emigrated in 1938 at the age of 17

Ernst von Glasersfeld (1917–2010), emigrated in 1938 at the age of 21

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Birte Schulz

Author's Declaration

I hereby declare that this project is entirely my own work, unless otherwise stated, and that it has not been submitted for any other academic award, or part thereof, at this or any other educational establishment.

Birte Schulz

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I. Historical background and theoretical framework

> How important is nationality to you?
>
> It is not of any importance as I feel what a danger it can be. I know I could live anywhere and make my own "inner" home. To not have a real nationality is also a chance to become open and tolerant and also to know one could survive with a suitcase.
>
> Monica Schefold (questionnaire 30 May 2006)

1. German-speaking exiles in Ireland 1933–45

Monica Schefold is one of the relatively small number of people who fled Nazi Germany between 1933 and 1945 and made their homes in Ireland. The oral and written testimonies collected and analysed here trace the physical and psychological journey of these exiles who lost their homes, their jobs, their cultural and linguistic communities and sometimes even family members, and as a consequence had to develop a strategy to cope with these changed circumstances and rethink categories such as home, nationality and personal identity.

In the questionnaire she completed for this study Monica Schefold describes what effect the breaking of physical and emotional ties with her former home in Germany had on her sense of national belonging. Significantly, she does not focus on what she has lost; instead she stresses the liberating aspect of an existence outside of national allegiances. For her, "home" is not necessarily linked to a place anymore, but conceptualised as something internal, a state of mind that will anchor her existence wherever she goes. This "inner home" is the transcendent equivalent of the "suitcase", and together they represent a strategy that ensures physical and emotional survival in a life that is marked by the knowledge that our existence and our identity are in their very essence unpredictable, ever-changing and unstable.

In her opinion such an existence offers the chance to be "open and tolerant", while one within the confines of "real" nationality does not. She even goes so far as to warn against the potential "danger" of nationality, against a concept of nationality at any rate that operates through mechanisms of inclusion and exclusion. The term "real" is interesting in this context. Despite her scepticism concerning concepts that generate

identity through a hierarchy of belonging, she implies that other forms of national belonging are less "real".

Naturally, such topics are not unique to the Irish situation. But emigration to Ireland has been largely neglected until recently. The 'German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 Project', under the auspices of the Centre for Irish-German Studies at the University of Limerick, constitutes the most important systematic effort to give an overview of the German-speaking exiles from Austria, Germany and Czechoslovakia.[1] Since the applicants had to have the means or connections to come to Ireland, the refugees largely came from a background of moderate wealth and were generally well-educated. Indeed, there were a number of well-known academics among them, such as Hans Sachs, Ludwig Bieler, Ernst Lewy, John Hennig and of course Erwin Schrödinger, and the impact this group of immigrants had on Irish society was considerable, if mostly unacknowledged.[2] Altogether approximately 400 German-speaking exiles were in Ireland at some stage between 1933 and 1945.[3] The relatively small numbers might be

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[1] The results of a 2004 conference on the topic were published in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006. Since then several conferences and publications expanding on this initial research have followed, see for example Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014; and Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017.

[2] See Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, pp. 270–347.

[3] For details regarding the problems in determining the exact number of refugees see Gisela Holfter, 'German-speaking Exiles 1933–1945 in Ireland – an Introduction and Overview', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 1–19 [here: 8–9]. For the most recent estimate of the number of exiles as well as a brief overview of their legacy to Irish society see also Gisela Holfter, 'How Ireland responded to refugees fleeing Hitler and the Nazis', *RTÉ Brainstorm*, 18 November 2019,

surprising, but a look at the cultural and political developments of the time explains why so few Germans, Austrians and Czechoslovakians found refuge in Ireland.[4]

In the 1930s, economically and ideologically, Ireland headed in a new direction. Éamon de Valera's desire for economic, political and ideological independence from Britain led amongst other things to an economic nationalism, which was ideologically motivated rather than economically sound, and to a new narrowly defined sense of what it meant to be Irish. As a result, Ireland became more and more isolated:

> Wurden Einflüsse aus dem Ausland in den zwanziger Jahren noch begrüßt, war de Valera zu sehr von Autarkiebestrebungen überzeugt, als daß er eine wirkliche Öffnung nach Außen angestrebt hätte. Die Abschottung von fremden Einflüssen ließ sich auch dadurch rechtfertigen, daß kein europäisches Land dem von de Valera favorisierten Modell eines ländlichen, katholischen Staates nahekam: im Gegenteil, die europäischen Staaten betrieben beinah ausnahmslos eine antiklerikale Politik, die sie ihre Attraktivität in Irland einbüßen ließen.[5]

Unlike the nationalist tendencies on the continent, the ideal of the new Irish national identity was that of a rural, Irish-speaking, Catholic state free from British influence. Ideological and economic concerns thus probably had some bearing on Irish immigration policy. It is true that the number of people who were allowed to come was only a fraction of those who applied, but it would be wrong to assume that, compared with other countries, there were very many applications in the first place. This was partly because in Germany Ireland was still very much an unknown entity and did not figure in people's minds as a possible (final) destination:

> Eine Gemeinsamkeit der politischen Schriften und der Reiseberichte in der ersten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts besteht darin, daß fast alle Schriften die allgemein geringen Kenntnisse über Irland

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https://www.rte.ie/brainstorm/2019/1118/1092574-how-ireland-responded-to-refugees-fleeing-hitler-and-the-nazis/ [Accessed 4 January 2020].

[4] Sections of this chapter have been published previously. See Birte Schulz, 'Overcoming Boundaries? The Problem of Identity in the Experience of German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 119–131 [here: 119–121].

[5] Joachim Fischer, *Das Deutschlandbild der Iren 1890–1939. Geschichte • Form • Funktion*, Heidelberg: Carl Winter Verlag 2000, p. 369.

> in Deutschland betonen. Irland ist ein Land in das 'man' kaum fährt - erkennbar an eben diesem Mangel an Kenntnissen und Interesse, ein sich meist gegenseitig bedingender Zustand.[6]

As time progressed the cultural links between Ireland and Germany suffered further due to Hitler's anti-clerical policy: "Irish concern about the suppression of the Catholic Church acted as the motive for limiting Irish-German cultural exchanges from the mid-1930s onwards, the very time, incidentally, that Bewley was drawing closer to the Nazi regime."[7] Charles Bewley's now notorious fascination with Nazi ideology was of great significance because, as the Irish representative in Berlin, it was his responsibility to interview aliens to decide whether they should be granted a visa. Dermot Keogh cites the case of George Clare and his family as an example of how Bewley's anti-Semitic attitude influenced his decisions.[8] Some Irish diplomats showed themselves more compassionate and helpful when dealing with those seeking to flee the Nazi regime and find refuge in Ireland:

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[6] Gisela Holfter, *Reiseerlebnis Irland – Deutsche Reiseberichte über Irland im 20. Jahrhundert*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 1996, p. 137. See also Gisela Holfter, 'German-speaking Exiles 1933–1945 in Ireland – an Introduction and Overview', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 1–19 [here: 5].

[7] Mervyn O'Driscoll, 'Inter-War Irish-German Diplomacy: Continuity, Ambiguity and Appeasement in Irish Foreign Policy', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 74–95 [here: 88].

[8] See Dermot Keogh, *Jews in Twentieth Century Ireland. Refugees, Anti-Semitism and the Holocaust*, Cork: Cork University Press 1998, pp. 136–138. George Clare himself states that, while he always had his suspicions that Charles Bewley was responsible for the delay in their visas being issued, he never had any proof that this was actually so. For his own account of the episode, see George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 247–270.

> Elsewhere and in contrast to Bewley and more on a par with his successors, Warnock and Cremin, Seán Murphy, in the Paris Legation and Sean Nunan in the Irish High Commissioner's office in London were pro-active in their work in assisting would-be refugees.[9]

Indeed, Katrina Goldstone concedes that, despite its generally restrictive stance towards refugees, "Ireland, nevertheless, came to be viewed as a potential haven by some refugees."[10] However, this was probably the exception rather than the rule.

Even without the difficulty of anti-Jewish prejudice the Irish immigration policy did not make it easy for refugees to travel to Ireland. The procedures were complicated and time-consuming, with different government departments having their own concerns which influenced their decisions. Goldstone describes these procedures as "a three-handed reel between Industry and Commerce, External Affairs and Justice".[11] Despite some "objective" criteria, every case was decided individually; and for reasons of national security the Department of Justice had the final say.

After 1938 the number of applications for visas grew and Ireland's immigration policy was adapted to keep refugees out, especially Jewish refugees. By the end of that year immigration policy was implemented by the Irish government in conjunction with charitable organisations. Quotas of refugees were allowed into Ireland on a temporary basis, but only if they were on the Co-ordinating Committee's list, a convenient excuse

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[9] Siobhán O'Connor, '"The Obliviousness of the Fortunate". Policy and Public Opinion Towards Refugees 1933–1945', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 89–107 [here: 95].

[10] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136 [here: 118–119].

[11] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136 [here: 122–123].

for denying people entry into the country. Goldstone rightly says that "[t]he position which eventually emerged was essentially restrictive, leaning towards the pragmatism of quotas, rather than towards the ideal of 'benevolent helpfulness'."[12]

With the outbreak of war and a consequent rise in anti-Semitic incidents the stance of officials became even more anti-Jewish. Ironically, racism was used as an excuse for racist behaviour. Since some Irish people showed anti-Jewish sentiments, so the argument went, more Jews would pose a greater threat to public order:

> [T]he pivotal idea underpinning Ireland's stance was that large numbers of Jews were undesirable, mainly because officials assumed they were difficult to assimilate and they provoked outbursts of anti-Semitism. This view stemmed from the belief […] that homogeneity was one of the prime guarantees of political stability.[13]

Joachim Fischer points out, however, that rather than aggressive incidents of anti-Semitism, it was the general indifference with regard to the suffering of Jewish people that influenced the Irish policy concerning Jewish refugees who fled the Nazi regime.[14] Either way, the persistent theme of Irish immigration policy of the period can be summed up in the words of Goldstone: "immigrants were not welcome, refugees were

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[12] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136 [here: 116].

[13] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136 [here: 117]. This attitude can still be seen in a memorandum on the 'Admission of Aliens' written on 24 September 1945: "It is the policy of the Department of Justice to restrict the immigration of Jews […] As Jews do not become assimilated […] there is a danger that any big increase in their numbers might create a social problem." This quote is taken from Siobhán O'Connor, '"The Obliviousness of the Fortunate". Policy and Public Opinion Towards Refugees 1933–1945', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 89–107 [here: 102].

[14] Joachim Fischer, *Das Deutschlandbild der Iren 1890–1939. Geschichte • Form • Funktion*, Heidelberg: Carl Winter Verlag 2000, p. 383.

not welcome, but Jewish immigrants and Jewish refugees were less welcome than others."[15]

2. Ireland and exile studies

The small number of exiles who made it to Ireland despite the restrictive policy, and the fact that the well-known ones were scientists rather than writers, meant that emigration to Ireland has been largely neglected so far. There is a general lack of academic studies devoted to the German-speaking refugees who came to Ireland to escape Nazism and the few existing ones are limited in scope.[16] The work done by Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche in *'Was ausgewandert sein heisst, erfährt man erst nach Jahrzehnten' – John Hennig im (irischen) Exil* focuses on one particular refugee,[17] as do the articles in *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945* by Colin Walker, Gisela Holfter, Hermann Rasche and Horst Dickel – on Robert Weil, Ernst Scheyer, Ludwig Bieler and Hans Sachs respectively.[18] These biographical studies constitute a vital first step in the

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[15] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136 [here: 136].

[16] For a comprehensive overview of the research relating to exiles in Ireland see Gisela Holfter, 'German-speaking Exiles 1933–1945 in Ireland – an Introduction and Overview', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 1–19 [here: 5–7].

[17] For their work on John Hennig see for example Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *John Hennig's Exile in Ireland*, Galway: Arlen Press 2004; Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche, '"Was ausgewandert sein heisst, erfährt man erst nach Jahrzehnten" – John Hennig im (irischen) Exil', in Ian Wallace (ed.), *Fractured Biographies (German Monitor 57)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2003, pp. 55–85; and Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *Exil in Irland. John Hennigs Schriften zu deutsch-irischen Beziehungen*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2002.

[18] Colin Walker, 'Robert Weil', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 133–147; and in the same volume

documentation of exiles in Ireland and form the basis for further analysis. There have also been a number of works dealing specifically with Austrian exiles in Ireland, such as the article by Wolfgang Muchitsch,[19] a general overview of Austrians in Ireland by Otto Glaser[20] and an eye witness account by Hubert Butler.[21] Especially in recent years a good deal of work has been done on the situation of refugees attempting to come to Ireland and how they were treated when they succeeded in their attempt. Valuable sources include studies of Irish government policy and public opinion towards (Jewish) refugees, such as Katrina Goldstone's '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9',[22] Siobhán O'Connor's Doctoral thesis *Irish Government Policy and Public Opinion Towards German-Speaking Refugees, 1933–1943*[23] and Bryan Fanning's *Racism and Social Change in the Republic*

Gisela Holfter, 'Ernst Scheyer', pp. 149–169; Hermann Rasche, 'Ludwig Bieler', pp. 171–182; Horst Dickel, 'Hans Sachs', pp. 183–213.

[19] Wolfgang Muchitsch, 'Österreichische Flüchtlinge in Irland 1938–1945', in *Jahrbuch des Dokumentationsarchiv Österreichischen Widerstandes*, 1994, pp. 33–45.

[20] Otto Glaser, 'Personal, Cultural and Academic Links', in Paul Leifer and Eda Sagarra (eds.), *Austro-Irish Links Through the Centuries*, Vienna: Diplomatic Academy 2002, pp. 101–142 (especially pp. 116–128).

[21] Hubert Butler, 'The Kagran Gruppe', in Hubert Butler, *The Children of Drancy*, Mullingar: Lilliput Press 1988, pp. 197–207.

[22] Katrina Goldstone, '"Benevolent Helpfulness"? Ireland and the International Reaction to Jewish Refugees 1933–9', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 116–136.

[23] Siobhán O'Connor, *Irish Government Policy and Public Opinion Towards German-Speaking Refugees, 1933–1943*, Newcastle: Cambridge Scholars Publishing 2017. For an earlier account see Siobhán O'Connor, '"The Obliviousness of the Fortunate". Policy and Public Opinion Towards Refugees 1933–1945', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 89–107.

of Ireland and, more recently his study *Migration and the Making of Ireland*.[24] Furthermore, there is the excellent work done by Mervyn O'Driscoll on Irish-German relations during the years between the World Wars which provides useful background information on what might have influenced the Irish government and individual diplomats in their handling of refugees.[25] Dermot Keogh's historical overview of Jews in Twentieth-Century Ireland probably provides the most comprehensive background to Jewish life to date, but it does not make the exile situation the primary category of analysis.[26] Mary Rose Doorly's *Hidden Memories. The Personal Recollections of Survivors and Witnesses to the Holocaust living in Ireland*, on the other hand, focuses on personal recollections and thus the exile's point of view, but it includes only two accounts of German-speaking exiles who were in Ireland during the Second World War.[27] *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers*, Gisela Holfter's 2014 edited volume focuses both on individual refugees and helpers.[28]

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[24] Bryan Fanning, *Racism and Social Change in the Republic of Ireland*, Manchester, New York: Manchester University Press 2002; and Bryan Fanning, *Migration and the Making of Ireland*, Dublin: UCD Press 2018.

[25] Mervyn O'Driscoll, 'Inter-War Irish-German Diplomacy: Continuity, Ambiguity and Appeasement in Irish Foreign Policy', in Michael Kennedy and Joseph Morrison Skelly (eds.), *Irish Foreign Policy 1919–1966. From Independence to Internationalism*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2000, pp. 74–95; and Mervyn O'Driscoll, *Ireland, Germany and the Nazis. Politics and Diplomacy 1919–1939*, Dublin: Four Courts Press 2017.

[26] Dermot Keogh, *Jews in Twentieth Century Ireland. Refugees, Anti-Semitism and the Holocaust*, Cork: Cork University Press 1998.

[27] Mary Rose Doorly, *Hidden Memories. The Personal Recollections of Survivors and Witnesses to the Holocaust Living in Ireland*, Dublin: Blackwater Press 1994.

[28] Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014.

While all of these works constitute important individual efforts, until recently there was no attempt at a comprehensive overview of the situation of German-speaking exiles in Ireland. This changed in 2017 with the publication by Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*.[29] This systematic research on the exiles who came to Ireland between 1933 and 1945 (in the form of the 'German-speaking Exiles in Ireland Project' based at the University of Limerick) developed out of Gisela Holfter's and Hermann Rasche's work on the papers of John Hennig and his father-in-law Felix Meyer:[30]

> Whilst most exile research is done either from a historical or a literary perspective, our research on the situation of German-speaking exiles in Ireland started from work in Irish-German Studies: indeed, it started with John Hennig, the 'father' of Irish-German Studies. This background has led us to place our exile research within a context of bilateral relations and mutual perceptions.[31]

The perspective of bilateral relations and mutual perceptions provides a fruitful background for my own work since the preconceptions and prejudices the exiles had as well as the ones they were confronted with in Ireland necessarily influenced the way they forged a new identity in exile.

3. Exile studies in Great Britain

Activity in the area of exile studies in Great Britain started much earlier than in Ireland, even if the coordinated effort to research every aspect of the experiences of the German-

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[29] Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017

[30] John Hennig's numerous publications on Irish-German relations are now published in a volume of nearly 600 pages with a long introduction about his life. See Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *Exil in Irland. John Hennigs Schriften zu deutsch-irischen Beziehungen*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2002.

[31] Gisela Holfter, 'German-speaking Exiles 1933–1945 in Ireland – an Introduction and Overview', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 1–19 [here: 4].

speaking exiles who came to Britain in the 1930s and 1940s only really got off the ground in the 1990s. There are, for example, accounts on exile academics in Great Britain dating as far back as the 1950s such as Norman Bentwich's *They Found Refuge*[32] or William Beveridge's *A Defence of Free Learning*.[33] The topic of the internment of aliens in Britain also received early academic attention. *The Internment of Aliens* by Francois Lafitte was published in 1940 as a Penguin Special. Interestingly, both this work and Peter and Leni Gillman's later study of the subject entitled *'Collar the Lot!': How Britain Interned and Expelled Its Wartime Refugees* relied on the personal experiences of the internees.[34]

The gathering and cataloguing of exile materials in Great Britain started with the establishment of the Wiener Library in 1933.[35] It is one of the world's most extensive archives on the Nazi period, and its collection comprises over one million items, including published and unpublished works, press cuttings, photographs and eyewitness testimony. The Wiener Library is also one of the most significant contributors to the BARGE project, carried out by Andrea Hammel, Samira Teuteberg and Sharon Krummel at the Centre for German-Jewish Studies at the University of Sussex.[36] The

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[32] Norman Bentwich, *They Found Refuge*, London: Cresset Press 1956.

[33] William Beveridge, *A Defence of Free Learning*, Oxford: Oxford University Press 1959.

[34] Peter and Leni Gillman, *'Collar the Lot!': How Britain Interned and Expelled Its Wartime Refugees*, London, Melbourne, New York: Quartet Books 1980.

[35] See for example Howard Falksohn, 'The Wiener Library: A Repository of Schicksale', in Andrea Hammel and Anthony Grenville (eds.), *Refugee Archives. Theory and Practice (Yearbook of the Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies 9)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2007, pp. 27–40.

[36] See Andrea Hammel, 'The Online Database of British Archival Resources Relating to German-Speaking Refugees (BARGE) in Context', in Andrea Hammel and Anthony Grenville (eds.), *Refugee Archives. Theory and Practice (Yearbook of the Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies 9)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2007, pp. 65–78. The database, which includes over 1200 collection

purpose of the project was the creation of a database of British Archival Resources Relating to German-Speaking Refugees, 1933–1950. The BARGE database was launched during the "Refugee Archives: Theory and Practice" conference which took place in April 2007 at the Centre for German-Jewish Studies, University of Sussex.

As far as the study of literary exile is concerned, there were sporadic publications, but no coordinated research until the Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies was established in 1995 at the then Institute of Germanic Studies, now the Institute of Germanic & Romance Studies, of the University of London.[37] The Centre united the former London Research Group for German Exile Studies and the Research Centre for Germans and Austrians in Great Britain, which until then had been located at the University of Aberdeen. Eminent scholars of the Centre include J.M. Ritchie, Emeritus Professor of German at Aberdeen (who was active until his death in 2013), Charmian Brinson, Richard Dove, John Flood, Anthony Grenville, Marian Malet, Jennifer Taylor, Ian Wallace and Deborah Vietor-Engländer. The Centre has been responsible for organising some of the first conferences on exile in Great Britain. It also publishes the proceedings as well as its own yearbook and other scholarly studies, covering a wide variety of topics relating to the experiences of German-speaking exiles in Great Britain during the Nazi period.

4. Exile studies in Germany

For the first two decades following the Second World War there was little interest in exile matters in Germany as the Holocaust was still too close to confront both for the victims of Nazi terror and for the general public, who had to come to terms with their

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descriptions and over 2000 individual biographies, can be consulted online at https://sro.sussex.ac.uk/id/eprint/29773 [Accessed 23 February 2020].

[37] See the website of the Research Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies (EXILE) for details of, for example, its history, activities and publications, https://modernlanguages.sas.ac.uk/research-centres/research-centre-german-and-austrian-exile-studies [Accessed 11 January 2020].

own involvement in past events.[38] Apart from isolated efforts such as the collection of exile literature started in 1949 by Hanns Wilhelm Eppelsheimer and Kurt Köster in Frankfurt (Bibliothek der Emigrationsliteratur) there was not much research done on exile matters. In the 1960s exile studies slowly developed as an important discipline, but initially scholars focused largely on the achievements of prominent exiles, especially in the area of political and literary exile. Werner Berthold explains that this was "weil es vorerst darum ging, einen Beitrag zur deutschen Selbsterkenntnis zu geben - auf der Suche nach einer Neuorientierung."[39] In fact, there seems to have been a lot of confusion at the first international symposium on exile, which was held in Stockholm in 1969, as to the exact nature of the new discipline:

> Die Debatten in Stockholm zeigten eine bemerkenswerte Unsicherheit im Umgang mit dem neuen Forschungsgegenstand, der sich vielfach isoliert auf das politische oder literarische Exil richtete, wobei überhaupt noch weitgehende Unklarheit über den Begriff der Literatur herrschte;

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[38] For an account of the historical development of German-speaking exile studies see for example Wolfgang Frühwald, 'Das Exil ist mitten unter uns. Zu den Aufsätzen Werner Bertholds', in Werner Berthold, *Exilliteratur und Exilforschung. Ausgewählte Aufsätze, Vorträge und Rezensionen*, edited by Brita Eckert and Harro Kieser, Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz Verlag 1996, pp. 11–16; and Ursula Langkau-Alex, 'Geschichte der Exilforschung', in Claus-Dieter Krohn, Patrik von zur Mühlen et al. (eds.), *Handbuch der deutschsprachigen Emigration 1933–1945*, Darmstadt: Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft 1998, pp. 1195–1208. Waltraud Strickhausen also gives a good brief overview in her article about past efforts and future perspectives of German-speaking exile studies: Waltraud Strickhausen, 'Exilforschung – Rückblick, Ausblick, Perspektiven', *literaturkritik.de*, 3, no. 2 (2001), https://www.literaturkritik.de/public/rezension.php?rez_id=3380&ausgabe=200102 [Accessed 23 February 2020]. For a personal account of the discipline's development in the former GDR see Dieter Schiller, 'Zur Exilliteraturforschung in der DDR. Ein Rückblick aus persönlicher Sicht', in Claus-Dieter Krohn, Erwin Rotermund et al. (eds.), *Rückblick und Perspektiven (Exilforschung 14)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 1996, pp. 95–118.

[39] Werner Berthold, 'Ausblick. Nach dem "Paradigmenwechsel". Perspektiven der Exilforschung und des Deutschen Exilarchivs. Brita Eckert und Harro Kieser Sprechen mit Werner Berthold (1996)', in Werner Berthold, *Exilliteratur und Exilforschung. Ausgewählte Aufsätze, Vorträge und Rezensionen*, edited by Brita Eckert and Harro Kieser, Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz Verlag 1996, pp. 189–200 [here: 191].

> offen war, ob man von Exil- oder Flüchtlingsliteratur sprechen sollte und ob belletristische oder auch andere Textsorten zu berücksichtigen seien.[40]

This and other conferences on exile constituted an international effort to coordinate the research into exile in all its aspects, a first result of which was the establishment of the Stockholmer Koordinationsstelle zur Erforschung der deutschsprachigen Exil-Literatur. Claus-Dieter Krohn points out, however, that initially the universities in Germany were not keen on the new subject of exile studies:

> Bemerkenswert war vielmehr, daß an den bundesdeutschen Universitäten kein erkennbares Interesse an der Exilforschung bestand, nach Stockholm war deshalb auch kein westdeutscher Hochschullehrer gekommen. Eine Anregung des dort anwesenden Werner Berthold - Leiter der Exilabteilung in der Deutschen Bibliothek -, die vorgesehene Anschlußtagung 1972 in Frankfurt stattfinden zu lassen, stellte sich schnell als Fehlschlag heraus, weil die dortige Universität jede Beteiligung ablehnte - ihre Durchführung wurde dann durch ein Angebot der Universität Kopenhagen gesichert.[41]

In Germany the initial effort of the new discipline went into the collecting of material and the surveying of the field (Grundlagenforschung).[42] The Bundesgesetz für die Deutsche Bibliothek from 31st March 1969 mandated the collecting of exile literature and the Schwerpunktprogramme der Deutschen Forschungsgemeinschaft provided the necessary funding. The main centres for such activities were the Institut für Zeitgeschichte in Munich, the Deutsche Bibliothek in Frankfurt, the Forschungsstelle für Exilliteratur of the University of Hamburg, the Bundesarchiv in Koblenz and the archives of the Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung (Bonn) and of the Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund. Further milestones in the development of the discipline were the

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[40] Claus-Dieter Krohn, 'John Spalek, Pionier der Exilforschung', in Wulf Koepke and Jörg Thunecke (eds.), *Preserving the Memory of Exile. Festschrift for John M. Spalek on the Occasion of His 80th Birthday*, Nottingham: Edition Refugium 2008, pp. 10–26 [here: 15].

[41] Claus-Dieter Krohn, 'John Spalek, Pionier der Exilforschung', in Wulf Koepke and Jörg Thunecke (eds.), *Preserving the Memory of Exile. Festschrift for John M. Spalek on the Occasion of His 80th Birthday*, Nottingham: Edition Refugium 2008, pp. 10–26 [here: 18].

[42] See for example Claus-Dieter Krohn, 'Exilforschung', *Docupedia-Zeitgeschichte*, 20 December 2012, https://docupedia.de/zg/krohn_exilforschung_v1_de_2012 [Accessed 22 February 2020].

publication of the first issue of the magazine *Exil* (1978), the first edition of *Exilforschung* (1983) and the establishment of the Gesellschaft für Exilforschung (1984). In the GDR, a research group on exile was formed at the Akademie der Wissenschaften with a focus on political exile.[43]

For a long time, exile studies focused on famous writers, artists, publicists, politicians and scientists, but paid little attention to the plight of so-called ordinary exiles and their struggle to survive and to make a new life for themselves. Consequently, extensive work has been done in the areas of literary, artistic and (to a lesser degree) scientific exile. The initial focus of exile studies on literature and politics led to a paradigm of anti-fascism that dominated the discipline and kept it focused on Germany, rather than on the transnational connections inherent in the condition of exile.

Since the 1980s, however, due to the growing realisation that the emigration of the 1930s and '40s has implications for the migrations of millions around the globe that we still see today, the discipline has become more political and not content anymore simply to build up historical awareness. This phase of exile studies began with Horst Bienek's famous lectures on poetics (Munich winter semester 1986/7, first lecture in January 1987).[44] The 1990s in particular saw a discussion about the current state of the

[43] See Inge Hansen-Schaberg, 'Exilforschung – Stand und Perspektiven', *bpb*, 6 October 2014, https://www.bpb.de/apuz/192561/exilforschung-stand-und-perspektiven [Accessed 22 November 2020]. While Dieter Schiller claims that exile literature research in the GDR was not a homogeneous uniform discipline following methodological principles, he considers the series *Kunst und Literatur im antifaschistischen Exil 1933–1945* a significant achievement. See Dieter Schiller, 'Zur Exilliteraturforschung in der DDR. Ein Rückblick aus persönlicher Sicht', in Claus-Dieter Krohn, Erwin Rotermund et al. (eds.), *Rückblick und Perspektiven (Exilforschung 14)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 1996, pp. 95–118 [here: 95].

[44] Horst Bienek, *Das allmähliche Ersticken von Schreien. Sprache und Exil heute (Münchner Poetik-Vorlesungen)*, Munich, Vienna: Carl Hanser Verlag 1987.

discipline and a change of paradigm in terms of its objectives and methodology.[45] With the aim of a methodological and theme-oriented renewal of the discipline, scholars in the field of exile studies have focused their attention on new research areas and questions. These include the daily lives of more typical refugees, their experiences in exile and emigration, an approach conceived by Wolfgang Benz;[46] the perspective of subjective experience; the exile of women and the analysis of exile under gender criteria, an aspect that had long been neglected as a specific research concern in the field of general exile studies;[47] the history of the so-called 'Kindertransporte';[48] studies concentrating on one host country; the emigration of scientists and other specific professional and artistic groups;[49] the question of acculturation and what contribution

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[45] See for example Werner Berthold, 'Ausblick. Nach dem "Paradigmenwechsel". Perspektiven der Exilforschung und des Deutschen Exilarchivs. Brita Eckert und Harro Kieser Sprechen mit Werner Berthold (1996)', in Werner Berthold, *Exilliteratur und Exilforschung. Ausgewählte Aufsätze, Vorträge und Rezensionen*, edited by Brita Eckert and Harro Kieser, Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz Verlag 1996, pp. 189–200; Ernst Loewy, 'Zum Paradigmenwechsel in der Exilforschung', in Claus-Dieter Krohn, Erwin Rotermund et al. (eds.), *Exil und Remigration (Exilforschung 9)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 1991, pp. 208–217; and Claus-Dieter Krohn, Erwin Rotermund et al. (eds.), *Rückblick und Perspektiven (Exilforschung 14)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 1996.

[46] See Wolfgang Benz (ed.), *Das Exil der kleinen Leute. Alltagserfahrung deutscher Juden in der Emigration*, Munich: C. H. Beck 1991.

[47] Since 1991 the 'AG Frauen im Exil' of the Gesellschaft für Exilforschung e.V. have been working to remedy this situation. For information about the AG 'Frauen im Exil' as well as a list of their publications see Gesellschaft für Exilforschung, http://www.exilforschung.de/ [Accessed 4 January 2020].

[48] See for example Marianne Kröger and Andrea Hammel, 'Child Exiles: a New Research Area?', *Shofar: An Interdisciplinary Journal of Jewish Studies*, vol. 23, no. 1 (Fall 2004), pp. 8–20; and Wolfgang Benz, Claudia Curio and Andrea Hammel (eds.), *Die Kindertransporte 1938/39. Rettung und Integration*, Frankfurt a. M.: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag 2003.

[49] See for example Hans-Peter Kröner, 'Die Emigration deutschsprachiger Mediziner 1933–1945. Versuch einer Befunderhebung', in Thomas Koebner, Wolf Köpke et al. (eds.), *Vertreibung der Wissenschaften und andere Themen (Exilforschung 6)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 1988, pp. 83–97.

exiles made to the economic and cultural life of their host countries;[50] and, finally, the preservation of individual memories and experiences through the recording of oral testimonies.

5. Oral history

Since the late 1940s, oral history has become increasingly important as a critical addition to the more familiar sources of historical documentation, and it has proved very useful in the area of exile studies.[51] As oral history depends upon human memory and the spoken word, the issues of the usefulness and validity of oral evidence have been a central theme in the debates surrounding the subject.[52] In her survey of the historical development of oral history methodology, Penny Summerfield diagnoses a shift in the discipline: "Oral history has changed its focus since the 1970s. It is still an important method of recovering neglected histories, but whereas once oral historians aspired to collect objective data from eye witnesses, practitioners now increasingly regard the methodology as an autobiographical practice centred on the subjectivity of the

[50] See for example Walter Schmitz (ed.), *Modernisierung oder Überfremdung? Zur Wirkung deutscher Exilanten in der Germanistik der Aufnahmeländer*, Stuttgart, Weimar: J. B. Metzler 1994.

[51] For a detailed overview of oral history and its use in exile studies see Ernst Fischer, 'Oral History als Methode der Exilforschung. Überlegungen zu Theorie und Praxis', in Wulf Koepke and Jörg Thunecke (eds.), *Preserving the Memory of Exile. Festschrift for John M. Spalek on the Occasion of His 80th Birthday*, Nottingham: Edition Refugium 2008, pp. 97–109.

[52] In his now standard work, Paul Thompson defends oral history and its use of memory as a historical source, see Paul Thompson, *The Voice of the Past: Oral History*, Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press 1988, particularly the chapter 'Evidence', pp. 118–172. See also Ronald J. Grele, 'Movement Without Aim: Methodological and Theoretical Problems in Oral History', in Ronald J. Grele with Studs Terkel, Jan Vansina et al. (eds.), *Envelopes of Sound: the Art of Oral History*, New York: Praeger 1991, pp. 126–154.

narrator."[53] While it is still important to consider the reliability of oral evidence, the possibility that a person's recollections are faulty is of less concern when dealing with the question of identity in which the subjective truth of the individual memory is more significant than the factual accuracy of its content. Studs Terkel, for example, points out that often there is a gap between what a person remembers and what actually happened: "Sometimes the fact may not be literally so and yet be a truth to that person."[54] Memory in the form of oral testimony or written autobiography plays a vital part not only as a record of the past, but also in the rebuilding of identity. The theoretical investigations of, amongst others, Jerome Bruner have proved useful in this context. He argues that "[w]e seem to have no other way of describing 'lived time' save in the form of a narrative".[55] This narrative, he argues, does not refer to real life, but represents an interpreted, subjective version of events: "There is no such thing psychologically as 'life itself'. At the very least, it is a selective achievement of memory recall; beyond that, recounting one's life is an interpretive feat."[56] But not only does narrative imitate life – if in quite subjective a fashion – he also maintains that life imitates narrative. According to Bruner, we learn narrative and discursive structures that become so habitual that they become a formula for structuring experience and memory. Thus, the way we relate to past, present and future events conforms to the grammar of our self-narrative. This approach not only provides a useful additional tool in the analysis of individual memories, but it is also a starting point for reflections on the connections between memory and history, and between individual and collective historical consciousness.

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[53] Penny Summerfield, 'Oral History as an Autobiographical Practice', *Miranda*, 12 (2016), https://journals.openedition.org/miranda/8714 [Accessed 19 January 2020].

[54] Studs Terkel, 'It's Not the Song, It's the Singing: Panel Discussion on Oral History', in Ronald J. Grele with Studs Terkel, Jan Vansina et al. (eds.), *Envelopes of Sound: the Art of Oral History*, New York: Praeger 1991, pp. 50–105 [here: 57].

[55] Jerome Bruner, 'Life as Narrative', *Social Research*, vol. 54, no. 1 (Spring 1987), pp. 11–32 [here: 12].

[56] Jerome Bruner, 'Life as Narrative', *Social Research*, vol. 54, no. 1 (Spring 1987), pp. 11–32 [here: 13].

Work in the area of oral history is of critical importance as time is running out for such research to be undertaken. Fortunately, the importance of contemporaries as an invaluable source of information has finally been recognised:

> Nachdem sehr viel Zeit versäumt worden war und die Zahl der noch lebenden Zeitzeuginnen und Zeitzeugen von Jahr zu Jahr dahinschwindet, wurde in den letzten Jahren besonderes Augenmerk auf die Sicherung der verfügbaren Informationen, die mit dem Aussterben der Exilgeneration verloren zu gehen drohten, und die Dokumentation von Einzelschicksalen gerichtet.[57]

This so-called 'rediscovery' of oral history as a method in the urgent attempt to secure the testimonies of the last living witnesses to the Holocaust and the Nazi period seems strange when one bears in mind that from the beginning oral history in its simplest form has played its part in the research into exile:

> Die Erforschung des deutschsprachigen Exils 1933–1945 hat sich seit ihren Anfängen der Oral History-Methode bedient, wenn man darunter ganz allgemein Formen der mündlichen Befragung versteht. Zahlreiche Arbeiten sind auf dieser Grundlage entstanden, mit unterschiedlichem technischem Aufwand und unterschiedlicher methodischer Stringenz, von journalistischen Verfahrensweisen bis zu systematisch angelegten Befragungsaktionen.[58]

Indeed, there are so many studies using some form of oral history as part of their methodological approach that it would be impossible to list them all. There are, however, a few recent major oral history projects based on interviews with exiles that constitute interesting points of reference for my own work as thematically, they all deal with the problems of identity and assimilation, a concern that is also at the heart of this project. Dorit Bader Whiteman's *The Uprooted. A Hitler Legacy. Voices of Those Who Escaped Before the "Final Solution"*, published in 1993, is based on long and detailed questionnaires that the participants filled in, and it explores every aspect of their

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[57] Waltraud Strickhausen, 'Exilforschung – Rückblick, Ausblick, Perspektiven', *literaturkritik.de*, 3, no. 2 (2001), https://www.literaturkritik.de/public/rezension.php?rez_id=3380&ausgabe=200102 [Accessed 23 February 2020].

[58] Ernst Fischer, 'Oral History als Methode der Exilforschung. Überlegungen zu Theorie und Praxis', in Wulf Koepke and Jörg Thunecke (eds.), *Preserving the Memory of Exile. Festschrift for John M. Spalek on the Occasion of His 80th Birthday*, Nottingham: Edition Refugium 2008, pp. 97–109 [here: 97].

emotional and physical journey into exile.[59] Ruth E. Wolman's *Crossing Over. An Oral History of Refugees From Hitler's Reich*, on the other hand, uses interviews with a circle of Jewish couples who settled in Los Angeles after they fled from the Nazi regime, and emphasises the fact that the stories she collected are told from one generation to another.[60] The stated emphasis of Anne Betten's and Miryam Du-nour's *Wir sind die Letzten. Fragt uns aus. Gespräche mit den Emigranten der dreißiger Jahre in Israel* is on the subjective and spontaneous:

> Da alle Aufnahmen spontan, ohne jegliche inhaltliche Vorbereitung gemacht wurden, war es uns besonders wichtig, diesen spontanen Charakter auch im Sprachduktus zu bewahren: Bei längerem Nachdenken oder schriftlicher Formulierung wäre sicher vieles anders, "objektiver", gesagt worden - aber eben auch nicht so unmittelbar, unverstellt und ungeschützt. Auch die Sprache selbst wäre weniger lebendig, weniger bild- und einfallsreich, weniger pulsierend. [61]

But the book goes beyond documenting and analysing the language used in the interviews: it seeks furthermore to show a broad readership all phases of the emigration to Palestine. This is also the purpose of Marian Malet's and Anthony Grenville's *Changing Countries. The Experience and Achievement of German-speaking Exiles from Hitler in Britain from 1933 to today*.[62] In the analysis of the interviews, which in contrast to *Wir sind die Letzten*, are based on a set of prepared questions, the authors trace the whole range of experiences of the exiles who fled to Great Britain, with particular emphasis on their achievements and contributions to British society. With its explicit focus on identity, Brigitta Boveland's *Exile and Identity* is probably closest in

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[59] Dorit Bader Whiteman, *The Uprooted. A Hitler Legacy. Voices of Those Who Escaped Before the "Final Solution"*, New York: Plenum Press 1993.

[60] Ruth E. Wolman, *Crossing Over. An Oral History of Refugees From Hitler's Reich*, New York: Twayne Publishers 1996.

[61] Anne Betten and Miryam Du-nour (eds.), *Wir sind die Letzten: Fragt uns aus. Gespräche mit den Emigranten der dreißiger Jahre in Israel*, Giessen: Haland & Wirth im Psychosozial-Verlag 2004, p. 13.

[62] Marian Malet and Anthony Grenville (eds.), *Changing Countries. The Experience and Achievement of German-speaking Exiles from Hitler in Britain, from 1933 to Today*, London: Libris 2002.

approach to my own study.[63] However, she analyses the experience of exile in terms of its disruption to place attachment and the resulting implications for the reconfiguration of identity.

6. Methodology

Since its reorientation and paradigm shift in the last few decades, exile studies has become much more interdisciplinary in its approach. Influences from cultural studies and postcolonial studies in particular have brought into sharper focus issues of home and identity and have expanded the concept of exile to include such disparate aspects as the metaphoric dimension of exile as a certain attitude of mind as well as the very real present-day mass migration around the world. Exile studies has thus entered a fruitful exchange with other disciplines:

> Insofern ist die Exilforschung nicht nur für die Migrationsforschung, sondern auch für sozial-, kultur- und geschichtswissenschaftliche Analysen von Transfer und Verflechtungen, Globalisierungsprozessen und postnationalen bzw. posttraditionalen Identitäten interessant.[64]

In the view of Renato Camurri, however, the widening of exile studies has led to "an excessive generalization of the concept of exile and the loss of the historical specificity of this phenomenon."[65] While considering the wider implications of my findings for present-day migration and postnational concepts of identity it is important, therefore, to bear in mind the specific historic and geographic context that generated the experiences discussed here. With its focus on personal testimony and questions of identity this project called for a mixed-method approach. In my treatment of the exile experience I

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[63] Brigitta Boveland, *Exile and Identity*, Ph.D. thesis, The City University of New York 1998.

[64] See for example Claus-Dieter Krohn, 'Exilforschung', *Docupedia-Zeitgeschichte*, 20 December 2012, https://docupedia.de/zg/krohn_exilforschung_v1_de_2012 [Accessed 22 February 2020].

[65] Renato Camurri, 'The Exile Experience Reconsidered: a Comparative Perspective in European Cultural Migration during the Interwar Period', *Transatlantica*, 1 (2014), https://journals.openedition.org/transatlantica/6920?lang=en [Accessed 15 March 2020].

utilise concepts and approaches from the areas of literary criticism, psychology, history, cultural studies, identity studies, postcolonial studies, migration studies and sociology.

In order to offer an insight into the subjective experience of exile and the struggle to construct and reconstruct identities that have been fractured, the material gathered is interpreted with reference to Paul Tillich's dialectic model of the experience of exile as outlined in his autobiographical sketch *On the Boundary* – Paul Tillich himself sought exile in the United States.[66] He describes the exile position as one situated on the boundary between home country and host country, between two different modes of existence where the individual is now faced with the task of forging a new identity from the two separate sets of meanings this binary opposition opens up. Chapter II gives a more detailed account of Tillich's concept of the boundary. It also sets Tillich's ideas in the context of identity studies and highlights those aspects which are useful in the analysis of exile.

On a more practical level, the collecting of oral and written testimonies from exiles who are still alive today proved to be difficult.[67] An obvious yet essential point to make in this context is that many years have passed since the exiles fled from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia to Ireland, so that it is too late for many of them to tell their stories. As the number of German-speaking exiles who came to Ireland was small to begin with, there were only a handful of people left that I could approach.[68]

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[66] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967.

[67] For a detailed overview of sources relating to German-speaking exiles in Ireland and problems with access etc. see Gisela Holfter, Siobhán O'Connor and Birte Schulz, 'Resources Relating to German-Speaking Refugees in Ireland, 1933–1945 – Some Initial Thoughts and Results', in Andrea Hammel and Anthony Grenville (eds.), *Refugee Archives. Theory and Practice (Yearbook of the Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies 9)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2007, pp. 41–55.

[68] This is not entirely surprising, as a project in the UK also captured the experiences of only a small percentage of refugees, though it was undertaken earlier: the Oral History Project of the Research Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies in London produced 34 interviews from originally about 80,000

I was introduced to, or at least made aware of, the people that participated in my project by Gisela Holfter, whose work on emigration to Ireland has been an invaluable source of information and inspiration. Through her work she had met a number of exiles and interviewed some as well. I approached most of them by email or letter to ask whether they would be willing to answer questions on my particular topic.

Given the average age of the interviewees and the sensitive nature of their memories, there were some ethical issues that needed to be considered.[69] It was imperative to ensure that all the participants were well aware of every aspect of the project and the way their contributions would be used. Naturally, I recorded conversations with participants only where explicit consent had been given to do so. I assured them that I would respect their wishes concerning the extent of their interaction with me and that they could withdraw their cooperation at any point. Therefore, the testimonies used in this dissertation and my analysis of them have been approved by the exiles who have shared them with me.

Some of the exiles I contacted did not wish to talk to me at all for personal reasons, but seven agreed to participate. I had informal conversations with a number of exiles and conducted several semi-structured interviews. H. Russell Bernard explains:

> In situations where you won't get more than one chance to interview someone, semistructured interviewing is best. It has much of the freewheeling quality of unstructured interviewing, and requires all the same skills, but semistructured interviewing is based on the use of an interview guide.[70]

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refugees, see Marian Malet and Anthony Grenville (eds.), *Changing Countries. The Experience and Achievement of German-speaking Exiles from Hitler in Britain, from 1933 to Today*, London: Libris 2002, p. viii.

[69] The 'German Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945' project with Gisela Holfter as the principal investigator has been approved by the University of Limerick Research Ethics Committee (ULREC. No. 03/04). For further information about the Committee, application guidelines and approved applications see https://ulsites.ul.ie/researchethics/ [Accessed 14 January 2020].

[70] H. Russell Bernard, *Research Methods in Anthropology. Qualitative and Quantitative Approaches*, Lanham: Altamira Press 2006, p. 212.

A flexible interview based on a list of prepared questions was most appropriate for my purposes. In the case of Marianne Neuman I was actually able to meet with her several times, but since she tired easily I used the interview guide to ensure continuity and to avoid unnecessary repetition. It also helped me to document our conversations, for while she did not wish to have her statements recorded digitally, she did allow me to take notes. These notes, together with my impressions and additional documents, formed the basis for a text about her experiences. Since sadly she died after prolonged illness, I sent the text to her daughter who checked its factual accuracy and approved its use in my dissertation.

The interview I was permitted to record was with George Clare, author of *Last Waltz in Vienna*, a family history considered by many to be the most moving and most important account of Nazi persecution. After an initial visit during which we got to know each other and had an informal conversation about his life, the actual interview took place on 17 November 2007 in his London flat. As this was likely to be the only interview with George Clare, I had prepared an interview guide with a list of questions and topics I wanted to cover. Because of George Clare's previous publications the questions aimed to clarify or go beyond the narrative patterns established in his books. The interview was recorded digitally and transcribed and a copy of the transcript was sent to George Clare.

It proved more appropriate for the other participants to be interviewed by means of written questionnaires which were sent to them, filled in and returned to me. In the case of Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Ernst von Glasersfeld this was done by email, while Monica Schefold and Herbert Karrach preferred a printed version by letter post which they filled in by hand. These questionnaires, while following the same general interview guide, were personalised to suit the respondents' individual sensibilities and experiences. For example, since Ernst von Glasersfeld and Hans Reiss have published extensively on their exile their questionnaires were adapted so as to reach beyond familiar patterns of response.

Nonetheless, written questionnaires lack the flexibility and the personal element of an interview, but as long as the circumstances under which the particular testimonies have

been collected are taken into account in the analysis, they should help to paint a rich picture of the lives of the refugees in their home countries, their persecution and journey into exile, their lives in Ireland, the contributions they made to their host country and their thoughts about their identities. The responses varied considerably in both length and complexity.

In addition to the questionnaires and interviews, I had access to other materials that have proved invaluable. Some of the exiles I interviewed, for example, have written about their escape from the Nazi regime and their experiences in their host countries. These accounts include the various autobiographical writings by Hans Reiss,[71] "An anecdotal biographical note" by Peter Schwarz (unpublished), an autobiography by Herbert Karrach,[72] the reminiscences of Ernst von Glasersfeld[73] and George Clare's

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[71] See particularly Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109; Hans Reiss, 'Sieben Jahre in Irland 1939–46: Mein Weg in die Germanistik', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Schillergesellschaft 40 (1996)*, pp. 409–432; and Hans Reiss, 'My Coming to Ireland', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 35–41. The most comprehensive autobiography is Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009. See also Hans Reiss, 'My Six and a Half Years in the Third Reich', in Hinrich Siefken and Anthony Bushell (eds.), *Experiencing Tradition: Essays of Discovery. In Memory of Keith Spalding (1913–2002)*, York: Ebor Press 2003, pp. 24–29, which was reprinted under the title 'Out of the Third Reich' in the Oxford Magazine in May 2003; and Hans Reiss, 'Exil oder Akkulturation? Zur Kontinuität der Britischen und Irischen Germanistik in der Zeit des "Dritten Reichs" und in der Frühen Nachkriegszeit', in Walter Schmitz (ed.), *Modernisierung oder Überfremdung? Zur Wirkung deutscher Exilanten in der Germanistik der Aufnahmeländer*, Stuttgart, Weimar: Metzler 1994, pp. 55–70. Konrad Feilchenfeldt's response and the following discussion with Reiss (pp. 71ff.) might also be of interest.

[72] Part of Herbert Karrach's autobiography is published in Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49.

[73] See for example Heinz von Foerster and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Wie wir uns erfinden. Eine Autobiographie des radikalen Konstruktivismus*, Heidelberg: Carl-Auer Verlag 1999; Ernst von

books *Last Waltz in Vienna* and *Berlin Days*.[74] There are also accounts by other exiles, such as John Hennig's *Die bleibende Statt*,[75] Peter Kingshill's *Footnote*[76] and Hans Kohlseisen's *Und ich reise noch immer*.[77]

Furthermore, there are the individual portraits and personal reflections of former refugees and their families contained in the above-mentioned volume *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945*, such as Ruth Braunizer's 'Memories of Dublin – Excerpts from Erwin Schrödinger's Diaries',[78] Eva Gross's 'Personal Reflections on a New Life

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Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005; and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Unverbindliche Erinnerungen. Skizzen aus einem fernen Leben*, Vienna: Folio Verlag 2008.

[74] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002.

[75] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987.

[76] Peter Kingshill, *Footnote. A Memoir*, London: privately published 2007.

[77] Hans Kohlseisen, *Und ich reise noch immer. Die Geschichte des Hans Kohlseisen zwischen Gmünd, Stadlau und Irland*, edited by Margarete Affenzeller and Gabriele Anderl, Vienna: Mandelbaum 2015; and Hans Kohlseisen, *…und ich reise noch immer… Schauplätze der Erinnerung. Mein unbeugsames Leben*, Vienna: privately published 1999.

[78] Ruth Braunizer, 'Memories of Dublin – Excerpts from Erwin Schrödinger's Diaries', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 265–274.

in Northern Ireland'[79] and Monica Schefold's 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956'.[80]

Chapters III to V are dedicated to the stories of the refugees. They trace the painful journey of the exiles who lost their homes, their jobs, their friends and family and their cultural and linguistic communities and who then had to establish themselves in new surroundings in Ireland. With special emphasis on the testimonies by Monica Schefold, John Hennig, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman, Herbert Karrach, George Clare and Ernst von Glasersfeld, the chapters explore different ways in which identity is negotiated. The chosen structure is an adapted version of Egon Schwarz's five phases of the exile phenomenon, consisting of an examination of the effects of Nazi persecution, the question of how a change of venue can be arranged, the actual arrangements and journey, the adjustment of a new environment and finally the end of exile.[81] However, foregrounded is the analysis of the pre-exile life which would have special significance to the formation of identity. Accordingly, chapter III deals with the lives the exiles led at home, their family backgrounds and their relationships with their respective home countries. Chapter IV shows how those lives came under threat and follows their journey to Ireland, focusing on the exiles' preparations, expectations and the administrative hurdles they had to overcome to be granted a visa and travel to Ireland. Chapter V concentrates on their lives in Ireland and beyond. In looking at the attitudes the refugees were met with, issues surrounding language, culture and religion, and the

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[79] Eva Gross, 'Personal Reflections on a New Life in Northern Ireland', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 275–288.

[80] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264.

[81] Egon Schwarz, 'Mass Emigration and Intellectual Exile from National Socialism. The Austrian Case', in David F. Good and Ruth Wodak (eds.), *From World War to Waldheim. Culture and Politics in Austria and the United States*, New York, Oxford: Berghahn 1999, pp. 87–107 [here: 89].

contributions the exiles made to Irish society as well as any links to their host countries, its aim is to paint a vivid image of the complex nature of living in exile.

The final chapter gives a summary of the findings and reflects on their implications for exile studies and identity studies.

II. Forced into exile: identity and the challenge of change

1. The problem of identity

In recent years the category of identity has become one of the most central and widely discussed within the human and social sciences. The resulting proliferation of publications on the subject can lead to confusion as to the meaning of terms, such as 'identity', 'person', 'self' and 'subject' to name but a few. One problem is that, as the editors of *Identity: A Reader* point out in their general introduction, "the term 'identity' often provides only simple cover for a plethora of very particular and perhaps non-transferable debates".[82] Due to the eclectic nature of the field it makes sense, therefore, to focus on core issues which are particularly relevant to the experience of exile, such as the precarious nature of personal identity, the subsequent need to build up a stable idea of the self and the traumatic effects a challenge to familiar strategies of identification can have on the individual.

The question of who and what we are is, of course, not a new one, but has exercised thinkers for centuries. Philosophical discussions of personal identity have centred around the following questions:

- What makes one the person one is, that is what makes one unique and different as an individual and how does one see and define oneself?
- What is necessary and sufficient for a past or future person to be identical with a present person; in other words, how does a person persist through time?
- What evidence is there to attest to this persistence, e.g. memory and/or physical continuity?
- Is there only really one person to every body?

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[82] Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman, 'General Introduction', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 1–5 [here: 2].

- What is necessary and sufficient to be a person?[83]

The way personal identity has traditionally been dealt with in philosophy suggests that there exists a concept of it that transcends the conditions of its formation and that it is conceivable to come up with satisfactory coherent and definitive answers to the above questions.

Eric T. Olson explains that the answers given as to what is necessary and sufficient for us to persist as persons, for example psychological and/or physical continuity, differ probably because our views on personal identity reflect our beliefs:

> Which view of personal identity one finds attractive is likely to depend on one's general metaphysical beliefs. So there may not be much point in asking about our identity over time without first addressing these underlying issues.[84]

In order to determine what is the metaphysical belief that has most influenced contemporary views on personal identity, it makes sense to consider the notion that is most challenged in recent academic debates, namely the idea that individuals are autonomous and self-possessed beings who are in control of their own acts.

In *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood* (1998) Nikolas Rose argues that contemporary experience of personal identity is heavily influenced by the idea of a psychologised self:

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[83] See Eric T. Olson, 'Personal Identity', in Edward N. Zalta (ed.), *The Stanford Encyclopaedia of Philosophy*, 2002, https://plato.stanford.edu/archives/fall2002/entries/identity-personal/ [Accessed 26 January 2020].

[84] Eric T. Olson, 'Personal Identity', in Edward N. Zalta (ed.), *The Stanford Encyclopaedia of Philosophy*, 2002, https://plato.stanford.edu/archives/fall2002/entries/identity-personal/ [Accessed 26 January 2020].

> If there is one value that seems beyond reproach, in our current confused ethical climate, it is that of the self and the terms that cluster around it – autonomy, identity, individuality, liberty, choice, fulfillment.[85]

The aim of his study is "to problematize our contemporary regime of the self by examining some of the processes through which this regulative ideal of the self has been invented".[86] His findings are, nonetheless, useful for the analysis of the experience of exile in the sense that they give us an insight into the type of person that was and is dealing with the challenge of exile. Particularly relevant in this context are Rose's comments on personal biography:

> […] human beings have come to imagine themselves as the subjects of a biography, to utilize certain 'arts of memory' in order to render this biography stable, to employ certain vocabularies and explanations to make this intelligible to themselves.[87]

The fact that this version of reality is constructed does not mean that it is an error that should or could be corrected in favour of a reality that is absolutely true. Rather it means that it is a version of reality that is absolutely true to us in a particular context and at a particular time:

> To speak of the invention of the self is not to suggest that we are, in some way, the victims of a collective fiction or delusion. That which is invented is not an illusion; it constitutes our truth.[88]

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[85] Nikolas Rose, *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1998, p. 1.

[86] Nikolas Rose, *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1998, p. 2 .

[87] Nikolas Rose, 'Identity, Geneology, History', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 311–324 [here: 321]. For another critique of the notion of 'life history', see also, in the same volume, Pierre Bourdieu, 'The Biographical Illusion', pp. 297–303.

[88] Nikolas Rose, *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1998, p. 3.

Nonetheless, current ideas of the self are under investigation due to the growing unease surrounding this particular epistemology of personal identity. Developments in medical science and technology (organ transplants, implants, genetic manipulation, abortion, a better understanding of psychiatric disorders etc.) have pointed to the limits of this "regime of the self".[89] The perceived crisis of individualism and traditional notions of identity explains the increased interest in the subject:

> […] 'identity' has achieved its contemporary centrality both theoretically and substantively because that to which it is held to refer - whether the 'it' in question is, for example, the category 'man', 'black', 'work', 'nation' or 'community' - is regarded in some sense as being more contingent, fragile and incomplete and thus more amenable to reconstitution than was previously thought possible.[90]

One approach presents the challenge to the metaphysics of the subject by arguing that it is language which gives individuals a subject position, which means that identity is constituted and, thus, culturally regulated through discourse. Identity, as much as language, is socially inscribed and, therefore, subject to change. Stuart Hall, among others, charts central themes of the debates of recent decades, explaining that the old essentialist ideas are under investigation.[91] Against the traditional approach which is predicated on the "recognition of some common origin or shared characteristics with another person or group, or with an ideal, and with the natural closure of solidarity and

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[89] Nikolas Rose, *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1998, pp. 2ff. See also Pierre Bourdieu, 'The Biographical Illusion', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 297–303.

[90] Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman, 'General Introduction', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 1–5 [here: 2].

[91] See for example Stuart Hall, 'Who Needs Identity?', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 15–30.

allegiance established on this foundation" [92], Hall sets the discursive approach. Rather than seeing identity as something unified, natural and original he argues that "identification is in the end conditional, lodged in contingency. Once secured, it does not obliterate difference. The total merging it suggests is, in fact, a fantasy of incorporation."[93] He sees identities as the places where subject positions which have been constructed by social discursive practices are successfully but temporarily occupied by the articulating and articulated subject. It emerges at the point where the social discursive domain and the psychic domain intersect. Hall applies Derrida's deconstructivist concept of erasure to the concept of identity: "Identity is such a concept – operating 'under erasure' in the interval between reversal and emergence; an idea which cannot be thought in the old way, but without which certain key questions cannot be thought at all."[94]

Obviously, the challenge by deconstruction theory to the Western idea of a transcendental signifier and thus the notion of transcendental reality has far-reaching implications for personal identity. In any signifying system, that is a system of differences with no positive terms, "[t]he absence of the transcendental signified extends the domain and the play of signification infinitely."[95] Hence, concepts such as truth, reality or presence are always undermined by the structurality of the signification system in which they are expressed.

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[92] Stuart Hall, 'Who Needs Identity?', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 15–30 [here: 16].

[93] Stuart Hall, 'Who Needs Identity?', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 15–30 [here: 17].

[94] Stuart Hall, 'Who Needs Identity?', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 15–30 [here: 16].

[95] Jacques Derrida, 'Structure, Sign and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences', in David Lodge and Nigel Wood (eds.), *Modern Criticism and Theory. A Reader*, London, New York: Routledge 2013, pp. 211–224 [here: 213].

In the realm of psychoanalysis, which has crucially marked our understanding of what we are, Jacques Lacan formulates the challenge to the metaphysics of presence by applying the linguistic principles of Frederic de Saussure to Freud's ideas, but he also explains the psychic urge to build up an idea of the self as a stable entity.[96] When the child first recognises his/her own image in a mirror in that primary act of identification, the fictional unity of the image introduces alienation caused by the difference between the fiction of totality that has replaced the reality of helplessness and incoherence. According to Lacan, this nagging sense that what he/she is falls short of the ideal will mark the child for the rest of his/her life and make him/her strive forever to close the gap by fostering the fiction of an ideal ego through imaginary identifications.

Lacan further maintains that it is the arrival of language that gives the child the opportunity to build up a sense of self by providing it with a subject position. The subject cannot return to a state before its socialisation in language, it is caught in a dilemma: it is left with the desire to impose a narrative of meaning on the world in order to fight the very absence without which meaning is not possible. Meaning and subjectivity as produced in language are provisional and, thus, always subverted by the idea of absence.

Another approach to the question of identity, namely that of clinically based psychoanalysis, suggests that such a conception of the subject is too abstract and that it neglects the actual experiences of suffering. Rather than reducing the subject to a position in language or other social structures, it emphasises the rich and, to some extent, independent inner life and experience of the individual as playing a significant role in identity formation. However, it still assumes the individual to be a psychologised entity governed by complex internal and external processes.[97]

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[96] See Jacques Lacan, 'The Mirror Stage', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 44–50

[97] See the readings in part two of Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 119–276.

The approach of genealogy is more interested in the historicity of the subject and the mechanics of subjectification at a particular moment in time and in a particular social setting. Rather than treating the self as universal it seeks to describe limited and specific forms of identity/personhood. Amélie Oksenberg Rorty argues, for example, that a contextualist approach to personal identity does not require generally valid criteria for the identification of persons: "The criteria for biological and legal individuation need not coincide; nor need those for theological and social identification."[98] This view has not yet permeated Western thought enough to bring about the demise of the regime of the self, but proponents of genealogical approaches to personal identity are laying the critical foundation for a more differentiated and differentiating form of consciousness:

> At the very least, within social theory, the idea of the self is historicized and culturally relativized. More radically, it is fractured by gender, race, class, fragmented, deconstructed, revealed not as our inner truth but as our last illusion, not as our ultimate comfort but as an element in circuits of power that make some of us selves while denying full selfhood to others and thus performing an act of domination on both sides.[99]

While the claim that there are mechanisms that produce hierarchies of identity might have filtered through into wider society, it is hard to say what the revelation that a stable self is our "last illusion" really means to the average person trying to make a life for themselves. Linda Martin Alcoff points out the political implications of such a view of identity for anyone who wishes to become a functional member of society:

> All students of society and all who want to become effective citizens must become educated about the multiple identities that structure our social worlds in order to be able to understand,

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[98] Amélie Oksenberg Rorty, 'Persons and personae', in Paul Du Gay, Jessica Evans and Peter Redman (eds.), *Identity. A Reader*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2000, pp. 378–380 [here: 380].

[99] Nikolas Rose, *Inventing Our Selves. Psychology, Power and Personhood*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1998, p. 5.

> evaluate, and, if they choose, meaningfully participate in the struggles against identity-based forms of oppression.[100]

Evidently, identity is a varied category and its meaning constantly renegotiated. This makes it necessary to draw on different theories of personal identity when analysing the experience of exile, even if these theories seem at times contradictory. Questions of identity in this context have to take into account the idea that what we are depends both on what we tell ourselves about ourselves and on what other people or society tell us about ourselves either explicitly or by implication. Indeed, one point the different approaches to identity agree on is that it is not produced in a vacuum: "Individuals make their own identity, but not under conditions of their own choosing."[101] The resulting challenge to our own sense of what we are can range from an almost abstract sense of anxiety to the very real threat to one's life.

In a sense this everyday crisis of personal identity reflects the so-called crisis of Western individualism. A crucial aspect of this crisis seems to be the growing secularisation of the self. As Paul Gifford points out in *2000 Years and Beyond: Faith, Identity and the 'Common Era'*:

> It seems importantly true, at any rate, that the twentieth century, now closed, brought to most of Western Europe (and, to a lesser extent, North America) the working-out of a deep-seated crisis of cultural identity, radicalizing post-Enlightenment scepticism to the point where it became a normal and norm-setting disaffection for all transmitted and founding programmes of self-understanding.[102]

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[100] Linda Martín Alcoff, 'Introduction. Identities: Modern and Postmodern', in Linda Martín Alcoff and Eduardo Mendieta (eds.), *Identities. Race, Class Gender, and Nationality*, Malden, Oxford, Melbourne, Berlin: Blackwell Publishing 2003, pp. 1–8 [here: 2].

[101] Linda Martín Alcoff, 'Introduction. Identities: Modern and Postmodern', in Linda Martín Alcoff and Eduardo Mendieta (eds.), *Identities. Race, Class Gender, and Nationality*, Malden, Oxford, Melbourne, Berlin: Blackwell Publishing 2003, pp. 1–8 [here: 3].

[102] Paul Gifford, '2000 Years. Looking Backwards and Forwards', in Paul Gifford et al. (eds.), *2000 Years and Beyond. Faith, Identity and the 'Common Era'*, London, New York: Routledge 2003, pp. 1–15 [here: 5].

It is precisely the idea that the crisis of Western individualism is a recent phenomenon, however, that needs to be investigated further.

2. The recurring instability of the individual

The modern scepticism and anxiety surrounding the category of identity, in their particular modern forms, are merely the latest symptoms of a predicament that is much older. John Dollimore questions what he calls "some of the emerging orthodoxies of contemporary thought, especially in relation to the so-called 'death' of man."[103] In the introduction to *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture* (1998) he seeks to refute "the argument that there has occurred, relatively recently and somewhat momentously, the collapse of a Western humanist ideology of individualism."[104] He argues that our modern anxiety is intimately related to our experience of death and loss:

> The 'crisis' of the individual is less a crisis than a recurring instability deriving from the theological obsession with death, loss and failure. And it does not set in only at the point when the expansionist tendencies of Western culture falter; on the contrary, it has always been an integral, facilitating aspect of those tendencies.[105]

It is the experience of change, loss and death that forms the basis for Western metaphysics and Western religion. The obsession with death is, therefore, the result of the experience of being an individual:

> From the earliest times, death has held out the promise of a release not just from desire but from something inseparable from it, namely the pain of being individuated (separate, differentiated, alone) and the form of self-consciousness which goes with that - what philosophers like Schopenhauer call the principle of individuation (principium individuationis).[106]

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[103] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xviii.

[104] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xviii.

[105] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xix.

[106] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xx.

The ambivalent nature of death means that the individual is "[…] energized and driven forward by the same forces of mutability and death which destabilize and fragment."[107]

We fear death and its functions such as change, pain and loss, because they denote the nullification of our being. However, our precarious situation and the tension between the reality of uncertainty and the ideal unreality of full unified existence make us identify with death as a welcome release from this tension.

This experience is also the reason why human existence has always involved the attempt to contain the threat of change, loss and death by nurturing the fantasy of a stable identity, which would ultimately remove the threat of death:

> Broadly speaking, the world we experience was said to be the world of appearances, the domain of unreality, deception, loss, transience and death - to be contrasted with an ultimate, changeless reality which was either deeper within or entirely beyond the world of appearance. This immanent or transcendent reality was also said to be the source of absolute, as distinct from relative, truth, and even of eternal life.[108]

Even when, as in some modern philosophies of human identity, death is taken into consciousness in a way which is at once an expansion and a nullification of consciousness, it still serves the same purpose as the triumph over death in religious models of identity. Whether we internalise death to the point of absolute consciousness or make it the necessary precursor of another transcendent life the aim is to contain the anxiety surrounding human existence, namely the fact that "[i]dentity is experienced ambivalently, and the urge to consolidate it is complicated by the wish to relinquish it."[109]

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[107] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xviii.

[108] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xiii.

[109] Jonathan Dollimore, *Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture*, New York: Routledge 1998, p. xxi.

3. The experience of exile

The experience of exile is an experience which involves, in very real terms, the crisis of individual identities. Change and therefore often loss and death may be an integral and natural part of human existence, but their effects are still potentially devastating when they shatter the secure sense of self Stuart Hall would call a 'fantasy'. A secure sense of identity may be the result of self-deception, but the desire and psychic need to consolidate one's identity is just as much a natural and integral part of human existence as the reality of its instability.

The challenge to familiar strategies of identification is all the more painful if we are powerless to fend it off; in fact, accepting unwanted and painful change that seems to happen for no good reason is arguably one of the hardest things we ever have to learn. The challenge to our understanding of identity brought by modern thinkers mirrors the profound experience of exiles who discover that their existence is transient and subject to change and loss. According to André Aciman this awareness of loss becomes one of the defining characteristics of an exile's state of being: "An exile reads change the way he reads time, memory, self, love, fear, beauty: in the key of loss."[110] He argues that exiles are stuck in permanent transience, somewhere between two or more places, the past and the future:

> Eventually, of course, one does stop being an exile. But even a "reformed" exile will continue to practice the one thing exiles do almost as a matter of instinct: compulsive retrospection. With their memories perpetually on overload, exiles see double, feel double, are double. When exiles see one place they're also seeing—or looking for—another behind it.[111]

This is a description of the exile situation which clearly illustrates the traumatic nature of being forced from one's home and one's stable set of references. The almost

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[110] André Aciman, 'Shadow Cities', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 15–34 [here: 22].

[111] André Aciman, 'Foreword: Permanent Transients', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 7–14 [here: 13].

compulsive retrospection and comparison with somewhere and sometime else which leads to the double vision can be read in these terms. Cathy Caruth describes trauma as follows:

> In its most general definition, trauma describes an overwhelming experience of sudden or catastrophic events in which the response to the event occurs in the often delayed, uncontrolled repetitive appearance of hallucinations and other intrusive phenomena.[112]

The aspect of trauma in the experience of exile is very real and should be given attention, especially since the re-evaluation of the exile position in recent years seems to focus more on its metaphoric value. As Eva Hoffmann points out, the very notions of exile and of home are changing due to changes in the political and social landscape. She describes the most significant shift in perspective as follows:

> Exile used to be thought of as a difficult condition. It involves dislocation, disorientation, self-division. But today, at least within the framework of postmodern theory, we have come to value exactly those qualities of experience that exile demands—uncertainty, displacement, the fragmented identity. Within this conceptual framework, exile becomes, well, sexy, glamorous, interesting. Nomadism and diasporism have become fashionable terms in intellectual discourse.[113]

This view of exile is problematic as it reduces the reality of forced displacement, with the resulting effects on the individual, to a metaphor that reflects postmodern concerns and could, therefore, fail to grasp the very real suffering of actual exiles. However, both in its implications for the individual and in its danger of neglecting the perspective of actual suffering, the postmodern interpretation of the position of exile to some extent parallels that of Paul Tillich's concept of the boundary, a metaphor he used to describe his own experience of exile.

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[112] Cathy Caruth, *Unclaimed Experience. Trauma, Narrative and History*, Baltimore, London: The Johns Hopkins University Press 1996, p. 11.

[113] Eva Hoffman, 'The New Nomads', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 35–64 [here: 44].

4. Paul Tillich's concept of the boundary

A study attempting to offer an insight into the subjective experience of exile and the struggle to construct and reconstruct identities that have been shattered must, in its analysis of the oral and written sources, pay particular attention to the psychological process of negotiating – what Paul Tillich, who himself sought refuge in the United States, saw as the conceptual boundary between two modes of being. His dialectic model of the experience of exile casts the individual into the psychological space between home country and host country where he or she is now faced with the task of forging a new identity from the two separate sets of meanings this binary opposition opens up. This process might involve the integration of the two plains of reference, rejection of one in favour of the other or ambivalence to both, which leaves one with a general feeling of uprootedness.

In his essay "Reflections on Exile" Edward Said defines exile as "the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home".[114] In his opinion, the exile's existence in the host country is inescapably bound up and at odds with the memory of the life that has been left behind:

> For an exile, habits of life, expression, or activity in the new environment inevitably occur against the memory of these things in another environment. Thus both the new and the old environments are vivid, actual, occurring together contrapuntally.[115]

Said's interpretation of the experience of exile is certainly valid, but it neglects the aspect of time. The age at which one is torn from the security of one's home as well as the length of time that has passed since the initial moment of emigration have a significant impact on the vividness and emotional intensity of the memory against which every new experience occurs. A remark made by Tillich in his *Autobiographical*

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[114] Edward Said, *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press 2000, p. 173.

[115] Edward Said, *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press 2000, p. 186.

Reflections (1952) suggests that, in his mind at least, age is a significant variable in this context: "Emigration at the age of forty-seven means that one belongs to two worlds: to the Old as well as to the New into which one has been fully received."[116] Tillich believed that the experiences of 47 years in Germany were so significant in the shaping of his being that the claim of this "Old" world could never be eclipsed by that of the "New" world America, even if it offered him the rich life of someone who has been "fully received" into it. The implication is, however, that, had he emigrated at a younger age, he might have been able to leave Germany behind him and thus avoid the boundary existence of someone who "belongs to two worlds".

The idea that Tillich's life and thought occupied the boundary between two alternative and contrasting modes of existence was already strong in his mind while he was still in Germany; it was to become the most significant personal symbol for his life:

> IN THE INTRODUCTION to my Religiöse Verwirklichung (Religious Realization), I wrote: "The boundary is the best place for acquiring knowledge." When I was asked to give an account of the way my ideas have developed from my life, I thought that the concept of the boundary might be the fitting symbol for the whole of my personal and intellectual development. At almost every point, I have had to stand between alternative possibilities of existence, to be completely at home in neither and to take no definitive stand against either. Since thinking presupposes receptiveness to new possibilities, this position is fruitful for thought; but it is difficult and dangerous in life, which again and again demands decisions and thus the exclusion of alternatives.[117]

Tillich here acknowledges that, as well as a source of knowledge, the boundary can be a place of indecision and inaction, and indeed in life he often remained absorbed in theory and reflection. Wilhelm and Marion Pauck sum up his reaction to the growing threat of National Socialism as an aware passivity with occasional bursts of angry defiance: "Despite explosions and premonitions Tillich failed, as many German citizens also failed, to involve himself in consistent and continuous participation in anti-Nazi

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[116] Paul Tillich, *The Essential Tillich. An Anthology of the Writings of Paul Tillich*, New York: Macmillan 1987, p. 267.

[117] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 13.

political activity."[118] This does not mean, however, that Tillich was not the target of National Socialist attention. His book *The Socialist Decision* (1932) as well as his public speech in July 1932, in which he demanded that Nazi students, who had beaten up Jewish and left-wing students on campus, be expelled from the university, made him an enemy of the Nazi regime, so in April 1933 he was suspended from his position at the University of Frankfurt/Main.[119] When later that year the Union Theological Seminary in New York offered him the opportunity to come as a visiting professor and give lectures at Columbia University, Tillich accepted after some hesitation.[120] On 3 November he and his wife arrived in New York.[121]

In 1936 Tillich published *The Interpretation of History*. It contained an introduction entitled "On the Boundary" (published separately, in 1967). Wilhelm and Marion Pauck explain that this autobiographical sketch is the result of Tillich's need to establish his identity in a new country.[122] *On the Boundary* consists of twelve chapters, each of which begins with the word "between" and discusses a set of conflicting alternatives that have shaped Tillich's personal and intellectual development. The final chapter "Between Native and Alien Land" deals with the boundary situation of exile. Tillich defines exile as having both an external and an internal dimension:

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[118] Wilhelm and Marion Pauck, *Paul Tillich. His Life and Thought*, New York: Harper and Row 1989, p. 126.

[119] See Wilhelm and Marion Pauck, *Paul Tillich. His Life and Thought*, New York: Harper and Row 1989, pp. 126ff.

[120] For a detailed account of how the decision to make this offer was reached see Wilhelm and Marion Pauck, *Paul Tillich. His Life and Thought*, New York: Harper and Row 1989, pp. 133–135.

[121] Wilhelm and Marion Pauck, *Paul Tillich. His Life and Thought*, New York: Harper and Row 1989, p. 139.

[122] Wilhelm and Marion Pauck, *Paul Tillich. His Life and Thought*, New York: Harper and Row 1989, pp. 174–175.

> The boundary between native land and alien country is not merely an external boundary marked off by nature or by history. It is also the boundary between two inner forces, two possibilities of human existence […][123]

Tillich describes these two possibilities in terms of nationalism vs. transcendence and universality. He relates the position on the boundary to the situation of Abraham, who is bidden by God to leave his home to go into the unknown. Thus, Abraham finds himself on the boundary between the ties to his local community and family and the transcendent promise by God of a community that exists outside of national or historical identifications:

> The God who demands obedience of him is the God of an alien country, a God not bound to the local soil, as are pagan deities, but the God of history, who means to bless all the races of the earth. This God, the God of the prophet and of Jesus, utterly demolishes all religious nationalism--the nationalism of the Jews, which he opposes constantly, and that of the pagans, which is repudiated in the command to Abraham. For the Christian of any confession, the meaning of this command is indisputable. He must ever leave his own country and enter into a land that will be shown to him. He must trust a promise that is purely transcendent.[124]

According to Tillich's reading of this episode, God tells Abraham to leave his home in order to break his earthly ties and to render him open to divine truth and revelation. In this interpretation exile is a necessary prerequisite for spiritual growth, which is not possible as long as the narrow confines of nationality define our being. Ultimately, Tillich argues, for a Christian the unifying power of faith that extends beyond national boundaries is more important than the earthly ties that shape the particulars of our existence.

Tillich's lack of concern with matters of national belonging also shows when he describes his own feelings about being German: "My attachment to my native land in terms of landscape, language, tradition and mutuality of historical destiny has always been so instinctive that I could never understand why it should have to be made an

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[123] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 91.

[124] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, pp. 91–92. For more of Tillich's thought on the meaning of the command to Abraham see Paul Tillich, *Theology of Culture*, London, Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press 1964, pp. 35–36.

object of special attention."[125] It is important to stress here that Tillich is not indifferent to his native country and that he does understand the pain of leaving one's home. However, he feels so secure in his national identity that he does not consider it necessary to focus on it; instead his thoughts are free to travel to the place on the boundary:

> I have always felt so thoroughly German by nature that I could not dwell on the fact at length. Conditions of birth and destiny cannot really be questioned. We should instead ask: What shall we do with this which is given in our lives? . . . Accidents of birth do not constitute answers to such questions, because the questions presuppose them.[126]

It becomes clear here that to Tillich emigration does not simply mean a physical change of location. He distinguishes between two types of emigration: "physical" emigration and "spiritual" emigration. Thus, the alien land is not simply the place that is not Germany, but also a place in his mind:

> In every sense of the word, I have always stood between native and alien land. I have never decided exclusively for the alien, and I have experienced both types of 'emigration.' I began to be an 'emigrant' personally and spiritually long before I actually left my homeland.[127]

For Tillich spiritual emigration is a "break with ruling authorities and prevailing social and political patterns" in either passive or active resistance or a wholly personal and inward journey that involves "parting from accepted lines of belief and thought; pushing beyond the limits of the obvious; radical questioning that opens up the new and uncharted".[128] The alien land of "spiritual" emigration is the place of critical detachment that opens possibilities for reflection and points to a new and strange existence.

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[125] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 93.

[126] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, pp. 93–94.

[127] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 93.

[128] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

After Tillich's emigration to America he mapped the contrasting positions of nationalism and transcendence on the two poles of his own exile, associating America with the idea of a united humankind:

> I was happy to discover on the boundary of this new continent where I now live, thanks to American hospitality, an ideal which is more consistent with the image of one mankind than that of Europe in her tragic self-dismemberment. It is the image of one nation in whom representatives of all nations and races can live as citizens.[129]

But America did not just represent the ideal of a united humankind in a secular sense of globalisation; it symbolised the kingdom of God, the ultimate synthesis, the state of being that transcends all contrasts:

> Although here too the distance between ideal and reality is infinite and the image is often deeply shadowed, nonetheless it is a kind of symbol of that highest possibility of history which is called "mankind," and which itself points to that which transcends reality - the Kingdom of God. In that highest possibility, the boundary between native and alien land ceases to exist.[130]

The fact that Tillich regards the kingdom of God as 'the highest possibility' as well as his identification of the position of the exile with the Christian position is problematic here, especially if his ideas are to be used to shed light on the experience of atheist and Jewish as well as Christian exiles. Moreover, a religious interpretation that gives a religious reason for the state of exile and treats it as a metaphor of human existence might downplay the pain associated with being torn from one's home. Edward Said points to the scale of emigration in the 20th century and stresses that it is a secular, man-made and painful experience:

> Against this large, impersonal setting, exile cannot be made to serve notions of humanism. On the twentieth-century scale, exile is neither aesthetically nor humanistically comprehensible: at most the literature about exile objectifies an anguish and a predicament most people rarely experience first hand; but to think of the exile informing this literature as beneficially humanistic is to banalize its mutilations, the losses it inflicts on those who suffer them, the muteness with which it responds to any attempt to understand it as "good for us." Is it not true that the views of exile in literature and, moreover, in religion obscure what is truly horrendous: that exile is irremediably secular and unbearably historical; that it is produced by human beings for other

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[129] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 96.

[130] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 96.

> human beings; and that, like death but without death's ultimate mercy, it has torn millions of people from the nourishment of tradition, family, and geography?[131]

The fact that Tillich focuses on the philosophical implications of exile and gives his own metaphor of the boundary between native and alien land a very specific meaning does not mean that the metaphor is useless in the analysis of other people's experiences. Tillich is acutely aware that the wave of exile of which he was a part was on a very different scale and left millions searching for a guiding light to give meaning to their future:

> Seldom in history have men been as disturbed about history as we are today. We desire urgently to catch at least a glimpse of the future, of wisdom and prophecy. It is not just a few thousand Jewish exiles, to whom our prophet speaks by the rivers of Babylon, but ten million exiles from all over the world, who try passionately to penetrate the darkness of their future.[132]

Of course, the term exile should not be reduced to a mere metaphor of human existence, which would mean that the reality of persecution, flight and suffering could be neglected. The emphasis on personal experiences will counteract any tendency to lose the reality of this experience in a theory of exile.

It would be equally inadequate however to focus purely on the loss without paying attention to the philosophical implications of this loss and the need to rebuild a sense of belonging. Even if a lesser degree of metaphysical meaning is assigned to the journey from the community one knows to a country that is not one's home the metaphor captures the psychological dilemma of many exiles, who were faced with the challenge of redefining themselves relative to now two – sometimes even more – sets of reference. Tillich chose to view this challenge as an opportunity to shape his own destiny: "My writing this self-portrait in an alien country is a destiny that, like all true destiny,

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[131] Edward Said, *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press 2000, p. 174.

[132] Paul Tillich, *The Shaking of the Foundations*, Eugene: Wipf and Stock 2011, pp. 30–31.

represents freedom at the same time."[133] Naturally, Tillich's journey into exile and to a transcendent identity is not to be understood as a yardstick against which to measure the supposed progress of other exiles in this regard. In the analysis of the written and oral accounts of German-speaking exiles in Ireland, Tillich's concept of the boundary serves as a model which should help shed light on the question to what extent – if at all – they made a similar journey in their attempts to make sense of their personal trauma of exile.

[133] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 91.

III. Home life

1. Family backgrounds of the exiles

In keeping with the overall argument that the experience of exile poses a fundamental challenge to individual identities, this chapter explores how the participants remember their lives before they were forced to emigrate and leave those lives behind. If exile is the loss of what Edward Said calls the self's "true home" it is necessary to establish what for each of the exiles – at least in retrospect – "true home" actually meant.[134] Paul Tillich saw his national identity as an "attachment to [his] native land in terms of landscape, language, tradition and mutuality of historical destiny". He also called this attachment "instinctive" and not worthy of "special attention".[135] According to his view, the exiles lost their roots in the physical world ("landscape"), in the social world ("language") and in the cultural world ("tradition and mutuality of historical destiny") when they were forced from their homes. I am going to look at how the exiles remember their home lives in the areas of family, school or work and religion as the most important areas where these worlds intersect. It is in these settings that personal attachments will be negotiated and their implications for the "true home" established.

Tillich may have viewed his attachment to his native land of Germany as instinctive and not worthy of special attention, but the same is not necessarily true for how the exiles viewed their own relationships with their homes. The question whether they remember them as something instinctive and secure or something more fraught would have consequences for how they experienced the subsequent loss. The analysis of the testimonies must therefore focus on the question to what extent these personal attachments are viewed as something organic or instinctive, something at any rate that would have a serious emotional impact if broken.

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[134] Edward Said, *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press 2000, p. 173.

[135] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 93.

Considering the entrance requirements of the Irish government and the severe exit taxes and fees imposed by the Nazi regime, it is not surprising that the exiles represented here were all from more or less well-to-do bourgeois families who held business, professional, or white-collar occupations. John Hennig himself was not wealthy, but his father-in-law owned his own company, so that his wife would have been used to a very high standard of living. Peter Schwarz's mother was the widow of a successful businessman and Hans Reiss's father also owned his own company which afforded the Reiss family a comfortable lifestyle. Marianne Neuman's father was a director in the national German rail service and she herself was studying to be a doctor. Herbert Karrach's father represented two large German factories in Austria and the Balkans, while George Clare's father held a high-level position in an international bank. Finally, Ernst von Glasersfeld's father was a diplomat, and later a photographer of international acclaim.[136]

All of them came from larger cities and, in many cases, from the assimilated Jewish communities that had lived in those cities for a long time. Claire Hennig was from Aachen and John Hennig from Leipzig, Peter Schwarz from Bremen, Hans Reiss from Mannheim, Marianne Neuman from Berlin and Herbert Karrach and George Clare from Vienna. Ernst von Glasersfeld grew up in Meran and attended a boarding school in Switzerland, but he was born in Munich and studied in Vienna, so he was also used to a metropolitan environment.

Despite the similarity in socio-economic profile, the level of loss and uprootedness evident in the testimonies varies. One of the factors that seems to have had an impact on how the exiles viewed their home and its loss was their age at emigration. The ages at which they emigrated varied from Monica Schefold, who was only one year old when she left Germany with her family, to her father John Hennig who was 28 at the time, making the two the youngest and the oldest of the exiles. Peter Schwarz was 11 while

[136] For a detailed breakdown of the socio-economic status of Viennese emigrants to Ireland see Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, pp. 32–35.

Herbert Karrach (14), Hans Reiss (16) and George Clare (17) were all teenagers. Ernst von Glasersfeld and Marianne Neuman were in their twenties, 21 and 23 respectively. The fact that the active participants of this study all emigrated at quite a young age is no coincidence. It is due to the fact that in Ireland exile studies and the approach of oral history were begun quite late compared to other countries, so that many of the people that came to or through Ireland in the years between 1933 and 1945 died before they could tell their stories. The surviving ones are naturally the ones that were quite young when they emigrated.[137] I have grouped the testimonies in each section according to home country and analysed them in order of their age at emigration from youngest to oldest, except for John Hennig who follows his daughter rather than being at the end. This means that in each section I begin with the testimonies of the exiles who fled from Germany (Monica Schefold to Marianne Neuman) and then follow with those of the exiles who fled from Austria (Herbert Karrach to Ernst von Glasersfeld).

Monica Schefold was born in 1938 and came to Ireland with her family in 1939 when she was just one year old. Consequently, she does not have any childhood memories of living in Germany, but her testimony allows valuable insight into what she knows about her parents' and grandparents' lives there as well as into how she places herself in a tradition of German families of different backgrounds. In her article 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', which is based on the talk she gave at the conference on German-speaking exiles in Ireland held at the University of Limerick in 2004, she says about her maternal grandparents:

> My grandparents felt completely German – the family having lived in Germany for 600 years – they were emancipated, liberal and patriotic. My grandfather was a prominent citizen of Aachen, highly respected and a patron of the arts. My grandparents did not in any way identify with the poorer Jews from the Eastern parts or their lives in the ghettos and, besides, Aachen was an unusually liberal town.[138]

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[137] In fact, Marianne Neuman, George Clare and Ernst von Glasersfeld also died before the completion of this dissertation.

[138] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 249]. On Jewish citizens in Aachen at the beginning of the 20th century see also Amelis

The phrase "felt completely German" is revealing as it reflects the problems inherent in establishing a Jewish-German identity at the time. Monica Schefold mentions the 600 years her family had lived in Germany, which to her – and everyone else – should be sufficient reason for claiming German nationality as one's natural birthright. She further bolsters the case for her grandparents' claim by pointing out that politically ("emancipated, liberal and patriotic") and socially ("prominent", "highly respected" and "patron of the arts") they performed at least as well as any other German citizen. In her biography of Monica Schefold's grandfather, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Amelis von Mettenheim gives a detailed account of Felix Meyer's achievements and his family background. She presents him as a charismatic, generous, ingenious and successful entrepreneur and devoted family man, who comes from a long line of emancipated, educated and well-off Jews. Even Monica Schefold's grandfather's grandparents are from emancipated and successful Jewish families:

> Die Großeltern stammen aus emanzipierten Familien. Von dem Urgroßvater Meyer Philipp weiß man, daß er Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts der Reformgruppe der jüdischen Gemeinde in Warendorf/ Westfalen angehört. Er ist ein Mitglied des weltlichen Vorstandes der Münsterischen Judenschaft und stellt in seinem Haus in Freckenhorst einen Raum als Betsaal zur Verfügung.[139]

One of the anecdotes that best illustrates how much Felix Meyer himself felt German is the episode of how the maid is let go because she is French:

> Felix ist so deutsch eingestellt, daß er seit Beginn des Krieges verbietet, daß in seinem Haus Französisch gesprochen wird. Das französische Kindermädchen wird entlassen. Da seine Frau Belgierin ist, schien es vorher gegeben, die Kinder zweisprachig aufwachsen zu lassen.[140]

So Monica Schefold comes from a family who can look back on a long tradition of living and working in Germany and feeling like an integral part of German society.

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von Mettenheim, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang 1998, pp. 11–12 and p. 31.

[139] Amelis von Mettenheim, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang 1998, p. 12.

[140] Amelis von Mettenheim, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang 1998, pp. 23–24.

She then sets this positive image of an integrated, liberal and successful Jewish family in deliberate contrast with the Jews from the East, who tended to be more rural, traditional and less well-off, and generally more obviously culturally Jewish. The positive Jewish German identity claimed by her grandparents is thus constructed against what George Clare calls "that bearded, kaftaned lot" when he favourably compares his father's side of the family with his mother's in *Last Waltz in Vienna*.[141]

However, the fact that Monica Schefold says that her grandparents "felt" German, rather than just stating that they *were* German, as well as her use of the qualifier "completely", shows she is aware that their nationality was not an uncontested category. It is not clear whether the term "felt" reflects her grandparents' awareness, communicated to her either directly or through her parents, that they were not in fact fully accepted German citizens, or whether it reflects merely Monica Schefold's own conclusion after the fact, since historical events proved to them that they were not. Her awareness of the precarious nature of her grandparents' social and national status also shows in the fact that she mentions that Aachen was "unusually liberal", implying that in general Jewish emancipation was not a social reality. So her assertions as to how much her grandparents were just like other German citizens is in fact bracketed by terms that undercut her statement.

Monica Schefold's description of her Jewish grandparents reflects the problematic issues of emancipation and assimilation that, in the wake of secular enlightenment and the ideals of the French Revolution, caused a major change in Jewish culture and identity. In his book *Major Turning Points in Jewish Intellectual History* David Aberbach identifies several watershed moments that shaped Jewish history and identity, namely

> […] from idolatry to monotheism in the age of the Bible; from biblical to rabbinic Judaism in the Roman period; from exclusive Jewish learning to increasing absorption of secular learning under medieval Islamic rule; and in the modern period, a cluster of overwhelming changes, from being mainly a religious, working class, rural, impoverished, diaspora-based, Yiddish-speaking people,

[141] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 37.

> to a secular, middle class, urban people with a reborn Jewish state in which Hebrew was revived spectacularly.[142]

The growing secularisation of the human condition in Europe diminished what could be viewed as the essential element of traditional Jewish identity, while at the same time the move towards nation states founded on high-minded ideals, such as liberty, equality and fraternity, but also on essentialist notions of nationality, raised the question of Jewish emancipation. The combination of these two developments led to a shift in the construction of Jewishness from the religious to the political with detrimental effects for the establishment of a dual Jewish-German identity:

> Die Konstruktion des Jüdischen vollzieht sich stets im Rahmen komplexer gesellschaftlicher Konstellationen. In der frühen Neuzeit entstehen die christlichen Ethnographien zwar noch ganz im Rahmen eines Interesses der christlichen Gesellschaft am Judentum als Religion. Mit der Aufklärung jedoch definiert sich die Gesellschaft immer weniger religiös, so dass das Interesse an Judentum und Christentum als Religionen nur noch einen Teilaspekt ausmacht. Vor diesem Hintergrund findet mit dem Beginn des 19. Jahrhunderts eine folgenschwere Verschiebung statt: Neben die kosmopolitische Aufklärungstradition tritt nun der frühromantische Individualitäts- und Volksgedanke. Im Rahmen des sich im Laufe des Jahrhunderts etablierenden Nationaldiskurses geraten Judentum und Deutschtum in eine Konkurrenz zueinander. An die Stelle der Leitdifferenz jüdisch/christlich tritt nun die Differenz jüdisch/deutsch. Damit einher geht eine durchgängig zu beobachtende Politisierung der Konstruktionen des Jüdischen - sowohl auf jüdischer als auch auf christlicher Seite - auch oder gerade dort, wo sie sich als unpolitisch ausgeben.[143]

In this context it does not matter that, unlike the majority of Jewish people, Monica Schefold's grandparents were not undergoing the socio-political changes diagnosed by David Aberbach, but had actually lived in Germany for centuries. Naturally, a Jewish family with such a long history of cultural participation and economic prosperity would see themselves as German, but their background now not only cast doubts on their credentials as "proper" Germans, but it also put them in conflict with more traditional

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[142] David Aberbach, *Major Turning Points in Jewish Intellectual History*, Basingstoke, New York: Palgrave Macmillan 2003, p. ix.

[143] Michael Konkel, Alexandra Pontzen and Henning Theißen, 'Einleitung', in Michael Konkel, Alexandra Pontzen and Henning Theißen (eds.), *Die Konstruktion des Jüdischen in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart (Studien zu Judentum und Christentum)*, Paderborn, Munich, Vienna, Zürich: Ferdinand Schöningh 2003, pp. 7–13 [here: 10–11].

notions of Jewish identity as is reflected in Monica Schefold's emphatic declaration that her grandparents "did not in any way identify with the poorer Jews from the Eastern parts".

The conflicted views of what it meant to be Jewish and how that should relate to the nationality of one's home country were reflected in a newly conflicted view of Hebrew, which had traditionally been viewed as the repository and source of Jewish culture and identity:

> Among Jewish writers, split attitudes to Hebrew became apparent in the nineteenth century: East European Jews were attached to it while the rest were mostly ignorant, indifferent, or hostile. The East European Jews who preserved Hebrew lived in a socio-cultural world substantially different from that of West European Jews: they were far more numerous and were persecuted to a far greater extent; surrounded by mostly illiterate peasants, they tended to be highly observant and subject to rabbinic authority; their secular education was limited while their Jewish religious education was vast, in contrast with West European Jews, who became increasingly urbanized and professionally trained in the course of the nineteenth century.[144]

The challenge for Jewish people in this new political climate was to position themselves in relation to the two models of Jewish identity outlined here, namely those of the diaspora Jew and the assimilated Jew, with pressures both from within and without to assimilate. It is hardly surprising when David Aberbach diagnoses: "Among Western and Central European Jews, confusion about Jewish culture became a virtually psychopathological feature of emancipation, reflecting the ambivalence of emancipation itself." [145]

This explains the dilemmas and pressures Jewish people would have been faced with and also the almost strange necessity for any German citizen to explain or justify feeling or being German. Monica Schefold's assertions that her grandparents were integrated, valued and patriotic Germans, like a beautiful flower with deep roots, seem to answer

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[144] David Aberbach, *Major Turning Points in Jewish Intellectual History*, Basingstoke, New York: Palgrave Macmillan 2003, p. 147.

[145] David Aberbach, *Major Turning Points in Jewish Intellectual History*, Basingstoke, New York: Palgrave Macmillan 2003, p. 138.

the erroneous charge that if you were Jewish you could not also be "properly" German. These assertions follow a paragraph in which she details the repressive laws against Jewish citizens, as if to justify why those laws should not apply to her family. In her mind, their social status and feelings of national belonging should have made a meaningful and significant difference in the way they were regarded, but it was a distinction the Nazi regime did not make.

It is not clear whether her grandparents themselves confided their feelings on the matter to her, whether these ideas came to her through her mother or whether her assertions are based on her own impressions and conclusions. In any case, they function as part of her family mythology, serving both to highlight the extent of the crimes committed against her family and to build a positive, if problematic, family history and identity. Indeed, Monica Schefold seems justifiably proud of her grandfather's achievements:

> My grandfather was an inventor and was actually in the USA in 1935, because of an invention. All of his friends pleaded with him not to return to Germany but he felt that because of the political situation his place was in Germany and not America. He was considered in fact to be a so-called 'valuable' citizen, because of his invention of a 'one-way' injection needle and for his invention of scientific instruments which had been used in the First World War to measure levels of gases.[146]

The "so-called" shows the ambivalence towards the category "valuable citizen". It is obviously offensive, but the substance that allows the label to be applied to her grandfather in the first place is a source of pride to her. The reflex to offer proof why her grandparents should have been valued for real, rather than being persecuted, is in fact an emotionally ambivalent exercise. With every positive and affirming detail she can list, the incredulousness, pain and anger at the systematic destruction of their conceptual and physical existence increases. It seems as if even in retrospect she cannot make sense of what happened to her grandparents. Similarly, her family could not imagine what was going to happen:

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[146] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 249].

> Later, in exile in Brussels, he reproached himself endlessly for his political blindness. Neither my grandparents nor my parents could imagine that the vulgar and brutal regime could last long or bring about what Hitler had proclaimed as his political programme in his book *Mein Kampf*[147]

According to his own autobiography, however, Monica Schefold's father John Hennig at least was worried about the political developments in Germany and about what might happen to his wife Claire and her family as a consequence. He advanced their marriage plans after seeing a man humiliated in public for having a relationship with a Jewish woman and he also suggested emigrating to America. But Felix Meyer rejected this idea:

> Hansens Empfehlung, daß alle auswandern - Felix hätte in den USA nicht nur von seinen Patenten leben, sondern an Erfindungen arbeiten, und Hans seinem eigentlichen Beruf nachgehen können - weist Felix als unsinnig, ja empörend von sich. Die Anhänglichkeit an ein Land, in dem seine Vorfahren nachweislich seit Jahrhunderten lebten, ist zu groß, um einen solchen Vorschlag zu akzeptieren. Felix entspricht nicht nur "in seiner Erscheinung wenig dem Bild des Juden, das der Stürmer zeichnete; er war geschätzt als Erfinder, Kaufmann und Mensch. Aufgewachsen in der Tradition der klassischen deutschen Kultur, wollte er ... nicht glauben, daß ihm etwas passieren könne".[148]

According to Wolfgang Benz this was not an uncommon attitude, especially amongst the assimilated Jews in the cities. According to him it was precisely the high level of assimilation and achievement that often prevented them from realising that they were in danger of being discriminated against and, ultimately, of being murdered:

> Die Hoffnung auf Anerkennung der erbrachten Leistungen, vor allem aber der hohe kulturelle und intellektuelle Assimilationsgrad hinderten dann so viele deutsche Juden an der rechtzeitigen Erkenntnis, daß ihre Ausgrenzung bis hin zur physischen Vernichtung beabsichtigt war. Die Zeit zwischen dem Ersten Weltkrieg und dem Ende der Weimarer Republik brachte für die deutschen Juden den Höhepunkt ihrer kulturellen Assimilation, zugleich aber schon den Beginn der sozialen Dissimilation. Antisemitische Propaganda, die Schuldige an den als schmachvoll empfundenen Folgen des Kriegs suchte, deklassierte Kleinbürger mit Zukunftsangst, verletzter deutscher Nationalstolz machten "den Juden" zum Schuldigen. Daß man die nationale Zuverlässigkeit der deutschen Juden in Frage stellte, ihnen den Vorwurf doppelter Loyalität ("erst Jude, dann Deutscher") machte, zeigte den Wunsch nach Ausgrenzung, der in der

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[147] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 249–250].

[148] Amelis von Mettenheim, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang 1998, p. 31.

> Unterstellung einer Kriegserklärung "der Juden" an das deutsche Volk im Frühjahr 1933 anläßlich der Boykott-Aktion vom 1. April einen ersten Höhepunkt hatte.[149]

However, questions of Jewish identity in the tension between emancipation and assimilation versus a preservation of traditional Jewish culture, all against the backdrop of rising anti-Semitism, is only half the story of Monica Schefold's family. Her parents were from very different backgrounds, not just in terms of religion and culture, but also in terms of wealth. Her mother "Claire (as she was called from their time in Dublin onwards), was from a well-to-do Jewish family and led a life free of financial worries thanks to income from the roughly 250 patents and technical innovations created by her father, Felix Meyer."[150] In contrast, Monica Schefold describes her father's background as follows:

> My father came from a staunch Protestant family. Most of his ancestors were clergymen or theologians. His father was a teacher of religion and a convinced pacifist, in no way nationalistic. My father was the only member of his family who decided to convert to Catholicism, which he did in 1936 at the age of 25.[151]

The emphasis on religion rather than sentiments of nationalism and patriotic militarism is interesting as it reveals a significant difference between the two families and their respective relationships with their nationality. While assimilated Jews like Claire's parents exchanged their religious identity in favour of a patriotic German one without ever being fully accepted into their chosen nationality, the fact that John Hennig's father, like his ancestors, chose religion as the main source of his identity made him open to attacks too. Due to his pacifist convictions he was accused of being un-German.

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[149] Wolfgang Benz, 'Von der Emanzipation zur Emigration', in Wolfgang Benz and Marion Neiss (eds.), *Deutsch-jüdisches Exil. Das Ende der Assimilation? Identitätsprobleme deutscher Juden in der Emigration*, Berlin: Metropol Verlag 1994, pp. 7–13 [here: 12].

[150] Amelis von Mettenheim, *Felix Meyer 1875–1950. Erfinder und Menschenretter*, Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang 1998, pp. 21ff.

[151] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 250].

In my questionnaire to her, however, Monica Schefold focuses more on the difference in wealth:

> BS: What did your parents tell you about their life in Germany?
>
> MS: They told us – in answering specific questions- we knew that they came from very different backgrounds. My father told us a lot about his childhood (hardships during the 1'st World war – hunger – descriptions of his parents, home, siblings – my mother came from a richer family and was quite spoilt as a child (her father a Jewish industrialist).[152]

It is interesting that she answers in what can be called shorthand style as if she is remembering key words and answering at the top level of memory. According to her testimony her parents did not generally volunteer information about their lives in Germany, but were willing to talk about it in response to questions from their children. Again she emphasises the difference in her parents' backgrounds, but here the more constructed and detailed memories of the written text are missing. In her written 'Childhood Memories' she imagines what their lives would have been like if they had stayed in Germany. Modelled on her mother's former circumstances and those of the "elegant grandparents", she imagines "a castle-like home, nannies, maids and a chauffeur."[153] The memories of her mother's family are linked up with images of wealth and elegance; religion interestingly is a topic that seems imposed from outside.

Her memories of her father John Hennig on the other hand are of his work and his own childhood memories and family stories that linked him with his ancestors. On their night-time walks together, he told her of his family:

> Besides, he told us a lot about his ancestors on these occasions. Although my parents thought they would never leave Ireland, my father obviously felt a strong need to feel himself in a line of ancestors, to hold onto his roots. He told us about the various scientists in his family, of his parents, of the hunger years during the first world war, when his family – his father being poorly paid and having five children – lived mainly on turnips and the meagre products of their

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[152] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[153] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 260].

> ‘Schreber Garten’, a small plot of land outside Leipzig. All these talks opened up our minds to another world.[154]

Monica Schefold, through her own acts of remembering, continues to place herself in the two very different family narratives. Her mother’s side was well-to-do, smart and creative, but their identity challenged by anti-Semitic assumptions and what happened during the time of the Nazi regime. Her father’s side was much less glamorous, more strict and modest, but with a strong tradition of choosing religion as the guiding principle in life. They were used to being outsiders because of their opinions if not their ethnicity. So while neither of Monica Schefold’s parents had a straightforward relationship with their home and nationality, they felt its loss keenly nevertheless.

Monica Schefold herself was too young to feel a similar loss. She spent most of her formative years in Ireland and so she has no German identity linked directly to lived experience in Germany and tied to the place or the culture there. But while she did not lose her home when her family had to flee from Nazi terror, her parents’ background ultimately affected her sense of home and the identity she was trying to build in Ireland, as it was frequently used by others as a point of reference.

The discussion of Monica Schefold’s family background, naturally, had to take into account the whole family, but here her father John Hennig will be the main focus of investigation. Hennig is widely regarded as the father of German-Irish studies and his life and works have been exhaustively studied and written about by Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche.[155] He was born in Leipzig on 3rd March 1911. His father Max Hennig

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[154] Monica Schefold, ‘Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956’, in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 261].

[155] See for example Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *John Hennig’s Exile in Ireland*, Galway: Arlen Press 2004; Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche, ‘“Was ausgewandert sein heisst, erfährt man erst nach Jahrzehnten” – John Hennig im (irischen) Exil’, in Ian Wallace (ed.), *Fractured Biographies (German Monitor 57)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2003, pp. 55–85; and Gisela Holfter and Hermann

had studied theology and was ordained, but taught religion and Hebrew at the König-Albert-Gymnasium in Leipzig, while John Hennig's mother Johanna Clemen had been a deaconess who came from a strict Lutheran family. Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche comment that "family life was characterised by great devoutness, books and frugality."[156]

John Hennig was 28 years old when he emigrated to Ireland in 1939 with his wife and two daughters. In 1956 the Hennig family moved to Basel where John Hennig died on 16 December 1986. As his death far predates the beginning of systematic research in the area of Irish exile studies – and indeed this project – there are, of course, no oral testimonies by John Hennig concerning his time in Ireland. His written recollections, however, most importantly his autobiography *Die bleibende Statt*, paint a detailed picture of his own reaction to exile as well as providing valuable background for Monica Schefold's testimonies.

In *Die bleibende Statt*, which was published by his family after his death on the occasion of his 76th birthday on 3rd March 1987, John Hennig outlines his life along the lines of his growing faith.[157] Considering his family background and his own religious convictions, it is impossible to treat his family life and religion as two separate matters. Nevertheless, this section will focus on his parents' religious views and other external factors, such as family rituals or other teachings, that might have influenced how John Hennig saw himself and his family. The section on religion, on the other hand, will

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Rasche (eds.), *Exil in Irland. John Hennigs Schriften zu deutsch-irischen Beziehungen*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2002.

[156] Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche, 'John Hennig: His Life and Work', in Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *John Hennig's Exile in Ireland*, Galway: Arlen 2004, pp. 11–52 [here: 12].

[157] In 2019 Hennig's autobiography was published by WVT and is now available to a wider audience: John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, edited by Gabriele Malsch, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2019.

primarily deal with his own religious reflections, the choices he made on his spiritual journey and what religion meant to him.

Before going into those details it is interesting to look at his thoughts on autobiography as outlined in the preface to *Die bleibende Statt*. He begins by quoting an essay by Joachim Müller that in turn references one of Hennig's own talks in which he proposed that being exposed is one of the most important aspects of autobiography, especially of the kind that imbues one's own life with a religious idea.[158] The fragile and fragmented nature of life and the problem of what Hennig calls autobiographical tact ("das Problem des autobiographischen Taktes"), i.e. the necessity for conscious or subconscious suppression of certain aspects of one's life as well as for consideration towards the people that feature in one's life, have of course implications as to how true to life an autobiographical account can be:

> Dem Versuch, in einer Darstellung des eigenen Lebens wahrhaftig zu sein, sind also Grenzen gesetzt. Es mag allenfalls möglich sein, nichts als die Wahrheit zu berichten, wobei unter "Wahrheit" natürlich nur das Erinnerungsbild verstanden werden kann, besonders wenn es sich um einen Zeitraum handelt, in dem viele Dokumentationsmöglichkeiten vernichtet worden sind.[159]

He is clearly aware that autobiography is based on, and therefore limited by, a construct of memory and that this constructed narrative is the only truth we have access to. The fact that he thinks this is especially true for those periods of time during which possible means of documentation have been destroyed, implies that in his view there are ways to move memory and personal truth closer to a theoretical absolute truth. In his opinion one should not, however, resort to the artistic flight into a "higher truth":

> Es ist auf die künstlerische Ausflucht der Gestaltung in eine "höhere" Wahrheit zu verzichten; das Leben stellt sich dann wohl für die meisten in seiner anekdotenhaften Bruchstückhaftigkeit heraus. Die ganze Wahrheit zu sagen, ist schon aus räumlichen Gründen nicht möglich, selbst wenn man meint, man brauche das Wort "ganz" nicht im quantitativen Sinne zu verstehen.[160]

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[158] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 7.

[159] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 8.

[160] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 8.

As soon as one accepts that autobiography cannot be completely true to life, life itself is revealed as a fragmented construct made up of anecdotes. And since it is not possible to say all, Hennig argues that it makes sense to choose a theme that gives some order to the fragments, especially if the chosen theme coincides with one of the defined types of autobiography:

> Den Bericht unter einen Aspekt zu stellen, ist umso zulässiger, wenn dieser Aspekt, wie Joachim Müller anerkannt hat, einer von denen ist, die einen autobiographischen Typ bestimmen. Ein anderer Aspekt als der religiöse wäre mir nicht möglich, ja noch spezifischer: Ich könnte mein Leben nie darstellen, ohne zu berücksichtigen, dass mit dem Tode nicht alles aus ist. Mein Bericht ist weiterhin dadurch begrenzt, dass er darstellen will, welche Rolle die Kirche in meinem Leben gespielt hat. In dieser Beschränkung hoffe ich, der ganzen Wahrheit einigermassen Genüge tun zu können. Diese Beschränkung ist sachlich gegeben: In den vielfachen Wendungen meines Lebensweges ist mir die Kirche die einzige bleibende Statt gewesen.
>
> Wenn ich sage, dass mir in meiner konfessionellen Umstellung die Kirche nicht erst Heimat wurde sondern geblieben ist, so unterscheidet sich mein Bericht von vielen sog. Konvertitenbiographien.[161]

In this paragraph, which references the title of his autobiography, Hennig makes it clear that religion is the ordering principle of his narrative, with particular emphasis on the role religion has played in his life: the church has been the lasting abode, the only stronghold in a life full of challenges and turning points, a continuing point of reference and stability, even through his conversion from the Lutheran to the Catholic faith. In his search for a spiritual home, for a transcendental unifying meaning, it was important to him to find connections between the often opposing and conflicting positions in which he found himself in his life. In this way, he is positioned in a boundary situation as Paul Tillich has described it, always torn between conflicting points of reference that he is trying to negotiate and reconcile: “Grundsätzlicher und auch diesem Problem Fernerstehenden möchte ich erzählen, wie ich versucht habe, zwischen den z.T. gegensätzlichen Stellungen, in die mich das Leben geführt hat, Verbindungen zu schaffen.”[162]

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[161] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 9.

[162] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 9.

The first chapter of *Die bleibende Statt* describes John Hennig's childhood in Leipzig and sketches a quick map of the important elements in his life in its opening couple of sentences:

> Das Haus, in dem ich geboren wurde, stand zu Leipzig in der Pfarre St.Matthäi, deren Kirche die des ehemaligen Franziskanerklosters war. In dieser spätgotischen, nach dem letzten Kriege abgerissenen Kirche wurde ich jedoch nicht getauft, sondern in der Wohnung meiner Eltern.[163]

He positions the house in which he was born on 3rd March 1911 in its geographical location and then places it in the spiritual landscape of church parishes. This immediately indicates how important religion was in his life. Moreover, he states that he was not baptised in the parish church, but in his parents' flat by his maternal grandfather. His parents, a deaconess and an ordained religion teacher, showed a strong preference for practising religious rituals in the home as well as in community with others, and there was a strong emphasis on proper behaviour, rigorous intellectual investigation, pacifism and good works.

Hennig's relationship with his father does not seem to have been one characterised by easy bonding or open affection. Rather, in his portrayal of his father Hennig emphasises how principled and pious his father was. He took his role as a teacher very seriously:

> Mein Vater hatte Theologie studiert und sich ordinieren lassen, aber als Schüler Harnacks hatte er es vorgezogen, nicht in den Dienst der Kirche zu treten. Er war Hauptreligionslehrer an einem Gymnasium. Sein Unterricht war dadurch bestimmt, dass er die ethischen Lehren Jesu, insbesondere der Bergpredigt, ernst nahm.[164]

His father also regularly had pupils over to their home to have further conversations with them about the strict principles of morality he advocated. He did not, according to Hennig, spend a lot of time with his own children:

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[163] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 13.

[164] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 13.

> Solange wir klein waren, hatte mein Vater selten Zeit für uns, ausser um unsere Schulaufgaben zu kontrollieren. Er liebte auch nicht Gesellschaft und floh, sobald es die Höflichkeit erlaubte, in sein Studierzimmer. Zeit hatte er aber immer für ein ernstes Gespräch.[165]

It is telling that the exception to the rule is when his father had serious conversations with them, apparently the only mode of which he was capable. He spent his time studying a wide variety of (mostly religious) subjects, had no time for frivolity or waffle and let his actions follow his principles without regard for negative social consequences:

> Am Vorabend des ersten Weltkrieges erklärte er in grösserem Kreise, Deutschland solle Elsass-Lothringen an Frankreich zurückgeben und Österreich veranlassen, Bosnien und Herzegowina an Serbien zurückzugeben, und so den Frieden erhalten. Diese Erklärung isolierte nicht nur ihn sondern unsere Familie insgesamt im Verwandten- und Freundeskreise; wir Geschwister spüren die Nachwirkungen dieser Isolierung noch heute.[166]

Voicing what would have been perceived as unpatriotic sentiments in 1914 put his father at odds with other people, but the whole family suffered the resulting isolation. Hennig, therefore, experienced feelings of estrangement and isolation at a very young age. Being an outsider is not only one of the main themes running through his autobiography; it was an integral part of the psychological organisation of his life and was the basis for his boundary position that drove him to try and find connections between opposing poles in his life as well as a spiritual home. He was, however, sceptical of pseudo-religious groups: "Meine Kindheit fiel in die Hoch-Zeit der sog. Kreise; jeder hatte seinen eigenen Abgott, der sein Lichtchen im Dunkel des Zusammenbruches war. Die Nüchternheit verkappten Religionen gegenüber hat mein Vater mir vererbt. "[167] Hennig admired his father and adopted a lot of his father's views, but he also suffered because of them. Conversely, the self-same views that often isolated him from others were a great source of strength for him.

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[165] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 14.

[166] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 13.

[167] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 15.

His mother was equally strict and pious and was an example of lived faith. She does seem to have been more directly involved in the children's everyday life and set an example for them of how to treat others in the community:

> Was die Werke der Barmherzigkeit sind, habe ich nicht aus dem Katechismus zu lernen brauchen. Meine Mutter führte sie uns jeden Tag ihres Lebens vor ohne viele Worte, fast erschreckend sachlich. Schon als ganz junges Bürschchen musste ich regelmässig vor Mittag mit einem Essenträger zu einer alten Frau marschieren, die einsam und grenzenlos verbittert in einem Dachstübchen hauste. Das Leben hatte sie so schlecht behandelt, dass sie das Wort: "Danke" nicht mehr über die Lippen brachte.[168]

By making Hennig visit many people in the neighbourhood who are elderly, sick or lonely and bitter, his mother taught him how to be kind to others, regardless of how unpleasant this might have been at times, and she always drew his attention to the reason why people and things were the way they were. Hennig learned to pray for the dead at the corpse of an elderly neighbour, to honour the sick and the old and to overcome revulsion in the face of unpleasant physicalities. While his parents naturally would have liked to shield the children from the worst, his mother in particular taught them to confront difficult realities and emotions where possible:

> Meine Mutter pflanzte in uns Verehrung für Kranke und Alte ein, die mich bis heute nicht verstehen lässt, warum ich für einen Besuch bei ihnen Dank empfangen sollte statt zu geben. Sie lehrte uns auch, die physischen Widerstände in uns zu überwinden, nicht nur Herzenshärte und Bequemlichkeit, sondern die natürliche Abneigung gegen unangenehme Anblicke und Gerüche.[169]

Apart from living the principles of faith in one's daily life, Hennig's mother also practised a routine of prayer and song with her family. They prayed at every meal, and his mother also prayed with each child in the evening: "Meine Mutter betete mit jedem von uns fünf Kindern abends, wenn wir im Bett lagen, einzeln. Dabei gebrauchte sie nie vorgeschriebene Gebete. Ihr Gebet war vorzugsweise Dank und Fürbitte für bestimmte Dinge oder Personen."[170]

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[168] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 16.

[169] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 17.

[170] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 23.

Equally important was a tradition of singing hymns at home, with specific hymns associated with different occasions:

> Am Morgen jedes Geburtstags in unserer Familie, auch der Angestellten, wurde vor der Bescherung gemeinsam der Choral "O Vater, Du mein Licht und Leben" gesungen; am Morgen einer Konfirmation erklang: "Lobe den Herren". Letzteres Lied haben wir dann auch bei der Taufe unserer ältesten Tochter und bei den Trauungen aller drei Töchter gesungen.[171]

Through this routine of singing, certain hymns acquired meaning for Hennig, a meaning that could then be invoked later. He connects his own family life to the past by using one of the family staples, namely the classic Lutheran hymn "Lobe den Herren", for important family occasions, thus, integrating his later life into the tradition he knows from his childhood.

The Christmas holidays were of particular importance, in part because he was allowed to choose a song:

> Der Höhepunkt des Singens in meinem Elternhaus waren Adventszeit, Heiligabend und Silvester. Zu Weihnachten durfte sich jedes von uns ein Lied wünschen. Solange ich der Jüngste war, erwartete man von mir, dass ich das jammervolle "Kling, Glöckchen, klingelingeling" verlange. Es war ein entscheidender Schritt in meinem Leben, als ich eines Weihnachts statt dessen "Mit Ernst, ihr Menschenkinder" erbat. Katholiken können sich schwer vorstellen, welche Bedeutung dieses "Sich-ein-Lied-wünschen-dürfen" in evangelischen Familien spielt. Nach dem Kriege schrieb mir eine alte Freundin aus der früheren Heimat von einer häuslichen Abendmahlsfeier im Keller eines zerbombten Hauses. Sie habe sich dabei ein Lied wünschen dürfen. Dass sie mir dies über mehr als tausend Kilometer hinweg mitteilte, griff mir ans Herz.[172]

According to Hennig this being allowed to choose a song was very important in Protestant families. In fact, when he says he was touched because an old friend told him in a letter how she got to choose a song during the celebration of the Eucharist in a bombed-out house, the implication is that for him the family ritual of choosing a song carries almost as much meaning as the religious ritual of the Eucharist. Both the social and the liturgical rituals associated with religion are a source of continuity: they bridge

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[171] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 24.

[172] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 24–25.

the perceived gaps in Hennig's experience and extend meaning from past to present allowing for a coherent life narrative.

But religion also isolated Hennig and often was the cause of divisions in his life in the first place. His parents' strict religious life was unusual. They did not simply go to the local church and do whatever was socially required, but lived according to a deeply felt and considered ideal of faith – the children visited services and religious study groups in other neighbourhoods if their parents thought that the pastor there was superior, for example. And since the guiding principle for action in John Hennig's family was religion and not any sense of local group belonging, the children were constantly from somewhere else, constantly set apart from others as different.

But Hennig's family life was not just marked by religion and religious practices. Something else that had a profound impact on his childhood was his family's relative poverty. On one occasion his primary school teacher asked them in class what they would have asked God for in Jacob's place, and after first replying that he would have asked for a pure heart, John Hennig said that he never wanted to be poor. He was terrified of being poor because of the severe hunger he had experienced during the first few years in school:

> Die Furcht vor der Armut überfiel mich angesichts des rasenden Hungers, an dem ich während der ersten Schuljahre fast ununterbrochen litt. Ich ass stangenweise Kreide auf, und nach der letzten Stunde trödelte ich so lange im Klassenzimmer, dass ich als letzter zurückgeblieben unter die Bänke kriechen konnte, um nachzuschauen, ob der eine oder andere bessergestellte Mitschüler etwas von seinem Frühstücksbrot zurück- oder fallengelassen hätte. Den Dank dafür, dass "wir genug zu essen und zu trinken hatten", habe ich meine Kinder und Enkel, die Hunger nie gekannt haben, immer in ihrem Abendgebet einflechten lassen.[173]

This scene is one of painful frankness as he reveals what he had to do to curb his hunger during those years. He does not state that he felt ashamed, but he certainly did not want his classmates to witness his searching of the benches for food. As a result of this experience of what he calls a raging hunger he had a deep appreciation of what it meant

[173] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 27.

to have enough to eat, an attitude he later tried to instil in his children and grandchildren.

His family's poverty, or at least the experience of hunger and of having less than his fellow pupils, further contributed to his feeling of isolation, especially later when he attended the Thomasschule which was in a more well-off part of town. His father sent him there because he did not want to teach his own son, but John did not fit in at what he calls the "Aristokratenschule" where rich families sent their children. He claims he would have died of malnutrition during the early 20's if it had not been for the meals provided in school by the Quakers, a charity his parents accepted without shame and with great gratitude.

Interestingly, there was never a hint of anger or resentment towards his parents whenever their principles seemed to cause Hennig to suffer. He saw the reason for their difficult financial situation in his father's refusal to prioritise financial gain over spiritual ideals even during the time of inflation in Germany:

> Als in unserem Kreise relativ kinderreiche Familie und wegen der Abneigung unseres Vaters, sich in irgendeiner Form aufs Geldmachen einzulassen, selbst als es während der Inflationszeit auch unter Beamten fast unausweichlich wurde, waren wir als gute Bürger auf die inneren Werte angewiesen. Reiche Leute waren uns verdächtig, aber auch dem berechtigten Drängen der wirtschaftlich Benachteiligten standen wir zögernd gegenüber.[174]

He did not blame his father for not trying at least a little more to make some money. On the contrary, Hennig shared his parents "innere Werte". When outlining the position that was equally sceptical towards both the rich and the demanding disadvantaged poor he uses "wir" thus including himself in what is the family position. His mother also taught her children the fundamental lesson never to envy whatever other people have:

> Die Grundlehre, die unsere Mutter uns mitgab, war nicht mit Neid auf den Segen zu blicken, den Gott auf die Schwelle des Nachbarhauses legte. Sie hat dieses Gebot vor allem in den beiden Nachkriegsperioden, die sie durchleiden musste, heroisch betätigt.[175]

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[174] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 33–34.

[175] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 34.

He admired his mother's ability to "heroically" live her own ideal in both post-war periods in Germany, but interestingly here does not include himself in the effort. He switches back to the collective pronoun when he asserts that the family would never have aligned themselves with any social group in order to better their lot:

> Von einem Kollektiv eine Besserung unserer Lage zu erwarten, wäre uns nie eingefallen. Der Ausschluss aus den Gemeinschaften, die gemeinhin Einzelne stützen, nationale, soziale oder politische, hat mich daher kaum überrascht.[176]

His parents' principles caused hardship for Hennig and isolated him from others, but they were also a source of strength for him in the form of inner values. As for his own ability to follow these values all the time, he learned early in life that one's virtue depends a lot on one's circumstances:

> Im Zusammenhang mit meiner Privatstundentätigkeit machte ich eine zweite für mein Leben bestimmende Erfahrung. Das geringe Taschengeld, das ich mir bis dahin durch Geschirrspülen und Kohlentragen verdient hatte, langte nicht für meine elementarsten Bedürfnisse, zu denen ich auch einen gelegentlichen Kinobesuch rechnete. Ich entwendete eine Zeit lang in regelmässigen Abständen kleine Beträge aus dem Geldkästchen, das meine Mutter sorglos herumliegen liess. Das Problem löste sich rein materiell, aber meinem Gefühl nach umso deutlicher, indem die Notwendigkeit zu diesen Diebereien entfiel. Da mir derartige Lösungen immer wieder zuteil geworden sind, betrachte ich es weitgehend als Glückssache, ob man sich einigermassen an die Gebote halten kann oder nicht. Auch habe ich gelernt, dass es eine Not gibt, die stehlen lehrt.[177]

He is very realistic and pragmatic rather than moralistic. He knows that it is easier to follow the commandments when one is comfortable and that, until one is in desperate need, one does not know whether one is being virtuous or simply lucky not to have been pressed hard enough yet.

Hennig remarks that both the poorest and the richest child in his primary school class were Jewish. As the Hennigs lived in a neighbourhood with a lot of Jewish settlers newly arrived from Galicia, John Hennig came in contact with Jewish people, Jewish culture and Jewish faith from a very young age. He was aware of Jewish dietary laws and earned his first pocket money as a "schabbesgoj" when a lady paid him to ring a

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[176] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 34.

[177] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 57.

doorbell for her on the Sabbath. He was even invited to the home of one of his Jewish friends, where he was received with such friendliness that he was put ill at ease:

> Ein jüdischer Kamerad lud mich in die im Hintergarten seines Hauses aufgestellte Laubhütte ein. Seine Mutter empfing mich mit einer Freundlichkeit, die mich misstimmte. Ich konnte nicht ahnen, was es diesen gehetzten Menschen bedeutete, dass überhaupt ein Einheimischer mit ihnen verkehrte. Sie bot mir Tee mit Milch an, ein mir bislang unbekanntes Getränk; mit ihm verband ich jahrelang die Vorstellung von der Wärme und Zärtlichkeit jüdischen Familienlebens, deren Unterschied zu der Kargheit bei uns ich empfand.[178]

He quite literally got a taste of a family life that was markedly different from his own. The open and friendly atmosphere he experienced in his friend's house was strongly associated with the hot tea and milk, an unfamiliar drink that for years to come remained a personal symbol for John Hennig of the warmth and tenderness of Jewish family life.

In general, however, the child John Hennig viewed Judaism as something dark:

> Die Vorstellung, dass Judentum etwas Finsteres sei, welche ich erst im Laufe von Jahrzehnten losgeworden bin, wurde verstärkt durch die am anderen Ende unserer Strasse gelegene streng orthodoxe Schule. An der Hauswand waren riesige hebräische Buchstaben angeschrieben. Die Eintretenden berührten mit dem Finger die Türangel und verschwanden in einem dunklen Gang. Die Männer trugen Kaftane, pelzverbrämte Hüte und buschige Barte. Einmal wagte ich ein paar Schritte in den Gang hinein. "Bist du a Jidd?". Ich schüttelte schuldbewusst den Kopf. "Dann mach, dass du fortkommst". Der Gedanke setzte sich in mir fest, dass da drinnen unheimliche Sachen vor sich gehen müssen. Das Murmeln, das aus der nach der Strasse zu gelegenen Lehrstube zu hören war, und die Erbärmlichkeit des koscheren Metzgerladens an der Hauptstrasse schienen mir in Zusammenhang zu stehen.[179]

Hennig describes Judaism as something strange and mysterious, full of unfamiliar symbols and rituals that excluded him from what was going on. He did not understand the Hebrew writing on the wall of the orthodox school or what the men dressed in strange clothes were doing after performing a mysterious ritual and then disappearing down a dark corridor. When he tried to enter, presumably because he was curious, he was rebuffed because he was not Jewish and therefore did not belong. Since his impressions of strangeness were not resolved by personal experience into

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[178] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 27.

[179] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 28.

understanding, he assumed that there must have been something sinister going on, an idea that seemed supported by the murmurs coming out of the interior of the school and by the, to his eye, pathetic state of the kosher butcher's shop. And on the occasion of the Jewish New Year he witnessed the phenomenon of men lining the shore of the canal and swaying while intoning ritual prayers:

> Am ersten Tage von Rosch-ha-schona stellten sich viele Ostjuden entlang dem Geländer an dem Kanal an unserer Strasse auf und machten Taschlich, ihre Oberkörper rythmisch hin- und herschwingend. Wir überblickten die Szene vom Fenster unserer im zweiten Stock gelegenen Wohnung aus. "Die Juden beten das Wasser an". Mein Vater aber sprach langsam die Worte: "Er wird alle unsere Sünden in die Tiefe des Meeres werfen" und mahnte uns Menschen zu achten, die so offen ihren Glauben bekannten.[180]

It is not clear whether the young John Hennig would have known the Jewish terms that are used in the text here or whether they are a retrospective addition, but even if he did, he obviously did not know what the ritual performed in front of his eyes meant. Because he was not sufficiently familiar with Judaism he did not see beyond the surface of things and again misinterpreted what was going on. He thought the men worshipped the water and he did not relate their faith to his own in any way. His father, on the other hand, showed a much more detailed knowledge of the ritual. By quoting the Bible verse appropriate for the Taschlich he called attention to a shared point of reference between Christianity and Judaism and thus dispelled the idea that the spectacle down by the canal had anything to do with pagan water worship. In his father's judgement, the ritual they were witnessing was an admirable demonstration of faith. His father was not happy about the rising anti-Semitism he detected in his fellow citizens: "Die steigende Flut von Antisemitismus wie von Militarismus, die mein Vater in Kollegen, Schülern und Bekannten bemerkte, gehörte zu den Belastungen, an denen er langsam zugrunde gehen sollte."[181]

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[180] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 28–29.

[181] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 29.

As John Hennig adopted his father's pacifist and democratic views he experienced further isolation. Already set apart by his socio-economic background and strong religious convictions, in his secondary school he also suffered for his politics:

> Bei mir kam hinzu, dass ich, in jenen Jahren besonders an Politik interessiert und der pazifistisch-demokratischen Gesinnung meines Vaters folgend, unter meinen meist monarchistisch oder gar völkisch eingestellten Mitschülern und noch mehr den Lehrern manches zu erdulden hatte.[182]

John Hennig was sharing in his father's position as an outsider, isolated from the more monarchistic or nationalistic fellow pupils, who accused him of "nationale[r] Würdelosigkeit oder gar Feigheit".[183] Naturally, he was interested in other outsiders:

> Die vier Andersgläubigen unterschieden sich von uns schon dadurch, dass sie nicht sächselten. Sie waren gesellschaftlich vom Rest der Klasse getrennt, wie ich es wegen meiner republikanisch-pazifistischen Einstellung war. Dass ihre Andersgläubigkeit jedes Jahr beim Überprüfen der Angaben des Schülerverzeichnisses öffentlich festgestellt wurde, dass sie nicht an unserem Religionsunterricht teilnahmen und dass sie in meinen Augen ihre Sonderstellung mit eigentümlicher Würde trugen, - all das machte sie mir anziehend.[184]

The students of other faiths did not speak in the local regional dialect and did not have religion classes like everyone else, but they seemed to be very dignified in their "otherness".

His position as an outsider instilled in Hennig a growing aversion to mass congregations and collective speech. One day he witnessed a mob of pupils that gathered and chanted after a teacher reprimanded one of the younger students:

> Daraufhin rotteten sich in der grossen Pause die Oberklassen vor dem Lehrerzimmer zusammen und skandierten: "Beck muss weg!". Mich interessierten die Gründe für dieses Vorgehen nicht mehr; das Massenaufgebot war mir zuwider. Die Aversion gegen Massenaufgebote jeder Art und gegen kollektives Sprechen hat sich in späteren Jahren ständig vertieft, und ich kann nicht

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[182] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 29.

[183] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 30.

[184] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 47.

> dagegen angehen, dass sie sich selbst auf Eucharistische Kongresse und liturgische Kollektivakklamationen erstreckt.[185]

Interestingly, his aversion to people speaking or chanting en masse even applied to situations of a religious nature. In a way this was in line with his relationship with the physical church as opposed to personal faith. Even though the church was his only constant home in a life full of changes, even that constancy was removed into the realm of pure faith as he felt repeatedly uprooted in terms of faith community: "Die aus immer neuen Gründen gesellschaftliche Entwurzelung aus der jeweiligen parochia ist bis heute ein Grundzug in meinem kirchlichen Leben geblieben."[186]

When John Hennig went to lessons preparing him for his confirmation the theme of isolation continues. He was from somewhere else and he was also better educated than the others in his group:

> Inmitten des geistigen Aufruhrs der zwanziger Jahre gab mir der Konfirmandenunterricht gesunde Führung. Auch zu diesem Unterricht wurde ich in die Vorstadtgemeinde zu dem Vertrauten meiner Eltern geschickt. Meine Sonderstellung als Auswärtiger wurde dadurch vertieft, dass ich der einzige Gymnasiast war und damit der einzige, der etwas Griechisch konnte. Als solcher wurde ich als erster meiner Gruppe konfirmiert.[187]

But again the religious teachings are seen as beneficial and a guiding principle. They might be the cause of his being different as they have shaped his parents' lives and beliefs and in turn his own, but they also provide the healing, unifying ideal that has the potential to overcome the isolation and divisions in his life.

John Hennig highlights this potential when he describes his first visit to a Catholic church at the age of 15. After unpleasant experiences in various summer camps and with the scouts, he travelled through the countryside by himself:

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[185] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 33.

[186] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 34.

[187] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 41.

> Auf meinem Alleingang kam ich bis Aussig; mein Grenzschein erlaubte mir, bis Leitmeritz vorzudringen. Ich erwischte gerade noch einen Zug, der jedoch auf dem linken Elbufer fuhr, und ich musste – genau auf der Sprachgrenze – in der Leitmeritz gegenüberliegenden Station aussteigen. Ihr tschechischer Name war Terezin. Dass ich in Theresienstadt zum ersten Male allein und ganz aus eigenem Antrieb eine katholische Kirche betrat, ist einer der Zufälle gewesen, deren Bedeutsamkeit sich mir im Laufe meines Lebens so deutlich zeigen sollte, dass ich sie eben nicht mehr Zufälle nennen kann.[188]

In retrospect the event takes on significance for John Hennig. Looking back with both the knowledge of history and of his own life, he incorporates it into a narrative of meaning that turns his visit to the Catholic church from coincidence into destiny. "Alleingang" is important here as it reinforces the trope of him being alone and isolated. On his lonely travels he found the Catholic church on the boundary between two linguistic areas and in the same location as a future concentration camp. This visit, especially when seen as a meaningful event, is emblematic of John Hennig's boundary position, the concept outlined by Paul Tillich. By entering the church John Hennig did not only stand on an external boundary "marked off by nature or by history", but also on the "boundary between two inner forces, two possibilities of human existence, whose classic formulation is the command to Abraham: 'Go from your home . . . to the land that I will show you.'" This boundary marks the difference between the local perspective of identifications based on a hierarchy of inclusion and exclusion and the perspective of a transcendent view freed from such limiting ties.

On a personal level, for John Hennig this symbolic event meant that, while religion was the force that isolated him from his fellow Germans and drove him to a position on the boundary in the first place, the Catholic church was also the force that promised continuity in his life and thus a refuge on the boundary. From a historical point of view, the mention of the name Theresienstadt casts the shadow of the atrocities later committed there against anyone that did not fit the Nazis' ideas of who was included in their definition of German identity. The two institutions are in contrast but exist in the same psychological space, two alternative responses to the boundary position. The church represents the response of the universal perspective that is free from local ties.

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[188] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 53.

The concentration camp, on the other hand, represents the response that is wholly based in local and essentialist identifications. The church transcends the differences that exist in human life by unifying the disparate elements into a whole, while the concentration camp eliminates these differences by destroying everything that is different from the privileged group.[189]

Moreover, just like the church, the concentration camp points to the other boundary position in John Hennig's own life, resulting from his marriage to Claire. To some extent, of course, marriage is a source of solace and an antidote to isolation. But external pressures caused problems for the couple too: Claire was Jewish, and both the Nazis and Claire's father Felix Meyer viewed the marriage with disfavour, obviously for very different reasons. His father-in-law would have preferred a Jewish husband for his daughter as he thought that only Jewish men could be trusted not to beat their wives.[190] More significantly, the growing anti-Semitism made life more and more difficult for the young couple. When John Hennig had to give up his academic career because of his marriage to Claire, he joined his father-in-law's company, which did not suit him very well. Hennig was an academic, very conscientious and diligent, but he lacked the spark of practical inspiration that Felix Meyer had. In addition, Hennig was now dependent on his father-in-law for money, a job and general support, rather than being able to provide for his wife himself. So while his marriage alleviated his isolation through the love of another person, it also created new areas of isolation and discomfort. By itself, the difference in their backgrounds would probably not have caused major

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[189] It is interesting to note in this context that Paul Tillich considered an exaggerated concern with nationalism the result of an insecurity about national ties: "The overemphasis of cultural nationalism in national education and intellectual productivity is an expression of insecurity about national ties. I am convinced that this overemphasis occurs in individuals who come from the boundary–either externally or internally–and who feel obligated, therefore, to justify their patriotism to themselves and to others. They are also afraid to return to the boundary." Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 93.

[190] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 96.

problems for John and Claire Hennig as their families – after some initial scepticism – accepted the match. But, as Gabriele Malsch observes, the political situation had a detrimental effect on their relationships with their families: "Kläre wie Johannes Hennig fühlten sich 'verwurzelt' in ihren Familien. Dieser familiäre Halt schwand durch zunehmende Radikalisierung zum Ende der Weimarer Republik und insbesondere nach 1933."[191]

John Hennig's autobiography *Die bleibende Statt* makes it clear that religion is the ordering principle in the narrative of his life, and isolation is the theme running through it. He experienced what Tillich calls "spiritual emigration" because he and his family "[broke] with ruling authorities and prevailing social and political patterns, and […] resist[ed] them passively or actively".[192] Furthermore, throughout his life John Hennig was "parting from accepted lines of belief and thought; pushing beyond the limits of the obvious; radical questioning that opens up the new and uncharted."[193] He found himself on the boundary between often conflicting ideas that he spent his lifetime trying to reconcile in his search for a spiritual home. Therefore, in a sense even before his physical emigration Hennig had already experienced the isolation and uprootedness many exiles report.

Peter Schwarz was born as Johann Klaus Peter Schwarz in Bremen, Germany, on 6 May 1927. In his unpublished *Anecdotal Biographical Note* he offers only a brief glimpse at the early years of his parents' marriage:

> My Viennese mother and East Prussian father had married in 1920 in Leipzig, where my mother was personal assistant to one of the bosses in the Leipzig Fair. These were exciting times when

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[191] Gabriele Malsch, 'Vorbemerkungen', in John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, edited by Gabriele Malsch, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2019, pp. vii–xii [here: viii].

[192] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

[193] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

> the turbulent Furtwängler followed the imperturbable Nikisch as conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra.[194]

These sentences are full of promise and exciting possibilities: his parents were from different cultural backgrounds, his mother – as well as his father – had a good job and their life together is set against the colourful and stimulating musical scene in Leipzig, represented by the famous Gewandhausorchester. Whether classical music and concerts were a passion his parents had, or whether it shows his own preference in this regard is not clear, but the fact that Peter Schwarz chooses to mention the orchestra as a frame of reference is significant. It implies that his parents' life should have been embedded in a culture that allows the pursuit of pleasure, happiness and satisfaction, rather than in one that promotes terror and persecution. At the same time the writer's and reader's knowledge of the Gewandhaus's own fate during the Nazi period (for example the occupational ban against the Jewish Kapellmeister Bruno Walter, the removal of the memorial to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy and the direct hit the building suffered during bombing in February 1944) serves as a reminder that a culture of terror and persecution permeates every aspect of life and will eventually affect every social institution.[195] In fact, the mention of the "Gewandhaus Orchestra" that seems to suggest a promising future for his parents undercuts this very suggestion. And thus, the spark of hope in the first paragraph is effectively extinguished.

Nevertheless, at the time of his birth Peter Schwarz's parents were well off considering the general economic difficulties of the times:

> But I was born after my parents had moved to Bremen, closer to my father's Amsterdam base as a tobacco importer. To receive payment in Dutch guilders during the extreme inflation in Germany was lucky, but my mother's luck was short-lived; my father died when I was four and my mother was soon left with the decision whether to remain in Germany with Jewish ancestry (although distant). The choice was postponed by sending me to a Moravian boarding school in

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[194] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[195] For information about the history of the Gewandhausorchester see https://www.gewandhausorchester.de/en/gewandhaus/history/ [Accessed 4 February 2020].

> the Black Forest where membership of the Hitler Youth was not compulsory but in 1938 she made the difficult decision to emigrate.[196]

Again, something positive and promising, namely his parents' relative wealth in a time of economic depression, is immediately followed by a paragraph of statements that get progressively more negative. The repetition of the conjunction "but" – it is used three times in this short passage – reinforces the impression of their lives sliding into what seems like inevitable disaster. Every time there is the slightest hope or reprieve (his parents' time in Leipzig, their wealth, Peter's time in boarding school), the word "but" is used to introduce a negative contrast with what has just been said, until their lives have ratcheted down to having no choice but to leave their home.

Despite the early death of his father, Peter Schwarz describes what he remembers of his early childhood in Germany as a mainly comfortable experience. In a questionnaire posed to him by Gisela Holfter as part of the German Exiles in Ireland Project he wrote:

> BS: Can you describe your home life in Bremen as a child? Did it change much when your father died?
>
> PS: I don't remember much but it was comfortable and pleasant; we had good friends. My mother was obviously unhappy when my father died, but he was away quite a lot anyway on business as a tobacco importer. And she was left comfortably off and had good friends.
>
> I remember walks in the Buergerpark and sunny days spent with my mother in the Schwimmbad – and holidays in the Baltic. I also remember going to Sylt by train over the Hindenburgdamm (Jenny our youngest daughter did her dissertation on this rapidly disappearing island while doing her 'year abroad' as part of her undergraduate course in Bath.)[197]

His answer shows three different levels of memory. The first section is full of statements that sound like he is summarising, surmising or repeating what he has been told about his mother's feelings and their situation after the fact. Adjectives like "pleasant and comfortable", for example, are probably accurate, but rather vague; and it is unlikely that he remembers his own observations about his mother's feelings and financial situation. This is not surprising as he was very young at the time and it was a

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[196] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[197] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

long time ago. In fact, he begins his answer pointing out that he does not "remember much", and what he does remember takes the form of abstracted, interpreted and mediated memory.

In contrast to this, he starts the next paragraph with the phrase "I remember" and recounts specific memories: walks in the park, days at a public pool, holidays by the seaside and the train journey to Sylt. Interestingly, the memories are all linked to places, and he uses the German names, which sets the events even more firmly in a certain time and place. Of course, these memories are not very extensive or detailed either, but they nevertheless are specific and seem closer to unfiltered memories. They are not commented-on or interpreted events, but just events he remembers. These events are the manifestations of the abstraction "pleasant and comfortable" used earlier to describe his time in Germany. Thus, his writing moves from the easily accessible abstract heading "pleasant and comfortable" to more specific details that probably take longer to call to mind.

In the last lines of his answer, Peter Schwarz uses one of the details of his memories, namely the island of Sylt, and relates it to a more recent event in his life or more specifically his daughter's life. It is as if the place is imbued with more significance because his daughter has written her dissertation about it, thus creating another connection to a place that is one of the few specific places he remembers from his distant past. The parentheses around the phrase seem to suggest that the remark is not strictly relevant, but it reveals an important pattern in the way Peter Schwarz makes sense of his memories and weaves them into a coherent narrative.

In answering a question about his early childhood from my own questionnaire, he sums up this brief period of his life in similar terms and employs similar strategies of memory:

> BS: Tell me something about the kind of life you had before you came to Ireland! How would you describe it in a few words?
>
> PS: Comfortable. Though when my mother sent me to a boarding school in Koenigsfeld (so that I did not have to join the Hitler Youth), I was very unhappy initially though I think that I adjusted and have some happy memories. Indeed my wife and I recently returned there for a holiday twice, both out of school terms. It is a wonderfully sleepy place. The village was set up

> by the followers of Graf Zinzendorf, an 18th century educationalist. They started by building a village Square including a church (the central focus).
>
> They managed to survive the Nazis almost until the end of the war when the school was closed down temporarily.[198]

Again he summarises his experience as mainly comfortable, but with the caveat that he did not like the boarding school initially. In his answer this time he does not move from the more abstract and general perspective to more specific memories, probably because he simply does not remember any more. He "think[s] that [he] adjusted and ha[s] some happy memories", but he does not seem sure. It must be even more important, therefore, to fill that void with more recent connections, as he did by mentioning his daughter's dissertation earlier. In this case it is a much more direct and vivid connection, though, as he and his wife have actually visited the school (and presumably the wider area of his home) twice. The word "indeed" is used to reinforce the uncertain "happy memories" of a distant past with the much more recent and hence detailed experiences of the same place. It is as if through this process of mental and physical revisiting of the past he can flesh out his understandably sketchy early memories by overlaying them with more recent experiences and thus integrate them into a coherent narrative of his life.

But it is not just the faded and sparse nature of his own early memories of his life in Germany that make it difficult to weave a rich personal narrative of his early years. Peter Schwarz lost his father at a very young age, and his mother's relationship with her family was rather problematic. It seems that there was very little contact with either side of the family, so that after Peter Schwarz and his mother emigrated to Ireland and thus lost their physical connection with their home in Germany, there was not necessarily the typical cache of family myths and stories that get repeated at family events, or of family heirlooms that have stories attached to them or indeed of other narratives and objects that document and perpetuate family history. In an email to Gisela Holfter (19 November 2003), he writes in answer to the question of whether any of his mother's grandparents were Jewish:

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[198] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

> The Jewish blood came from my father's side. I can't find the Stammbuch which logs his side of the family but I had a great or great-great grandmother called 'Bierwagen' who was presumably Jewish. The sad thing is that I know almost nothing about my mother's family (which is partly why I wrote the little biography).[199]

This indicates that he has at least some knowledge of his father's side of the family, but with his father gone an important link to that line of descent is missing, and significantly so is the Stammbuch, the physical document that shows any German citizen where he or she came from.

As he explains in the email he does not know that much about his mother's side of the family either, but he elaborates a little on his mother's difficult relationship with her first husband and the consequences her choices had on the relationship with her family:

> Her maiden name was Roeder and she cast out with her family over her first marriage (to someone called Mechlovitz). She wanted to end their engagement (she was very young then) but her sister said that this would bring disgrace on the family - Ich gehe dann mit meinen Kindern in die Isa [sic] - was her threat (this was in Munich). After the marriage (and she wasn't pregnant or anything) her sister refused to have anything to do with the husband who must have been a rather horrible man.
>
> They got divorced and my mother then went to Munich University.[200]

These recollections are interesting as they are actually the mother's recollections transmitted to and through her son Peter. The pressure put on her by her family to go through with the marriage must have been immense, especially as there was not even the usually compelling reason of pregnancy – although he recalls that there was "[o]ne half brother who died before I was born".[201] Still Peter Schwarz's aunt seems to have considered a broken engagement a disgrace equivalent to social death. And her threat to commit suicide in the event must have been uttered either forcefully or repeatedly in order for him to have heard of this verbatim. It is remarkable that his aunt would try to avoid social embarrassment and see her sister married to a man she did not want

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[199] Peter Schwarz, email to Gisela Holfter, 19 November 2003.

[200] Peter Schwarz, email to Gisela Holfter, 19 November 2003.

[201] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

anything to do with herself, rather than put up with the perceived negative consequences of a broken engagement.

But after bowing to this pressure first, his mother apparently found the courage and conviction to get a divorce and make her own way in life, even if that meant not having the support and comfort of her family. It is not clear to what extent she actually lost touch with her family, but Peter himself does not seem to have known them, or even of them:

> Incidentally, her forenames were Berta (no h) Friedericke; her friends and my father used to call her Fritzchen. She had a much older brother who was a lawyer in Vienna whom she much admired, but I don't even know his first name since she was very reticent about her family.[202]

The use of names is telling here. Peter Schwarz gives his mother her proper first and second names as if to formally establish her identity. At the same time it becomes clear that the only people he knows who had a pet name and therefore some affection for her were not blood relatives, and although his mother apparently admired her older brother, Peter Schwarz does not even know his uncle's name.

So when Peter Schwarz came to Ireland with his mother in 1939, they were truly cut off from all connections to their home and family. There is no indication in his testimony, however, that Peter Schwarz feels Germany is his true home whose loss has created an "unhealable rift" inside him. He was, of course, still quite young when he emigrated and so does not seem to have dwelled on the loss of what was left behind. In fact, his memories of his home life in Germany are limited to a vague sense of a happy childhood with some specific details and family anecdotes, which suggests that they did not have a strong enough emotional weight to resist fading. The fact, however, that he wrote his autobiography in part because he does not know that much about his mother's side of the family, suggests that he did feel the lack of a coherent family story reaching into the past. It is not a loss but an absence that drives him to write his own life story.

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[202] Peter Schwarz, email to Gisela Holfter, 19 November 2003.

Hans Reiss was born in Mannheim on 19th August 1922, the only child of Maria and Berthold Reiss. During his long career as a professor of German literature he has written extensively about his life and has also previously answered questions about his experiences in questionnaires and interviews set to him by Gisela Holfter. It was necessary therefore to design my own questionnaire for him in such a way that it would both avoid repetition and, if possible, reach beyond established patterns of memory. For the analysis of Hans Reiss's memories concerned with home life and childhood I will focus on Gisela Holfter's questionnaire and his autobiographical writings.[203]

The most detailed of these, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, opens with a string of memories that all express the feeling of loss, more specifically the loss of childhood securities and beliefs.[204] Hans Reiss describes how he lost faith in the stork when the mythical bird failed to deliver him the hoped-for sister. He also realised that there is no "St. Nikolaus" or "Weihnachtsmann" when one year he noticed that the imposing figure clad in red robes wore the same shoes as his uncle's employee Marie. He did not lose his faith in God, but it shifted from the childish idea of an old man in the clouds. Most frightening of all, around the same time, Hans Reiss says, he became aware of his and

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[203] See particularly Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109; Hans Reiss, 'Sieben Jahre in Irland 1939–46: Mein Weg in die Germanistik', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Schillergesellschaft 40 (1996)*, pp. 409–432; and Hans Reiss, 'My Coming to Ireland', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 35–41. The most comprehensive autobiography is Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009. See also Hans Reiss, 'My Six and a Half Years in the Third Reich', in Hinrich Siefken and Anthony Bushell (eds.), *Experiencing Tradition: Essays of Discovery. In Memory of Keith Spalding (1913–2002)*, York: Ebor Press 2003, pp. 24–29, which was reprinted under the title 'Out of the Third Reich' in the Oxford Magazine in May 2003; and Hans Reiss, 'Exil oder Akkulturation? Zur Kontinuität der Britischen und Irischen Germanistik in der Zeit des "Dritten Reichs" und in der Frühen Nachkriegszeit', in Walter Schmitz (ed.), *Modernisierung oder Überfremdung? Zur Wirkung deutscher Exilanten in der Germanistik der Aufnahmeländer*, Stuttgart, Weimar: Metzler 1994, pp. 55–70. Konrad Feilchenfeldt's response and the following discussion with Reiss (pp. 71ff.) might also be of interest.

[204] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 9–10.

his parents' mortality. These episodes of disillusionment and the realisation that people die and that therefore his parents might die had a powerful impact on the young Hans Reiss's psyche, and while these are normal experiences, he links them to the historical events that have shaped his life so profoundly. In this context he puts forward the idea that he was spoiled by his happy family life:

> Als einziges, kränkliches Kind war ich der Augapfel und das Sorgenkind meiner Eltern. So wurde ich früh als Kind verwöhnt, was nicht gut ist; denn im Leben geht es oft rauh zu. Hitler, dem Ungeheuer, verdanke ich manches, so auch dies, daß er mir durch die Verfolgung und die deshalb erzwungene Emigration das Verwöhntsein austrieb.[205]

On the one hand he mentions how much care and love he received from his parents ("Augapfel", "Sorgenkind" and "verwöhnt"), presumably remembering their love with happiness and gratitude. On the other hand, he questions how prudent it was for his parents to spoil him like that in light of his later experiences. It seems strange that in retrospect he should feel grateful for the persecution he suffered at the hands of the Nazi regime, and almost reproachful because of the way he was spoiled as a child. However, this attitude helps to make sense of the cognitive dissonance between the positive and negative experiences of his childhood: Hans Reiss grew up with loving parents in a well-to-do home, but was powerless to preserve that happiness and thus had to suffer the pain of losing it. Hitler is set up as the destroyer of innocence and happiness, but Hans Reiss turns the fact that Hitler forced him to emigrate and showed him how tough and unfair life can be into something positive; it is thanks to Hitler that he is no longer spoiled. Seeing the positive in what happened to him and his family lets him come to terms with the loss and put it behind him. Indeed, in his memoir *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren* the section that deals with the time before Hitler is titled "Eine versunkene Zeit".

Things did not change immediately after Hitler's rise to power, however. Until his family was threatened directly, Hans Reiss's day-to-day life remained largely untroubled:

> I was not unhappy all my time in the Third Reich. I was living in a happy home. I liked school, had good friends to play with, hardly any of them were Jews. An only child, I loved reading,

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[205] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 10.

> mainly history, the German classics and Shakespeare. Until 1937 I went to the theatre where I enjoyed operas, mainly by Wagner, and plays by Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Shakespeare. I was able to see films even longer.[206]

Despite the fact that he describes a life that is already under threat, this passage gives a good indication of his home life. In Gisela Holfter's interview he summarises his childhood in Mannheim as follows:

> GH: Can you describe your home life in Mannheim as a child?
>
> HR: Glücklich, kränklich, verwöhnt, sehr bemuttert, Eltern gut zusammen, Vater war 18 ½ Jahre älter als Mutter. Mein Vater war Jude, meine Mutter stammte aus einer evangelischen, rein arischen (dieses schreckliche Wort muß leider in diesem Kontext benutzt werden.) Hamburger Familie[207]

There are both similarities and differences between his written works and the answers he gives in the interview. Obviously, his written recollections are much more detailed and extensive. In an interview situation there is less time to delve into long-term memory for details and maybe also more reluctance to do so, especially when the subject matter is very personal or has been discussed before. It stands to reason, therefore, that anything Hans Reiss does mention in the interview is easily recalled, either because it is important and has been ingrained in memory through repetition, or because it is not emotionally difficult. His shorthand-style answer to Gisela Holfter's question here echoes what he has written in his published autobiographical works. He reiterates through the use of a list of adjectives that his home life was happy, that he was sick a lot, and spoiled, particularly by his mother. When he mentions the different backgrounds of his parents, despite which they had a happy life together, his phrasing more closely resembles his written works.

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[206] Hans Reiss, 'My Six and a Half Years in the Third Reich', in Hinrich Siefken and Anthony Bushell (eds.), *Experiencing Tradition: Essays of Discovery. In Memory of Keith Spalding (1913–2002)*, York: Ebor Press 2003, pp. 24–29 [here: 25].

[207] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

His father was from a well-to-do Jewish family. In *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren* Hans Reiss sketches a brief family history with particular attention to famous or successful relatives, such as the Oppenheimers or the rabbi Loew of Prague:

> Mein berühmtester Vorfahr geht auf sechzehn Generationen zurück. Es ist der Rabbi Loeb oder Loew (ben Bezalel) von Prag (1512?-1609), von dem nach seinem Tode die Legende entstand, er habe einen künstlichen Menschen, den Golem, geschaffen. Deswegen ist seine Gestalt in die Literatur, sogar in die Oper, eingegangen; der Roman von Gustav Meyrink *Der Golem* (1915) dürfte das bekannteste Beispiel sein.[208]

This upper middle-class world, full of more or less rich and successful businessmen, doctors and other professionals, shaped his father's upbringing and attitudes. Hans Reiss describes him as an earnest man, conservative in habit, polite and quiet in manner, fair and conscientious in business. Berthold Reiss was never frivolous or impulsive, but liked order and routine. Because of family obligations he joined his father in business instead of staying in school and later studying chemistry, which, according to Hans Reiss, he would have liked to have done.[209] Hans Reiss also comments on this in his interview with Gisela Holfter:

> Vater musste mit 16 in die Firma, um Geld für drei Schwestern für die Aussteuer von je 100.000 Mark, damals ca. 90 mal soviel wie das Durchschnittsjahreseinkommen eines deutschen Angestellten oder Arbeiters, zu verdienen helfen, sein Vater, also mein Großvater war der Seniorchef der Firma, und mein Vater mußte ihm helfen. Die Familie war wohl vor allem wesentlich.[210]

Hans Reiss's father became managing director of the printing works and took his responsibilities very seriously. Probably the most unconventional decision of his life was to marry the much younger actress Maria Petri:

> Ganz und gar unkonventionell war die Heirat meines Vaters. Er, der aus einer stolzen jüdische [sic] Familie stammte, heiratete eine Christin, und was noch erstaunlicher ist, er, der solide Geschäftsmann und eingefleischter Junggeselle von 46 Jahren, heiratete eine Schauspielerin, die achtzehneinhalb Jahre jünger als er war. Die meisten Verwandten und Bekannten dürften es für

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[208] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 21.

[209] See Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 18.

[210] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

> eine Alterstorheit gehalten und der Ehe keine lange Dauer vorausgesagt haben. Aber sie hatten Unrecht. Es war eine glückliche Ehe.[211]

Hans Reiss's mother was from a Lutheran middle-class family and grew up in Hamburg, a fact of which she apparently was very proud:

> Meine Mutter kam aus gutbürgerlichen mittleren Verhältnissen. Sie war in Hamburg geboren und war immer stolz darauf. Sie liebte die freiheitliche Atmosphäre der alten Hansestadt, die auch die Einstellung ihrer Eltern und Freunde geprägt hatte.[212]

Hans Reiss describes his mother as a vibrant and beautiful woman who was often misunderstood or mistreated by her mother. She was not allowed to continue with her education either as it was deemed unnecessary for her destiny as a bourgeois wife and mother:

> Meine Eltern führten das Leben des Großbürgertums, Mutter konnte keine Sprachen, hatte etwas Französisch gelernt. Sie hatte nie eine Fremdsprache in der Schule gelernt, da ihre lutherischen Eltern es nicht für richtig hielten, daß ein Mädchen auf eine höhere Schule ging. Um so großartiger ist es, daß sie es lernte, die Hauptrollen in den großen deutschen und englischen (Shakespeare) klassischen Schauspielen zu spielen und diese Stücke zu verstehen. Unsere Studentinnen, die eine so gute Ausbildung erleben konnten, sind selten imstande, dieses Niveau zu erreichen.[213]

Hans Reiss is very proud of his mother and her successes as an actress. Despite her family's opposition and a lack of higher education she learned to interpret the great roles of German and English literature and brought them to life. Even after she had given up the life of the theatre in order to marry and have a family, she remained a public figure. When Hans Reiss was older she took him to the theatre and also recited pieces of dialogue at home, which inspired him and was of great benefit to his life:

> Die Erzählungen meiner Mutter vom Theater, ihre Rezitationen zu Hause vor den Dienstmädchen, gelegentlich auch vor einigen Bekannten und vor mir wirkten sicherlich stärker auf mich, als mir bewußt war. Sie belebten meine Vorstellungskraft und regten mich zur Lektüre

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[211] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 30–31.

[212] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 31.

[213] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004. For a more detailed account see also Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 35–36.

> von Dichtungen an. Alles, was sie erzählte oder auch darstellte, wurde durch ihr ausgeprägtes Innenleben lebendig. Damit bereicherte sie das Leben aller, die wie ich dafür empfänglich waren. Sie sprach gerne und oft mit mir. Ich verdanke ihr unendlich viel.[214]

He feels equally indebted to his father: "Aber auch das Interesse am Wirtschaftsleben, so essentiell für meinen Vater, wirkte auf mich. Dies erklärt vielleicht meine Bereitschaft, Literaturgeschichte wie auch Wirtschaftswissenschaften zu studieren."[215] His parents both had a great impact on him as a young man, their different backgrounds complementing each other, not competing with each other.

His upbringing was also clearly influenced by the bourgeois lifestyle that shows in the remark: "Wir hatten mehrere Dienstboten, nach der Wirtschaftskrise nur noch eine plus Aushilfen."[216] Bourgeois ideas of what is "proper", for example being polite and well-mannered, being reasonable, being diligent and conscientious, all while achieving a certain level of financial success, feature heavily both in what he describes his extended family to be like, but also in the way he assesses the character and achievements of others. When he recalls his family's holidays in Switzerland he adds an aside comment on his governess's family background:

> In den 20er Jahren sind wir öfters in die Schweiz gefahren, haben z.B. im Schlosshotel in Pontresina im Oberen Engadin gewohnt (ich kenne noch alle Hotelnamen), jeden Abend wurde Smoking getragen, am Wochenende Frack – ich natürlich nicht, bis ich sechs Jahre alt war, wurde ich von meinem Kinderfräulein Johanna [...], die übrigens aus recht guter Familie kam, da der Vater und die Brüder ein Sägewerk in Viernheim, einem Dorf in der Nähe von Mannheim, besaßen. Sie heiratete einen wohlhabenden Geschäftsmann und bestand darauf, meine Braut und mich zu unserer kirchlichen Hochzeit in Heidelberg zu fahren. Meine Mutter und ich und später meine Frau haben sie öfters in ihrer Wohnung in Mannheim besucht.[217]

While the memories of Johanna begin with a well-established association, that is the fact that her family owned a sawmill (also mentioned in *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*),

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[214] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 37.

[215] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 37.

[216] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[217] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

Hans Reiss then details how his contact with her continues well beyond his childhood years.[218]

A detailed side-by-side comparison of the various written accounts of his life and the answers Hans Reiss gives in the interview with Gisela Holfter or in my own questionnaire is beyond the scope of this project. However, it is not surprising that there are a lot of similarities between the two modes of expressing memories. Naturally, the written works are much longer, more detailed and less spontaneous. Getting memories down on paper and ready for publication constitutes a significant prestructuring effort which gets reinforced with every reiteration. It is also based on a lot of contemplation. All of that establishes well-rehearsed patterns of memory and personal history that are bound to be reflected in the answers given both in a questionnaire or the even more immediate setting of a face-to-face interview. In all the materials Hans Reiss paints the picture of a happy home with loving parents and no financial concerns, of good friends and a keen interest in the arts.

Marianne Neuman was 23 when she left Germany in 1936, and thus she was the oldest of the exiles who actively participated in this study.[219] She was born in Berlin in 1913 as the daughter of Charlotte and Kurt Heilfron and died in Dublin on 17th March 2008. Her father was a director in the national German rail service, a "Reichsbahndirektor", which meant that her childhood was marked by the comfort and order that a well-to-do middle-class family would have experienced at that time. The Heilfrons had a housekeeper and a governess, and Dr Neuman and her brother enjoyed a good education. She mentioned certain differences in the way she and her brother were brought up: "Mein Bruder durfte abends vor die Tür, weil er ein Junge war, und ich nicht. Ich bin mit achtzehn Jahren mit Kinderfräulein zur Tanzstunde."[220] At that time it would not, of course, have been

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[218] See Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 16.

[219] See Appendix C.

[220] See Appendix C.

out of the ordinary for a young woman to have less social freedom than a young man. And although she thought that her brother attended the better school, her parents did not seem to consider the education of their daughter a mere formality. She was expected to choose a career that would guarantee a certain social status, such as medicine or law. Dr Neuman herself was certainly proud of her father's professional achievements, his "important job" and a medal he received to honour his services ("like a Ph.D."), as she mentioned these on several occasions.

A look at what Dr Neuman decided to bring with her when she left Germany further points to what, at least in retrospect, she considered essential and significant about the life she had had in Germany and the person she had been up to that point. Naturally, one has to bear in mind that there were financial constraints and legal restrictions on what people wishing to leave Nazi Germany could bring with them. In a lot of cases people could bring barely more than a suitcase and in such a case the decision to leave cherished personal possessions in favour of more practical items is understandable and does not allow for useful conclusions as to the life that was being left behind.

In Dr Neuman's case, however, the situation was slightly different. Altogether she and her then-fiancé Rudi Neuman brought two vans full of furniture and other belongings with them. The items she singled out when I asked her about what they brought were two chairs from her grandmother's dining-room, a table and six chairs, and a bookcase full of valuable and valued books, such as one by Goethe, "das beste Buch, das ich hatte".[221] One could argue that the items of furniture at least were brought for practical rather than sentimental reasons, but the fact that they were still in her house when our interviews took place indicates that they represented an important link to the comfortable middle-class life Dr Neuman had led in Berlin. Even more significant is how she described the book by Goethe as "das beste Buch, das ich hatte". As she told me that it had been expensive, part of what made it the best book in her mind had to do with its monetary value, not in terms of what she might be able to get for it if she sold it,

[221] See Appendix C.

but as an indication as to what her family had been able to afford before their lives were turned upside down by the Nazis. Furthermore, Goethe more than any other writer represents German high culture, which makes the volume the best book in another important sense. Possession of the book meant not only that they were able to afford it, but that they were able to appreciate it and participate in German culture at an elevated level.

While the social status of her family was certainly a source of pride to her, it was the happiness, comfort and order that came with it – or was at least attributed to it in retrospect – that she seems to have missed most. She described her life in Berlin as follows: "Nett und richtig. Also ich meine, die Leute standen morgens auf, haben Mittag gegessen, Tee getrunken und sind abends schlafen gegangen. Es war ein vernünftiges Leben, nicht so scheisse verändert wie heute."[222] The association of Germany with routine and comfort, even after this routine and comfort had been destroyed by Germany's new regime, was quite common. Wolfgang Benz points out that for many Jewish exiles Germany remained synonymous with bourgeois comfort, moderate wealth and a life that was ordered, not improvised, at least as far as their private life was concerned:

> Die deutsche Heimat war für viele trotz allem (und ganz abgesehen von den Sprach- und Zivilisationsbarrieren) das Synonym für bürgerliche Behaglichkeit, für mäßigen Wohlstand und für geordnete, nicht improvisierte Lebensumstände wenigstens im privaten Umkreis.[223]

This suggests that Dr Neuman's verdict "scheisse verändert" is not simply a version of "Früher war alles besser", but that it ultimately refers to the fundamental change that turned her life from something that was nice, proper and reasonable because it was fixed in a comfortable routine, into something forever marked by change without the chance of rebuilding the original status quo. In Marianne Neuman's case Germany really did

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[222] See Appendix C.

[223] Wolfgang Benz, 'Von der Emanzipation zur Emigration', in Wolfgang Benz and Marion Neiss (eds.), *Deutsch-jüdisches Exil. Das Ende der Assimilation? Identitätsprobleme deutscher Juden in der Emigration*, Berlin: Metropol Verlag 1994, pp. 7–13 [here: 8].

represent a "true home" whose loss was still real to her even after decades living a different life in a different country. Her memories of what Tillich calls the "native land" with its roots in the local community, its familiar way of life and view of the world were still very much a part of her thoughts and her own story as she presented it to me.

Herbert Karrach was born in Vienna on 15 September 1924. He was the only child of Ferdinand and Emmi Karrach and although his parents were both Jewish he was baptised in a Lutheran church. He describes his childhood in Vienna before 1938, when his family was forced to emigrate, as generally happy and carefree. In a questionnaire posed to him by Gisela Holfter in 2005 he writes:

> GH: Can you describe your home life as a child?
>
> HK: A very happy time with 4 cousins, uncles, aunts, two grandmothers, one grandfather, freedom to play in parks, going to museums with grandfather, for 3 years a boy-scout[224]

After the assessment that his childhood was "[a] very happy time" he lists the people and activities that made it so. Obviously there is little depth or detail here, but the list is nevertheless specific and suggests that there is more detail to be found underneath what essentially seem like top-level headings for more extensive memories. This more extensive version can be found in Herbert Karrach's autobiography, part of which was published in the 2014 volume *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers* edited by Gisela Holfter.[225] Herbert Karrach begins his narrative with his grandfather: "I never knew my paternal grandfather, but he had a decisive influence on my life."[226] Since he has never met his grandfather on his father's side, whatever he knows about

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[224] Herbert Karrach, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 30 November 2005.

[225] Where possible I refer to the published portion of the autobiography in order to facilitate consultation of the text. Any quotes from the unpublished section of the autobiography are marked accordingly.

[226] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 43].

him is obviously not from personal experience, but from other sources, such as the obituary in the newspaper and the stories he was told by others. Unlike these snatches of transmitted memory, the memories of his paternal grandmother are his own and therefore much more detailed and vivid:

> His wife, my grandmother Flora, although none of us cousins dared to call her this, she was always 'Grossmama'. She held court every Sunday in her large flat. This was about a five-minute walk from where we lived in an old house that has now made way for a big hotel in the 7th district of Vienna. The house had a central courtyard, and their apartment, with seven rooms, took up the whole of the first floor. The whole Karrach family assembled there every Sunday afternoon in the cold weather. During the summer, however (and it used to be very warm then), Grossmama and her eldest daughter, my aunt Fritzi, who was married to her cousin Hermann, and their daughter Lise rented a villa in a village called Perchtoldsdorf. To reach this you took the tram to its terminus at Mauer and you then had to walk through vineyards over undulating hills for about thirty minutes.[227]

His grandmother is presented as the queen who reigned over her family from her large flat.[228] She was to be addressed with her proper title and "held court" when the family visited her on Sundays. Despite the fact that her flat was large and that she summered in a rented villa in the country, Karrach's description of her as an elevated figure is likely more due to the respect he felt for her rather than due to any regard for her wealth. During these family visits the adults mostly occupied two rooms, the men tending to gather in one and the women in another, leaving Herbert Karrach and his cousins free to roam:

> We cousins could play freely in all the other rooms. In the summer, we had the use of the large garden at the villa. Besides Lise there were Gerda and Ruth, Poldy's daughters, then Gerhard (another aunt's son), and lastly me. It was a happy and carefree time. Though I was the youngest, I was the only one to carry on the family name.[229]

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[227] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 43].

[228] Interestingly, George Clare also likens his grandmother's flat and his visits there on Sundays to an "empire". See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 159–160.

[229] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 43].

Again he remembers the time he spent with his family as "happy and carefree". Moreover, the fact that he was the only one who could potentially carry on the family name made him special amongst the cousins. It is unlikely that such considerations occurred to him without the older generations making an issue out of it. In fact, he must have been told that his paternal grandfather, an orthodox Jew, wanted to have him circumcised on the eighth day because of his special status in the family line.

Karrach also had a good relationship with his grandparents on his mother's side, and he attributes this to the fact that he was their only grandchild:

> I was very fortunate. In my father's family my cousins were like brother and sisters to me: and being the only grandchild in my mother's family, I had the best grandparents possible. Grossmutter and Grossvater lived in the 3rd District and I could walk to them from our flat in the 6th District in thirty minutes. It was an upmarket district as it also housed most of the embassies, the Botanical Garden and the English Church. They had a small flat, but the house had a lift. There was an entrance hall, a kitchen-cum-bathroom and two large rooms. I spent a lot of time with my grandparents. My grandfather, Otto Nathan, took me to all the museums, and there were many in Vienna. He brought me books from the library and started me on stamp collecting. I owe him a tremendous debt of gratitude. Sadly, these days grandchildren are often far removed from grandparents. As Grossvater worked in an international office, and as Father travelled all over the Balkans, I was given many stamps. I am still collecting.[230]

The image Karrach paints here of his relationship with his grandparents is quite different from that of his interactions with his grandmother Flora. His "Grossvater" and "Grossmutter" lived in a smaller flat, but he seems to have been closer to them than he was to Flora, who commanded respect, but not necessarily affection. Naturally, the presence of his cousins and the resulting generational split during family gatherings also contributed to this, as did the fact that Flora was "not well" (she had had polio as a child and later in life was diabetic).[231]

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[230] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 44].

[231] See Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 43].

In contrast, when he visited his grandparents, which he did all the time, he went there alone and specifically so that he could spend time with them. His grandfather was also still quite active and introduced him to art and literature and stamp collecting. Especially this last is significant as Karrach states that he is "still collecting", and so this hobby gives him a direct link to his family and his past.

Both his parents came from generally well-to-do families, although Karrach points out that his mother's family had lived in Vienna for generations while most of the family on his father's side were "sales representatives, business people"[232]. From his comments about his father's job, namely that he is away a lot, it seems likely that he means that the people on his father's side moved around more and followed wherever their business took them, rather than building their businesses or professional careers in Vienna.

After telling of his grandparents, Herbert Karrach moves the focus of his recollections to his parents. His mother, after attending a commercial college, worked for the same company as his grandfather, who was bookkeeper for an international ironworks. He also remembers her political views: "Before her marriage my mother was an ardent Socialist. She used to meet with like-minded friends in a coffeehouse and plan utopia."[233] He goes on to describe how forward-thinking Vienna was in terms of its provision for workers and how two of his mother's friends became political leaders in important positions after the war, namely Bruno Macheck, who became Lord Mayor of Vienna, and Theo Koerner, who became President of Austria. Everything so far is largely based on what other people told him. Only when he describes the time "when

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[232] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 44].

[233] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 44].

the army shot at workers' flats with heavy guns"[234] does his recollection move to first-hand experience: "I can still remember the rumble of guns and mother's concern."[235] The sensory detail ("rumble of guns") and the witnessed emotion ("mother's concern") give this sentence a much more immediate feel than the previous reports of historical facts or other people's memories or opinions. Herbert Karrach only mentions his mother's job in passing, but spends some time describing her political views; he also describes how she used to love music as a young woman.[236]

In the description of his father, on the other hand, the focus is definitely on his job:

> Father represented two large German factories in Austria and the Balkans. They dealt in "Bleicrystall" [sic] crystal glass and ceramics. This meant that as long as I can remember he owned a car and Father was often away for weeks on end.[237]

The two things mainly associated with his father in his narrative are the car, which played an important role later in precipitating the Karrachs' emigration, and his father's frequent absences necessitated by his job.

Karrach describes his family home as follows:

> We lived in a cul-de-sac in Wien 6. in the top flat of a large house. We had no lift but we were able to use the flat roof opposite to dry clothing and to sit out on. Like my grandparents we had kitchen, bathroom a bedroom and a living room. In both there were large coal burning stoves.

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[234] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 45].

[235] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 45].

[236] See Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 44–45].

[237] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> All windows were double with a space in between further draught protected with bolsters. Father had a basement room in the house for the storage and exhibiting of his goods. Just beyond our house was a sloping road and opposite this about 100 yards to the left – an open staircase leading to another road. In the winter this slope attracted children and some adults and was used for tobogganing. Strangely when I applied for an Austrian pension 17 years ago I had to attend the embassy in London and the person who dealt with me lived in the same road (Fillgrader Gasse) and told me it had become a through road so no more tobogganing![238]

Herbert Karrach's recollections about where he lived with his family are quite detailed, but consist largely of a list of features rather than scenes of actual family life associated with the physical details of the flat. Three places, however, are linked with the purpose they served for different family members: the roof opposite was used for drying clothes and for sitting out, the basement was used to house his father's goods and a nearby slope was used for tobogganing. This description certainly conveys a sense of place, but not much of an emotional attachment with that home. In fact years later, when he finds out that the tobogganing slope has been turned into a throughway, Karrach seems more struck by the coincidence that the embassy employee lived in the same road as him than saddened by the news that the slope is gone. This is, of course, only natural after all the time that has passed, but his memories linked to other places are filled with more vivid detail.

Herbert Karrach seems to have enjoyed his spare time very much. The afternoons spent playing in parks with his friends, his summer holidays and the outdoor activities with the scouts are not only mentioned in Gisela Holfter's questionnaire – a significant selection considering how short the answer was there – but in his autobiography they are also invariably concluded with the epithet "happy" or something similar. The first one is purely based on photographs: "During the summer my Mother and grandparents took me to Venice and the Italian coast but all this I have forgotten, only photos now remind me of those days but they were happy ones."[239] Herbert Karrach reconstructs the knowledge of having been on these holidays from the photographic evidence he has of them, but he does not remember anything from those days. He is sure, though, that they

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[238] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[239] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

were happy days, so it seems that the emotional aspect of the memory has endured longer than its factual content.

The memories of playing in the parks, however, are vivid in his mind:

> In summer I would join my friends and go to one of the parks, the "Burggarten" at the back of the new Imperial palace. We were not allowed to play ballgames there but the large terraces were too inviting and we ignored this order and so besides the fun of the game we added a game of hide and seek against the park ranger. At sundown the gates were locked so we crossed the Ring Strasse and went to the open Schiller Platz. Once our ball was lodged in His [sic] statue and had to be retrieved by climbing up. There were no park rangers in this smaller park! These were happy and carefree days.[240]

It is as if in his mind Karrach is roaming through the parks again. He takes the reader through a typical sequence of events that must have happened more or less like that most days, but then he adds the memory of an episode that only happened "once" in a park where there were no rangers to spoil the fun, namely when their ball got stuck on a statue and had to be retrieved. And again he ends the scene with the pronouncement that those childhood days were "happy and carefree".

Unlike his family's trips to Italy, Herbert Karrach remembers the summer holidays spent in Yugoslavia well:

> Our summer holidays were spent with mother, Aunt Helly and Gerda and Ruth, as both our fathers were working and often away for quite long periods. For 4 holidays we went by train to the Adriatic coast of the then Yugoslavia. To Krik Jelsa Hvar and Dubrovnic These places were still unknown and unspoiled. I learned to swim there. The water was warm and being rather more salty than in other oceans it had more buoyancy. Once an octopus was caught and I remember an old man bemoaning the fact that because he had no teeth he would not be able to eat it. On another occasion on the island of Hvar a man befriended me and took me to his vineyard and gave me two bunches of grapes, which I was only just able to carry back with difficulty. Every one was friendly and we felt safe.[241]

After the retrospective judgement that back in his childhood the Adriatic coast was still untouched by mass tourism, he lists three memories all anchored around a vivid sensory detail. The feeling of floating in warm water, the strange image of the octopus and the

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[240] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[241] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

man with no teeth and finally the bunches of grapes overflowing his hands when he tried to carry them back to his family make the scenes come alive in the reader's mind, mirroring presumably how vivid they still are in Karrach's mind when recalled. This time he sums up these recollections in the habitual way, but with different phrasing: "Everyone was friendly and we felt safe." This is not quite the same as "happy and carefree days", but it occupies the same position in the psychological and linguistic pattern of positive memory assessment.

The last and in some ways most important of these positive childhood memories Karrach writes about concern his time in the scouts:

> I also joined the scouts although I was too young. We met Friday evenings in our hall for games and teaching and the weekends we would spend in the Vienna woods, a semicircle of hills enveloping the northern and western outskirts. We played wide games, had patrol competitions cooking in the open and we did a sort of orienteering where each patrol had to go by a different route and we all had to meet again at a certain point as indicated on the map. I still have a book which I count as one of my most treasured possessions which each of us was given celebrating our troupe's [sic] third anniversary. The Troup [sic] had three trumpeters and three drummers who preceded us as we proudly marched and sang.[242]

Like in his memories of playing in the parks in Vienna he starts his recollections here with routine activities that happened most weekends and recounts them in some detail. He singles out the book they received on a particular occasion as "one of my most treasured possessions". The fact that he still treasures the book after all the years that have passed since he was in the scouts makes it clear how much he must have loved his time with them and how much he must also treasure the memories the book represents.

Herbert Karrach moves on in his account from these weekly routine activities to annual camping trips. Again he begins with what was routine about them and concludes with more special one-off experiences:

> At Easter we camped, each of us had to bring a sown sheet as we would ask a farmer if we could use his hayloft to sleep in. We were also asked to bring pots and certain items of food, which would then be pooled and cooked. All this was carried in First World War "tournisters" (rucksacks). One Easter we woke up to snow and most had buried themselves deep into the hay so that when I woke I thought that I was alone. In 1937 I went for two weeks to a camp in the

[242] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> Tyrol. We were near a lake facing the Zugspize [sic] the highest mountain in Germany. We slept on palleases (bags filled with straw), in wooden huts. Next winter the school arranged for us to go skiing. We skied down from where we were staying in a hostel and were meant to reassemble at the station in the valley. Another boy and I missed the train and were taken back on a motorcycle and sidecar. It was icy cold. These were happy days but they were not to last.[243]

It is as if every time Herbert Karrach recalls certain events of his childhood the associated emotions are recalled too, and so he arrives at the conclusion that his childhood was full of "happy days". But here for the first time there is a dissonant note in his emotional refrain of "happy days". He obviously knows in retrospect that his happy childhood as he knew it was coming to an end. The selection of the one-off memories in this case may have been influenced by this knowledge too. They are obviously compelling in their own right, like for example the sight of the Zugspitze, but they seem less light-hearted than the ones so far. In the first Karrach recalls waking up thinking he is alone, and in the final one he and his friend are taken back to the hostel in an exciting motorbike but it is "icy cold". Obviously, these small details do not convey foreboding by themselves, but coupled with the phrase "not to last" they create a melancholy mood and reinforce the knowledge that the happy childhood described so far would soon come to an end because of the anti-Semitic policies of the Nazi regime.

Herbert Karrach's testimony suggests that his attachment to his home in Vienna was strongly associated with people and activities. This does not mean, of course, that he did not feel attached to Vienna or Austria. In fact, his autobiography is full of descriptions of the environment in which all the activities take place. But he does not explicitly establish an emotional connection with his environment or draw conclusions about his nationality or sense of home.

George Clare was born in Vienna on 21st December 1920 as Georg Klaar and died in Newmarket on 26th March 2009. In his book *Last Waltz in Vienna*, first published in 1981, he tells the story of his family against the background of the historical developments in Europe that forced him to leave Austria in 1938. The book is divided into three parts, each of which starts with the loss of something or someone that has

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[243] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

fundamentally shaped who he is: his name, his home and finally his parents.[244] The losses he suffers are not presented in chronological order, but according to how deeply they affect him. It is as if with every loss another level of his identity is stripped away, and although he attempts to recreate in narrative what has been taken from him, in each case the story ends with the reality of death being reaffirmed. In fact, the presence of death constantly undermines the efforts of memory and narrative, which results in episodes of double vision and a general complication of perspective.

At the beginning of part one George Clare is in England where he has joined the Pioneer Corps.[245] After realising that foreign soldiers can be recognised as such by their army numbers, he requests the numbers be changed. There is, however, an unexpected condition to having the number changed:

> The major looked up. 'I've heard from regiment, Klaar,' he said. 'There's no problem about changing your army number, but the colonel says you should change your name at the same time. So, if you change your name you get a new number. The colonel suggests Clark.'
>
> 'With respect, sir,' I replied, 'not Clark. Everybody pronounces Klaar as Clare anyway, so if the name has got to be changed for me to get a new number, I'd like it changed from Georg Klaar to George Peter Clare.'
>
> 'Right,' said the major, 'you'll hear.'
>
> ' 'Tenshun, about turn,' the sergeant major shouted; and the Klaar that was marched out of the battery office became the Clare that is.[246]

In the rest of the chapter he traces his family back to his great-grandparents on both sides and tells the story of the people that have come before him and have thus created

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[244] Thanks to Gisela Holfter for drawing my attention to this structural element of the book.

[245] For an account of Jewish soldiers in the British Forces see for example Andreas Klugescheid, '"His Majesty's Most Loyal Enemy Aliens". Der Kampf Deutsch-Jüdischer Emigranten in den Britischen Streitkräften 1939–1945', in Claus-Dieter Krohn, Erwin Rotermund et al. (eds.), *Jüdische Emigration: Zwischen Assimilation und Verfolgung, Akkulturation und jüdischer Identität (Exilforschung 19)*, Munich: edition text + kritik 2001, pp. 106–127.

[246] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 8.

him and his name. He is particularly proud of his father's side of the family with its long line of doctors and military officers:

> But on the other hand I was sad to have lost for no good reason at all the family name of which I had been so proud. My pride in being a Klaar sprang from my father's pride in his family, from the stories about the Klaars he and his mother, Grandmother Julie, told me. And being a very Austrian little boy the fact that my great-grandfather, according to family lore, had been the first Jew to rise to regimental surgeon first class in the imperial army, and that his son, my grandfather, had been one of the senior medical officers of the city of Vienna, had a lot to do with my growing up believing our family to be special.[247]

The belief that his family was special was an important part of the young Georg Klaar's self-image. But this pride did not extend to his mother's side of the family. While his father came from an assimilated Viennese family, his mother was from a rich merchant family from the East:

> This was why I liked Julie so much better than Adele. I was already second-generation Viennese, and Viennese-born Jews felt resentment towards the less assimilated Jews from the East. We were, or rather thought we were, quite different from that bearded, kaftaned lot. We were not just Austrian, but German-Austrian. Little wonder that I resented the singsong Yiddish intonation with which Adele spoke German, a 'Yoich' sigh at the start and end of almost every sentence.[248]

His preference for the Klaars, who "were Austrians of the Jewish faith, while the Schapiras were Jews who lived in Austria" is also evident from the original German title of *Last Waltz in Vienna*: *Das waren die Klaars*.[249]

Part one ends with the story of how his parents, the descendants of these two different traditions, met after being set up by a matchmaker. The promise embodied in this meeting of future happiness, of new love, of marriage and children, is immediately overshadowed by the reality of death when he finishes a description of his mother with

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[247] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 9.

[248] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 37.

[249] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 77.

the words: “She was a woman to live with. And what was more, as events were to prove, she was a woman to die with.”[250]

In part two George Clare embarks on a tour of memory through his childhood up to the point when he and his parents had to leave behind the life they had known. The story begins with a visit after thirty years to his parents’ flat in Pickelgasse 9 in Vienna. When he walks through his childhood home every room conjures up images and scenes from the past: watching the maid Poldi cook, flying into a jealous rage at the age of eight because Poldi was getting married, battles about personal hygiene procedures, getting the first telephone, enduring hard winter days, good-night rituals, his first sexual encounter, and evenings spent in happy community with his parents.

While the relationship with his father is the most important in the book and the most significant in terms of its implications for George Clare’s identity, at least at the beginning it is the maid Poldi who is the centre of his emotional world:

> The fourth member of our family, Poldi, our maid, was probably more important to me during my early years than either Father or Mother. A tough twenty-year-old Viennese working-class girl, she was unburdened by any but the most elementary education. She had never read a book on how to bring up children, but she knew. Poldi was the best and the wisest educator for a little boy like me. I loved her dearly. The way in which she dealt with me was simple and effective, though not always truthful.[251]

One of the lies Poldi tells him is about the light that up to that point had always been left on for the little George when his parents were not asleep in their bed. Poldi explains that she had to switch it off because a policeman had told her to and that from now on it had to stay switched off at night. Due to his respect for Austrian policemen George does not question her story:

> And I actually believed every word of this cock-and-bull story. Dear Poldi had simply decided it was time I stopped being afraid of the dark. Once Poldi had decided something, that was that. And Poldi knew the psychology of a little Austrian boy. I would argue with my parents, I would even argue – sometimes – with Poldi, but never, never, never would I argue with a policeman.

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[250] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 75.

[251] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 94.

> The green-uniformed guardian of the peace, armed to the teeth with long sabre, revolver and rubber truncheon, represented the ultimate in authority.[252]

In the little boy's view of the world the policeman has the role of "guardian of the peace". While this figure that is "armed to the teeth" is a source of some fear, it also symbolises stability, and at this point of the story George Clare and his family feel included in the peace the policeman is supposed to protect.

In fact, while George Clare's account of his family life includes episodes of violent rage, of family feuds and heated rows with his father, the overall picture he paints of his childhood years is one of stability and routine:

> How secure and established in its routine everything was at home. Father went to his office, came home for lunch, had his little snooze in the big armchair in his study, returned to the office, came home for dinner and religiously took his Waldheim pills, harmless laxatives his ideal digestion did not need at all. Supposedly helping one to slim, they were a wonderful excuse for overeating. Mother devoted herself to the household, doing the shopping early in the morning and then, a scarf tied over her head, an arsenal of dusters in her hands, her daily battle against her principal enemy, dirt, commenced. No maid could ever do the job to her satisfaction. For finding hidden dust behind ledges and on picture frames her right forefinger was what the rod is for the water-diviner. She dusted and cleaned, washed and polished, the maid following in her wake, an expression of utter defeat on her face.[253]

In the evenings the family gather in the study and discuss the events of the day, read books aloud or listen to the radio; and on Sundays George and his father visit George's grandmother Julie:

> Most Sunday mornings Father and I took a No. 5 tram to that empire which stood even more immovably in its place than that of the Habsburgs had done - Grandmother Julie's flat.
>
> Father's weekday visits to his mother varied, but the Sunday routine was as invariable as the opening ceremony of the British parliament.[254]

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[252] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 95.

[253] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 140.

[254] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 159–160.

All this order and routine of domestic peace, which in retrospect subsumes every discordant note and takes on the gravity and absolute power of religious ritual or of political establishments like the Austrian and British empires, seems to be the unassailable guarantee of security as if nothing could ever disrupt a life so cemented in permanency.

But in March of 1938 the sanctity and stability of their life and their home is shattered by historical events. After Schuschnigg is forced to resign, the Nazis parade through Vienna and George Clare, now 17, witnesses an episode that drives the significance of this day home to him:

> I was still looking out into Nussdorferstrasse when I heard a muffled shout from right below our window. I craned my neck and saw an Austrian policeman, a swastika brassard already on his dark-green uniform sleeve, his truncheon in his fist, lashing out with beserk [sic] fury at a man writhing at his feet.
>
> I immediately recognized the policeman; I had known him all my life. I had seen him on traffic duty at the nearby crossroads, had chatted with him when we occasionally met in the shops around the corner, had seen him give Father a polite salute in the street. Indeed, when I was much younger I had identified this policeman with Poldi's fictitious one, the one she had invented to get me to go to sleep in the dark. He had been at first the ogre of my childhood, then almost a friend, and now that I saw him club with all the strength of his powerful body some poor soul who had shouted out his anger at the ecstatic Nazis, not fiction but fact had made him an ogre again.[255]

The policeman, once such a figure of authority who was supposed to protect people from harm and guarantee peace and stability, has joined the forces of destruction and persecution that threaten George's world and the life he and his family had had in Austria. They realised that their home, the place where they were emotionally and psychologically situated in Austria, had gone forever even if their flat was still intact:

> We were too tired to talk any more after the Ornsteins had gone. Everything that could be said that night had been said. We went to bed. Around us there was still the protective warmth and familiarity of my parents' flat.
>
> But our home was no more.[256]

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[255] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 210–211.

[256] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 211.

The third and final part begins with an account of the last few months of his parents' life in a small village in France:

> My parents' last shelter, two tiny rooms, one up one down, and a kitchen, dark, dank and clammy, was in St Pierreville, a mountain village in the *département* of the Ardèche in France. A minute patch of garden, much loved and lovingly tended by Mother, went with it. In her letters she often mentioned the joy she felt sitting there with Father, watching nature's rhythm around them - as much of it as her myopic eyes could see through the thick lenses of her spectacles.[257]

The description of their house and garden is almost idyllic, but the phrase "My parents' last shelter" immediately shatters any illusion about their eventual fate. Their life is basic and, with the knowledge of hindsight, there is no chance that this "last shelter" is going to hold off the forces of death. But while his father is distressed by their fate, his mother manages to find a degree of peace and happiness in their situation:

> In spite of their grim existence in France, the short time, just over a year and a half, Mother and Father spent in St Pierreville was not unhappy for her. It was the only time in their whole marriage Father was completely hers. There was no bank, no Herr Direktor Fischer, no Fraulein [sic] Blankenberg, no Grandmother Julie, no sister, no brothers and no son. In this remote village to which the France of Pétain and Laval had assigned them - they were not voluntarily in St Pierreville - Stella at last had that total unity of soul and body with her husband she had always longed for, probably without ever allowing herself to be aware of it, but had never attained during their years of good fortune. Now, in misfortune, she had Ernst, her man, totally to herself.[258]

The village in France is the last station on his parents' attempted escape from the Nazi regime. The rest of the chapter details the bureaucratic hurdles on the way out of Austria and Germany, the journeys through Europe to find a safe haven and the gradual destruction of their identities. George Clare's father is dismissed from his job and the family spends a turbulent few months trying to obtain visas for Ireland. When George Clare's father is offered a job in his bank's branch in Paris and a French visa, it seems as though it might yet be possible for the family to rebuild their life somewhere else. Consequently, when his father departs for Paris George does not feel sadness or foreboding; it is only in retrospect that this parting takes on a special significance:

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[257] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 213.

[258] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 214.

> No, there was no sadness then, but much on looking back, for in that Berlin railway station my life with Father ended in the sense that nothing can ever replace the intimacy of the close continuous relationship of routine daily physical presence, taken for granted and rarely treasured at the time, which is inevitably lost once every meeting becomes an occasion and a vain attempt to bridge the gap of distance and separate experience.[259]

Again the loss of routine is identified as a fundamental change in George's existence. Not only has it cost him his name and his home, it now eats away at the relationship with his father and mother by forcing them into separate realms of experience.

The day after the Reichspogromnacht George and his mother receive their visas for Ireland and fly to London where George's father joins them later that month. Together they travel to Ireland where George starts work in a ribbon factory. After a long and unhappy wait for her French visa, his mother is finally able to join his father in France:

> Once again a train moved away from me and disappeared into the distance with a much-loved human being aboard. Ostensibly that train's destination was the same as Father's had been three months earlier: Paris, city of light. But the true, the final destination of both trains, the destination my parents were travelling to, was that gate with the words *Arbeit macht frei* (Work makes you free) over it, the entrance to Auschwitz.[260]

At first George was not worried about his parents' staying in France, but the news about the political situation there became increasingly alarming. Still he remained optimistic, but when a letter he had sent his parents was returned to him and he realised that his parents had disappeared and were most likely dead, he found it hard to come to terms with the truth of their fate: "It took over thirty years after my parents were deported before I went to St Pierreville to find out what had happened to Ernst and Stella Klaar."[261] Considering the harrowing tale unfolding in the last pages of the book it is not hard to understand that "[f]or many years [he] tried to close [his] mind and lock

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[259] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 266.

[260] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 281–282.

[261] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 288.

[his] heart."[262] As he drives through the French countryside the blue sky and the beauty of the landscape seem to throw into harsh relief the bleak story coming to an end with his visit. In pondering the final days of his parents' lives, he remembers an account he has read of what the last minutes in the gas chambers must have been like for the people being murdered in them. In St. Pierreville he retraces his parents' final steps and finds out from the last eye witness still alive how his parents were arrested and that it was not sympathy with the Nazi ideology, but fear and human frailty, and to some extent bad luck, that sealed their fate. He is particularly shocked to find that his mother need not have gone with his father because the arrest warrant was only for him; but she chose to stay with him to the last.

George Clare is left with feelings of guilt. He relates a recurring dream he used to have about his parents in which they tell him they have survived:

> Father will not talk to me because I feel the subconscious guilt of the survivor. I know, if I know anything, that my survival was my parents' only consolation, and yet, at least as long as that dream haunted me, there must have been in me a feeling of guilt for surviving, for escaping, for not having shared the destiny of my parents and in a wider sense that of my people.[263]

The book closes with George Clare's musings on anti-Semitism and an indictment of everyone who stood by to let the murder of his parents and millions of others happen without doing anything:

> The Church teaches that all mankind shares in the guilt for Jesus' death on the cross. And so does all mankind share in the guilt for the death of my parents and millions of Jewish men, women and children in the gas chambers. The world and its leaders knew very early on what was happening. It knew about the mass executions in Poland and Russia, about the gassings in Maidanek, Treblinka and Auschwitz. And the world, we, all of us, let it happen. We did nothing.
>
> Perhaps this book, by telling a true story of human despair, by telling the story of the destruction of one family, can have an infinitesimal influence on at least a few. That is the hope with which it was written.

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[262] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 288.

[263] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 300.

> Or shall the last word on us all forever be Voltaire's verdict, 'History never repeats itself, man always does'?[264]

The hope that one's own tragedy can lead to something good is a common way of dealing with traumatic loss. This reliving of the past is a double-edged sword, however. With his story George Clare gives life to everything that he has lost and reaffirms his identity by establishing a coherent narrative of where he comes from. And yet at the end of the book the loss of Clare's name, home and parents that he so vividly conjured up in his narrative has been reaffirmed, the terrible losses re-experienced and made all the more poignant for the reliving.

In his interview with me that took place in his flat in London on 17th November 2007, George Clare was much more reticent about the life he had had in Austria with his family:

> BS: And what about, I mean I know you can't really separate that from the country, but what about the life you had had there with your parents?
>
> GC: Oh it was a very good life.
>
> BS: And you weren't upset that that was gone?
>
> GC: No, it had gone, there was no question about it.[265]

This last remark is typical of the way he tended to close off the topic of Austria whenever it came up during the interview. With reflexive finality he used phrases like "It was finished.", "It was dead." or "That was it" to deny any lingering sense of regret or emotional attachment to his former home. The only time he was reluctantly drawn into commenting on Austria is when he compared it with Ireland, and he eventually became expansive when talking about grandmother Julie and his father's side of the family:

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[264] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 304.

[265] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

> BS: And what, I mean because you were sort of in the West of Ireland, how much did you come in contact with or what was your impression of rural Ireland, the landscape and the Gaelic language?
>
> GC: Nice, but boring. I mean, I was Viennese, don't forget that. I grew up in a very big city…with a lot of history, lousy one, but history just the same.
>
> BS: Well, and you were young.
>
> GC: You know, we were brought up still very much in the monarchy. It wasn't there anymore, but my grandmother, who was very influential, grandmother Julie, hence Julie Clare, she talked a lot about the emperor Franz Josef, and that was her life. And she had various Hofräte, retired, coming to visit her, who knew her from before because my grandfather the doctor was the district medical officer for a very important part of Vienna, and they knew lots of people. [pause]
>
> That's it. I didn't particularly miss that because it wasn't my [small pause] life, though I was very interested in the monarchy in a sense.[266]

He sketched the grand life of his important family in the glamorous world of the Viennese empire, but again closed the topic with "That's it". There were flashes of nostalgia, but no more dwelling on his home or its loss. The life he had had in Austria and then lost because of Nazi persecution is linguistically, if perhaps not emotionally, shut off.

Ernst von Glasersfeld was born in Munich on 8th March 1917 and died in Leverett, Massachusetts on 12th November 2010. He was the only child of Leopold and Helene von Glasersfeld.[267] His father was a diplomat before going into photography after the First World War. Ernst von Glasersfeld grew up largely in Meran, where his parents moved at the beginning of the 1920s, and later went to boarding school in Zuoz in Switzerland. After giving up his maths degree due to the worsening political situation in Vienna, he worked in a variety of jobs in various countries before eventually becoming a professor in the department of psychology at the University of Georgia. His long-held

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[266] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[267] For more information on Ernst von Glasersfeld's parents and their exile in Ireland see Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, pp. 94–96, p. 233 and p. 256.

interest in language and knowledge acquisition led in 1974 to his thesis on radical constructivism.

In the introduction to their conversation with Ernst von Glasersfeld, Albert and Karl H. Müller single out the multilingual aspect of Glasersfeld's childhood: "Mehrsprachigkeit kennzeichnete bereits Glasersfelds Kindheit: Zu Hause wurde Englisch und Deutsch gesprochen, im Umgang mit Spielkameraden erlernte er Italienisch, in der Schule schließlich Französisch."[268] Since both in his own mind and in the mind of others multilingualism is already well-established as being a significant aspect of Glasersfeld's growing up, it is not surprising that he also emphasises this aspect of his childhood in my questionnaire:

> BS: Please, tell me something about your childhood. How would you characterise it in a few words?
>
> EvG: I had a happy childhood. My parents spoke both German and English, and during the years in Meran (1920–1928) I played with Italian children. By the time I was sent to boarding school I was comfortable in all three languages.[269]

He characterises his childhood as "happy" and then elaborates on the topic that seems to have been very important in the way he thinks about his experiences. In his conversation with Albert and Karl H. Müller he explains, however, that this way of thinking about his childhood and his multilingual upbringing is definitely a retrospective act. He points out that when one is growing up speaking different languages one is not aware of what that means or what it entails for one's mental landscape:

> Karl H. MÜLLER Wenn man Ihre Schilderungen der Kindheit liest, dann fällt ein Phänomen auf. Sie betonen, wie wichtig es war, dass Sie in einer vielsprachigen Umgebung groß geworden sind, weil dies gewisse Distanzen und gewisse Möglichkeiten des Operierens schafft. Können Sie erzählen, warum Vielsprachigkeit für Sie so wichtig war und wie Sie sie als Kind, als Jugendlicher erlebt haben?

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[268] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Vorbemerkung der Herausgeber', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 9–10 [here: 9].

[269] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

> ERNST VON GLASERSFELD Die Hälfte davon kann ich leicht beantworten, die andere Hälfte nicht. Denn ich habe das erlebt zu einer Zeit, zwischen zwei und acht bis zehn Jahren, wo man nicht über die eigenen Erfahrungen reflektiert. Die Reflexion geschieht im Nachhinein. Ich bin auf diese Weise aufgewachsen, und darüber hat man nicht nachgedacht. Die Frage, warum es wichtig ist, dass man in zwei oder drei Sprachen aufwächst - und zwar nicht nur in dem Sinn, dass man die Sprachen lernt, sondern dass man in ihnen lebt und mit - wie sagt man - native Speakers dieser Sprache zusammen leben muss, das ist etwas ganz anderes als die Sprache einfach zu lernen.[270]

He distinguishes between simply learning a language and actually living in it. According to him there is a qualitative difference because living with native speakers of a language forces one to change one's ways of thinking as well as one's language when speaking to them. Switching from one language to another does not simply mean switching from one set of meanings to an identical parallel set conveyed by different words, rather there is never an exact translation because the words acquire their meaning through different experiences:

> Wenn man aber auf diese Weise mit Anderen zusammen lebt, in einer Sprache, und dann die eigene Sprache ändern muss, weil das andere Leute sind, dann merkt man sehr schnell, dass da, ich möchte sagen, unüberbrückbare Unterschiede sind. Das wird natürlich immer wenigstens scheinbar widerlegt durch diese zwei-oder dreisprachigen Wörterbücher, die die Illusion geben, man könne sehr leicht von einer Sprache in die andere umsteigen, nicht? Wenn Sie die beiden Sprachen wirklich gut kennen, dann merken Sie sehr schnell, das, was das zweisprachige Wörterbuch Ihnen gibt, das sind im besten Fall Annäherungen. Da ist - außer technischen Ausdrücken - fast kein Wort, das sich genau in der einen Sprache mit der anderen deckt/Schon als Kind merkt man das! Man macht sich keine Gedanken darüber, aber man merkt, dass man umschalten muss im Denken und nicht nur im Sprechen. Und wenn ich sage, umschalten im Denken, so heißt das, dass man die Erfahrungen, aus denen man die Wortbedeutungen geschöpft hat, anders sind. Man muss da an andere Erlebnisse denken, gewissermaßen. Das ist natürlich alles völlig unbewusst.[271]

Glasersfeld puts the age at which one – probably based on his own experience – starts to become aware of and reflect on these matters at puberty, the age at which people tend to figure out what kind of adult person they are going to be. He claims that one of the

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[270] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 31–32].

[271] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 32].

questions that inevitably arise from the experience of multilingualism is which realm of experience is "correct" or "authentic":

> Das wird einem erst bewusst, wenn man in die Pubertät kommt und vor einem Spiegel steht und fragt: "Ja, wer ist denn das?", "Wer bin ich?" und "Wie funktioniert dieses ganze Werk?" Da merkt man dann sehr schnell, dass eine der Fragen, der großen Fragen, in folgendem besteht: Wenn ich Italienisch spreche, dann habe ich eine Welt von Erlebnissen. Wenn ich Deutsch spreche, dann habe ich eine andere Welt von Erlebnissen. Welche ist die Richtige? Und eben weil man darin gelebt hat, in diesen unterschiedlichen Wirklichkeiten, sagt man sich sehr schnell: Ja, das ist eine blöde Frage! Denn wenn ich Italienisch spreche, ist diese Welt die richtige, wenn ich Deutsch spreche, ist die andere die richtige. Also - es muss da mehrere Welten geben, nicht? Das formuliert man wahrscheinlich nicht so, aber man bekommt das Gefühl dafür. Das war für mich, wie gesagt im Rückblick, die Hauptquelle des Interesses an der Erkenntnistheorie.[272]

Significantly, he assumes that one comes to the conclusion that no language or associated reality is better or more authentic than any other. There are simply different ways to experience the world, different points of view that are all equally authentic in the context in which they have been formed. When prompted by Albert Müller, Ernst von Glasersfeld explains in greater detail what languages he grew up speaking and what the differences were in terms of how or how well he learned the different languages. He emphasises that he was raised bilingually, even though his parents were native speakers of German: "Ich bin nicht als Deutschsprachiger, ich bin als Zweisprachiger aufgewachsen."[273] As his parents both had very good English and frequently spoke it with each other especially, as Glasersfeld surmises in retrospect, when he was not supposed to understand what they were talking about, he learned English very quickly: "Als ich vier oder fünf Jahre alt war, waren mir die beiden Sprachen völlig gleich. Und dann hat meine Mutter oft Englisch mit mir gesprochen, auch wenn wir draußen waren,

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[272] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 32–33].

[273] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 34]. For the full account of his language acquisition see pp. 34–35.

ebenso mein Vater."[274] After his parents move to Meran in South Tyrol in 1920 he attends primary school there and plays mostly with Italian children, which is how he learns to speak Italian. So the earliest and most deeply ingrained languages Glasersfeld knows are German and English, and while his Italian is not flawless he is fluent and very familiar with it. French on the other hand is more learned than truly experienced as another world of meaning:

> Ja, und in dem Internat in der Schweiz haben wir Französisch gelernt. Der Französischunterricht war ganz hervorragend, aber es war eben Unterricht. Und ich habe dann fast ein ganzes Jahr in Paris gelebt, aber das ist nicht genug, um sich in die Begriffswelt einer Sprache einzuleben. Das dauert viel länger.[275]

Again he stresses the difference between learning a language and living in it and he points out that it takes far longer than a year to do the latter. He then elaborates further on the relationship between experience and language acquisition and the fact that one does not necessarily know the same things in all the languages one knows:

> Aber der Effekt dieser Vielsprachigkeit ist, dass sich auch die Sprachkenntnis nicht deckt. Denn in Irland, wo ich auf einer Farm gearbeitet habe, da lernte ich natürlich alle Ausdrücke für die Implements, die Pflüge und Eggen usw., von denen ich auf Deutsch keine Ahnung hatte, weil ich zuvor nie auf einer Farm gelebt hatte. Sowohl das Vokabular als auch die Begriffswelt entstehen aus der Gegend, in der man lebt, und den Leuten, mit denen man lebt. Das ist ja immer nur ein Ausschnitt, die Ausschnitte von einer Sprache in die andere sind oft sehr verschieden.[276]

According to Glasersfeld the specific circumstances of one's life directly influence which subset of any given language one learns, in other words personal experiences

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[274] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 34].

[275] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 35].

[276] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 35].

structure our consciousness in that particular language. Conversely this means that particular experiences, ways of thinking and even aspects of our personality might be tied to a particular language.

Ernst von Glasersfeld views this as something positive, an advantage with the potential for personal happiness. He expresses this conviction in my questionnaire: "Living in more than one language is, I think, an enormous advantage. It's easiest achieved by living in different countries. It makes you realize that there is more than one way to achieve a modicum of contentment."[277] As he has experienced not being tied to one language or one world of meaning, and not rating any one higher than another, he does not rate any one country higher than another either: "There was no feeling of national belonging in our family. One felt European. Austria was a favourite because of its glaciers, where my mother and I spent a lot of our time."[278] Ernst von Glasersfeld experienced different languages and cultures, different worlds of meaning, from a very young age. He has already moved away from what Tillich would call the local and national perspective to one removed from such essentialist ties. As a consequence, when he and his wife felt they should find a safer place to live, he was likely more readily equipped to make Ireland simply another world for him to experience.

It is difficult to suggest a pattern in the testimonies of the exiles emigrating from Germany regarding the nature and strength of their attachment to their homes. It does seem, however, that age matters. Monica Schefold does not remember Germany being her home at all and Peter Schwarz only has vague memories of a comfortable life but no strong emotional attachments. Hans Reiss and especially Marianne Neuman both had a happy and comfortable life before the growing anti-Semitism and the resulting violence against Jewish people forced them to leave. Both of them were quite upset at the loss. For John Hennig the case is slightly different because he never felt completely at home

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[277] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[278] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

in Germany in the first place as his whole life he was an outsider there due to his religious and political beliefs, his relative poverty, and then his marriage to a Jewish woman.

For the exiles fleeing from Austria age was less obviously a factor in how strongly they were attached to their home. Herbert Karrach was attached to his family and his activities. George Clare felt thoroughly Austrian and what happened had a deep impact on him. Ernst von Glasersfeld was the oldest in this group, but since he grew up without the concept of strong national ties he does not really have the concept of a true home and therefore does not feel the loss as keenly as most of the others.

2. Education and work life

The impact of education on the identity of the exiles is difficult to assess and compare. The heterogenous nature of the source material seems of particular importance in this context. In the questionnaires the answers tend to be short and list facts rather than convey personal impressions or experiences that go beyond the routine. In the autobiographies naturally the accounts are more detailed and personal, but this does not necessarily indicate that school life was of more importance in terms of its impact on identity. Of course people went to school and it was part of normal life, but on the whole, school or university seem simply another arena in which familiar patterns of identity are reinforced or contested. All being from well-to-do bourgeois families, the exiles discussed here were generally well-educated, as would have been expected in such families. Since education and work were areas where private and public life intersected, it was here that the regime change with its policies of discrimination became very noticeable.

Monica Schefold did not go to school in Germany because she emigrated at such a young age. Consequently, her school experiences did not contribute to the identity that was left behind. In line with her father John Hennig's chosen theme for his autobiography *Die bleibende Statt*, the sections that deal with his years in school and university are largely about questions of religion and philosophy. From his habitual position of the outsider he meditates on and develops what are to become the central

themes of his life. He read voraciously from a young age and across a wide variety of topics. He learned a lot about evangelical theology, for example, because his brother became the assistant of the reformation historian Heinrich Boehmer and Hennig helped his brother catalogue Boehmer's library.

As much as Hennig studied privately, in school he did not take much of an interest in the lessons, but he secretly read works of French, English, Russian and Scandinavian literature in class. Only two of his teachers were deemed worthy of his attention:

> Nur zwei Lehrer schienen mir in diesen Jahren den Unterricht so vorbereitet zu haben, dass es sich lohnte, ihnen zuzuhören. Mit dem ersten konnte ich nach Jahren wieder Kontakt aufnehmen und ihm danken dafür, dass er mir mit dem Aufsatzthema: "Wozu treiben wir Geschichte?" eine Grundlinie meines Denkens vorgeschrieben hat. Ich schrieb ein Heft voll. Er gab es mir zurück und sagte: "Schrift wie immer skandalös. Inhalt nicht zu bewerten. Wenn Sie nur einigermassen so weiter machen, gebe ich Ihnen in Deutsch und Geschichte (die beiden Fächer in denen er uns unterrichtete) eine Eins" (die höchste Zensur). Ich versetzte ihn in die Lage, seine Zusage einzuhalten. Mein Aufsatz lässt sich in einem Satz zusammenfassen: "Wir treiben nicht Geschichte, um etwas aus ihr zu lernen, sondern um die eigentümliche Wirklichkeit des Vergangenen als solche zu erfahren" [279]

The nature of reality became the most important topic of his intellectual life that he would return to again and again. Towards the end of his time in school his attitude towards his teachers and school in general changed:

> [...] aber mein Verhältnis zur Schule war überhaupt von Grund auf verändert worden. Das letzte halbe Jahr war die glücklichste Zeit meines Schullebens. Ich erkannte, dass meine Geringschätzung der Lehrer weithin in meiner Interesselosigkeit begründet gewesen war. Hinzu kam, dass ich mich wohl mit ihnen solidarischer zu fühlen begann, da ich in der Tradition meiner Familie selbst dem Lehrerberuf zuzustreben begann.[280]

After he finished school he began a degree in Bonn where he attended seminars in a variety of subjects and then moved to the University of Berlin. After the death of his father Hennig was under pressure to decide which career path to pursue. He would have liked an academic position in philosophy, but a qualification in teaching seemed the surer option, and then there was the possibility of a position in the church. As John

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[279] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 59.

[280] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 60–61.

Hennig intended to marry his girlfriend Claire, who was Jewish, he ruled out becoming a pastor and pursued his academic career:

> Nach dem Tode meines Vaters legte mir mein Bruder immer dringender nahe, mich auf den Kirchendienst einzustellen. Ich aber musste meiner Mutter sagen, dass diese Umstellung zwecklos sei, ich wolle meine Freundin heiraten und - es war im Frühjahr 1932 - glaube nicht, dass man eine Jüdin als Gattin eines Pfarrers akzeptieren werde. Ich wolle nicht, dass sich meine Frau meinetwegen taufen liesse. Eifrig meine Dissertation vorantreibend, hoffte ich, die akademische Laufbahn erreichen zu können.
>
> Am letzten Tag des achten Semesters, drei Wochen nach dem Anbruch des Dritten Reichs, reichte ich zum frühest möglichen Termin meine Staatsexamensarbeit und meine Dissertation ein.[281]

The rising anti-Semitism meant that a position at university or in a school was impossible as well. Hennig barely passed his dissertation due to the anti-Jewish attitude of some of the examiners, and he decided to take a job in the company of his father-in-law, a decision that did not fill him with hope for the future: "Als ich sein Angebot, in seine Fabrik einzutreten, annahm, war mir bewusst, dass ich schweren Jahren entgegenging - unvorbereitet, abhängig und hoffnungslos."[282]

John Hennig converted to Catholicism and later started to work as a literary critic, an activity that he kept up throughout his life and that helped him to counteract the difficult experiences in his life. As previously discussed, his religious and political views isolated him and this gave him a unique perspective that let him discuss any given subject in a new context:

> Seither habe ich vielfach die Erfahrung gemacht, dass man mich als katholischen Aussenseiter ertrug. Vor allem aber lernte ich das, was an meiner Rezensententätigkeit bis heute das Irritierende geblieben ist: Ich spezialisierte mich darauf, Werke an Stellen, für die sie eigentlich nicht bestimmt waren, in einer Weise zu besprechen, die für diese Stellen geeignet war, Catholica in nichtkatholischen Zeitschriften, Liturgica in philologischen, später Continentalia in irischen und englischen und umgekehrt englischsprachige Werke in festländischen Zeitschriften - bis zu meiner heutigen Besonderheit: Judaica in christlichen Zeitschriften.[283]

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[281] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 97.

[282] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 98.

[283] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 113–114.

So he cultivated the position of the outsider in his intellectual life as well. It gave him the freedom to choose his subjects without regard for any group or point of view. At the same time it allowed him to stay busy and work against the growing fractures in his life by bridging the gaps between the conflicting influences.

Peter Schwarz does not really remember much about his education in Germany. He does not remember anything about his primary school days or even which school in Bremen he went to. A lot of his answers to the questions about school start with "I think" if he remembers anything at all. The longest answers he gives contain a link to the present. He has a class photo, for example, which "includes my friend Erich Kessler who became Professor of Botany in Erlangen after a tough time on the Russian front. Sadly he is now beginning to suffer from dementia. My mother and his met pushing prams in the Buergerpark."[284] He also remembers an old teacher:

> Somewhere I have already mentioned Bruder Lochter who was a sort of 'moral tutor' at Koenigsfeld. By a great coincidence I made contact (on our first visit to K) with a lady who knew him well. I got the impression that she might have been his girl friend before he married. Anyway, he became an eminent theologian but sadly is now dead.[285]

Peter Schwarz does not remember having a favourite subject, but guesses that it was "probably Maths". He also does not remember strong political views being taught, apart from a vague memory of the Hitler salute: "I think we all said Heil Hitler in the morning; that must have been compulsory." He and his mother learned some English before they came to Ireland: "I think I did a couple of years of English at school in Bremen and also that my mother and I had some private lessons with a native speaker called Miss Kempson who later went back to England."[286]

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[284] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[285] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[286] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

After his time in primary school his mother sent him to a Moravian boarding school in the Black Forest where membership of the Hitler Youth was not compulsory, but he does not remember much from his time there: "My memories of the school are mainly of playing the descant recorder in a quartet which accompanied morning prayers."[287]

His memories of school reflect his memories of his childhood in general. They do not suggest a special lasting connection with Germany as a home, nor do they contain episodes of anti-Semitic behaviour directed against him. Clearly his mother must have been aware of the growing difficulties considering her choice of secondary school for her son, but he himself was apparently not really affected.

Hans Reiss was initially educated in two different private primary schools as his frail constitution was not considered to be tough enough for the rough public schools. In 1928 he went to the school of Frau Riesterer, and when she died after two years, he changed to the school of Fräulein Müller where he stayed for another two years. In 1932 he was admitted to the Karl Friedrich Gymnasium which he attended until November 1938.[288] When asked what he remembers about his secondary school days specifically, he refers to his article about his time in Wesley College where he draws a detailed comparison between his German school and Wesley college in Ireland.[289] When asked about what he remembers about school in general, however, he summarises his memories as follows:

> Ich lernte viel, war oft krank: Erkältungen, Tonsillitis, Drüsenfieber, Keuchhusten, nichts wirklich Ernsthaftes, und deshalb oft abwesend, so daß mich ein Klassenlehrer, Hermann Nack, Lazarus nannte. Nack war ein "alter Kämpfer", d.h. Eintritt in die NSDAP 1930, sehr jähzornig und schlug schlechte Schüler; da ich ein guter Schüler, mit guten, ja sehr guten Noten, besonders im Lateinischen, das er unterrichtete war, behandelte er mich immer freundlich. Auf dem alljährlichen Klassenbild stehe ich neben ihm. Als meine Eltern und ich ihm auf dem Bahnsteig

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[287] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[288] See Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[289] See Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109.

> des Mannheimer Bahnhof einmal begegneten, war er uns gegenüber sehr entgegenkommend. Vermutlich hat meine "arische" Mutter einen großen Eindruck auf ihn gemacht. Sie war eine sehr gut aussehende Frau und trat wie eine große Dame auf. Nur Singen konnte ich nicht.
>
> Im Zeichnen und Turnen war ich mäßig. Fußball spielte ich gerne, bis ein schlimmer Sonnenstich (42 C Fieber) nach einem Spiel mich zwang, damit aufzuhören, da ich die Sonne nicht vertragen kann, auch heute noch nicht.[290]

Like in the case of his home life, his answers regarding his time in school appear to be condensed versions of his extensive account in, for example, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*. He did not really have a favourite subject, but "wenn überhaupt Altgriechisch (Homer) und vielleicht Latein und Geschichte".[291] Apart from the racial theories of his teacher Hugo Strauß, whom he considers incompetent, he does not remember strong political views being taught. He did not learn a lot of English in school as the English teacher did not know a lot of English himself: "Der Englischlehrer Annweiler, SA Mitglied, konnte Englisch kaum. Er war nie in England gewesen. Ich erkannte in Irland, daß seine Aussprache des Englischen miserabel war."[292] His parents sent him to a private school to learn languages:

> Sprachkurse an der Berlitzschule, die ich ca. 8 Monate vor meiner Auswanderung besuchte waren gerade fürs Reden sehr gut; dort lernte ich Englisch, Französisch und Spanisch sprechen. Unterricht wurde durch Engländer und Engländerinnen, einen Franzosen und eine Spanierin erteilt, meist in der Berlitzschule, aber die Engländer und Engländerinnen kamen auch zu uns nach Hause zum Unterricht.[293]

Further education at a university had become impossible because of the political situation, but Reiss's parents thought he should learn a practical skill to be able to support himself. This was not easy either as most master tradesmen refused to accept Jewish apprentices, and an authorisation from the local government would not have been forthcoming. But he got lessons from a glazier, who defied the rules and taught

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[290] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[291] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[292] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[293] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

Jewish children privately, and so for "about six to eight months" Hans Reiss "learnt to cut glass and put glass panes into windows and the like."[294]

Marianne Neuman did not talk extensively about her time in school or later in university. She was educated at the Auguste-Victoria-Schule in Nürnberger Str. 63 in Berlin, where she learned French, then Latin and, only for the last three years of her schooling, English. Nevertheless she had what she called a "good grasp of English", which helped her when she emigrated to Ireland. In fact, she loved languages and said she would have liked to have been an interpreter, but that she was not allowed to because she had to study medicine or law: anything else would not have been good enough. Her family clearly deemed education and the status resulting from a professional career very important.

Marianne Neuman also pointed out that she did not have Greek in school because she did not go to the "good school" like the boys.[295] This is the second instance where she highlighted a difference in the way she and her brother were treated when growing up. Given the sparsity of her memories concerning her time in education, this difference must have been a source of irritation for her to mention it at all. She did not mention her time in university other than to point out that she was not allowed to take an exam because she was Jewish, which was why she decided to emigrate.

Due to the more fluid and free way I conducted my interviews with Marianne Neuman the sparsity of memories concerning her days in school might indicate a failure on my part to direct her attention there more firmly. But it is more likely that she simply did not remember much apart from the details related here, and these details largely reflect what she said about her home life.

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[294] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[295] See Appendix C.

Herbert Karrach's school days do not form a large part of his memories in either the questionnaire he answered for Gisela Holfter or his autobiography. He first went to the primary school "[a]t the beginning of Gumpendorfer Str., Wien 6", and later for three years to the Esterhazygymnasium, a secondary school close to his house. Like his childhood in general, he remembers his school days as "[h]appy, many Arian friends".[296] In particular he remembers "Walter Laske who wrote to me in Uganda", probably because this connection made later in life kept him alive in Karrach's memory. As for what he learned in school, his answers are sparse and to the point. He does not remember strong political views being taught. His favourite subjects were "History and Geography", and he summarises his language instruction as follows: "English not taught, Latin, Greek taught. I learned a little English privately."[297]

In his autobiography he outlines what the school system and a typical day in school would have been like. But he does not remember much about his primary school days, apart from one incident that must have stuck in his memory because it was relayed to his parents:

> School started in Austria when you became six years old and the school day started at 7.45 am and lasted until 1pm. So the whole afternoon was free. My school was only 5 minutes walk from our house. My only memory of my early schooldays was that when there was this minor civil war – afterwards the country was given a new constitution. One teacher explained this to us saying, "The country has a new dress". It seems that I piped up, "but does the new dress fit her?" Which was repeated to my Parents.[298]

The use of the phrase "It seems" suggests that this is not a direct memory, but one based on the account given to the parents after the fact. His parents must have kept this story alive in the family by retelling it in turn.

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[296] Herbert Karrach, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 30 November 2005.

[297] Herbert Karrach, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 30 November 2005.

[298] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

Herbert Karrach's memories of his secondary school days are largely about procedure rather than being made up of personal anecdotes. He explains that in Austria primary school pupils had to take an exam to gain entry into secondary school:

> During my last year in primary school I had to prepare for my entrance exam into the Gymnasium. At the age of 10 there were 3 avenues for secondary education. The Humanistic Gymnasium majoring in Latin Greek and foreign languages and leading after 8 years to "Matura" an exam probably equivalent to a pass Arts degree here in England. Then there was the Real Gymnasiums which taught mainly Mathematics and the sciences and lastly the "Haupt Schule" which admitted those not academically gifted and taught mainly practical skills. I passed for the first of these and started to attend the Esterhazy Gymnasium about 5 minutes walk from our home.[299]

His account of life in secondary school mentions friends and day-to-day activities, but does not contain anything more personal than his brief answers in the questionnaire:

> The Gymnasium was in an old palace with a park behind it. Our teachers were addressed as "professor" and were respected. There were 2 streams in each year not as to ability but so that RE. could be taught. One had RCs and Jews and the other to which I belonged had again RCs and Protestants. I had friends in both streams. We started Latin in our first year and Greek in our third. We had no playing fields and so did PE and games in our hall. We were expected to work hard as we could be asked to repeat the year if we failed[300].

Overall, his school days were happy and uneventful until he was told he could no longer attend his local school because he was Jewish. At this point his formal education was effectively over:

> Then one day I was told that I would no longer be allowed to attend my Gymnasium. I had to go to a school in the 2nd district, in the Jewish area, which meant that I had to go for thirty minutes through the centre of the town to reach it. No attempt was made to teach us anything, and after school a crowd of riff-raff waited for us and threw stones at us with taunts. My parents sent me privately to learn English.[301]

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[299] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[300] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[301] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 45].

Herbert Karrach's time in school does not seem to have made much of an impression on him until the racial discrimination forced him to attend a different school and suffer harassment on the way. His testimony regarding his education is mostly a catalogue of facts and places rather than containing emotionally charged memories. Even when he talks about what he had to endure after his expulsion from the secondary school he had been attending, his account is remarkably free of emotion or censure, even if one assumes that "riff-raff" is more than simply an accurate description of the crowd.

George Clare also went to school in Vienna. According to his autobiography he was home-schooled for the first year and entered primary school by special exam. Here he had a very good teacher:

> I joined the second form of the Wahringerstrasse elementary school in September 1927. Our form master, Herr Lehrer Schneider - tall, good-looking, friendly, strict, but not a typical Austrian school disciplinarian - was a first-rate teacher. He gave one the feeling, rare indeed, that he actually liked little boys and had not forgotten that he had once been one himself. When he was present we were a very well-behaved lot, but God help the poor teacher who had to take over our form when Schneider was ill or away at a conference. Then the classroom became a hell filled with seven-year-old devils roasting the poor young substitute alive, until the head, Oberlehrer Sobotka, hearing the fiendish noise, rushed in and restored order.[302]

The pupils in George Clare's class were from very different backgrounds, both socially and in terms of religion. Just as in wider Viennese society the lines of division ran different ways, but according to George Clare the most significant is that between Jews and non-Jews:

> We were a very mixed bunch. Potential, in some cases actual, juvenile delinquents rubbed shoulders with little middle-class Lord Fauntleroys, mummy's darlings in neat suits with short pants and long woollen stockings, while the majority came from *petit bourgeois* backgrounds, the sons of shopkeepers and minor employees. A fair number, perhaps 25 per cent, were Jewish, by no means all from well-to-do homes but none of them joining the roughs and toughs. All the boys had all their lessons, except religious instruction, together.[303]

The division between Catholic and Jewish students was seen as pretty normal at first, even when it descended into mutual insults. Apart from Fredl Resch, a boy George

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[302] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 110.

[303] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 110–111.

Clare was friends with later for years, everyone picked on the Jewish contingent as they left for their religion class:

> The first time we split up for religious instruction, the Catholic boys remained in the classroom and the Jews filed out to the chorus: 'Yid, Yid, spit in your hood, tell your mummy that is good!' […] In any case, we Jews did not accept the others' behaviour meekly. The next time they started their 'Yid, Yid . . .' we shouted back at them, '*Christ, Christ, g'hörst am Mist*' Whether one of us had actually invented that charming line: 'Christian, Christian, thy place is on the dungheap!' or whether both, the anti-Semitic litany and our responses, were part of an old Austrian school tradition, I cannot say. As far as we were concerned, the score was even. We played and worked happily enough together, Jews and Christians, and whenever there was, thanks to Lehrer Schneider's temporary absence, an opportunity to create havoc in class, the little Jewish and Catholic devils formed a united front.[304]

There was already anti-Semitic behaviour in the classroom, but George Clare wonders whether it was one of the normal ways schoolboys pick on each other. In any case, he did not see it as a problem.

George Clare was not a particularly diligent student. When his mother went to talk to his teacher, the teacher described him as follows:

> 'Your son is a bright and intelligent boy, but he just won't bother to work. He won't concentrate. His mind flits from one thing to the next. If he understands something immediately, well and good, but if it means thinking things out, it's too much trouble. Anything that requires an effort, he doesn't want to know.'[305]

Neither his own attitude to school nor the reproaches of the teacher or, indeed, his mother spurred George Clare to greater effort. And his father, the only person George Clare reckons he might have listened to, took the attitude that his son's laziness was not really a problem:

> 'Oh well, I suppose I don't really want you to be a teacher's pet. School isn't all that important. Lots of famous men were pretty lousy pupils. You have your wits about you; you'll do all right in life. That's what matters, but do try a bit harder.'[306]

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[304] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 111.

[305] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 111.

[306] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 112.

George Clare just about passed his grammar school entrance examination and, after a brief stint in the Schopenhauergymnasium which he was forced to leave because he called his teacher a Nazi, he went to the Wasagymnasium. He has some pleasant memories of his time there, but he did not really enjoy school there much:

> Studying in the Wasagymnasium was not all swot and sweat. There were the intervals between lessons, and there was the tuck shop in the main hall run by the wife of the caretaker who - this being an Austrian school - had to have a title: he was addressed as Herr Pedell and naturally the tuck-shop lady was Frau Pedell. There one got delicious open sandwiches and a wide selection of chocolates and sweets. But, all in all, the years in the Wasagymnasium loom as gloomily in my memory as the corridors and classrooms of that school.
>
> The happiest moment of my day was when I ran out of the school portal after the lessons were over, and moments of supreme happiness were when I raced down the steps and saw my father waiting for me on the opposite side of the street.[307]

After failing his second year in the Wasagymnasium with the lowest marks in both Latin and mathematics, George Clare had to repeat the year. But since everyone, including George Clare himself, believed in his superior intelligence, the family continued to indulge his attitude to learning. Nobody took his performance at school too seriously since everyone was convinced that he would do just fine the second time around.[308] When he failed the year a second time with even worse grades than before, the family was in crisis. His mother consoled him, found a private school that would take him, namely the Landerziehungsheim Grinzing, and persuaded his father to pay the school fees by threatening to sell her family jewellery. Her understanding and selfless sacrifice on his behalf finally motivated Clare to study. The more liberal atmosphere in Grinzing also helped:

> This element of unorthodoxy at Grinzing, combined with the tutorial system, immediately improved my performance. I became one of the best in my class. Mother was happy, Father was happy, and I was happy. And not one word more was said of Mother having to hock her jewels to keep me at school.[309]

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[307] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 129–130.

[308] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 130–131.

[309] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 137.

After a couple of years George Clare had to leave Grinzing. As he was doing better in school his father saw an opportunity to save the high fees and persuaded him that he would manage in a less expensive school for the remainder of his school career. Clare finished his education "at the Privatrealgymnasium Juranek, an independent grammar school in the Josefstadt"[310] where, according to Clare, the headmaster was eccentric and the teachers were, with one exception, rather incompetent. The reputation of the school was not one of superior scholarship but interestingly, the rising anti-Semitism did not affect the Jewish students attending it:

> Juranek's was not a boarding school and much cheaper than Grinzing. It therefore did not have the reputation of being a school for well-heeled idiots, just for idiots. The pupils were about one third Jewish, one third out and out Nazis, one third politically indifferent. Most of my Nazi colleagues were older than me, proof that they were unable to cope with the state schools because they were either too dim or spent all their free time working for the cause. The strangest thing was that they behaved decently towards us Jews. After the *Anschluss* a fair number of them turned up at school in Hitler Youth, SA and SS uniforms, but not one of them ever did or said anything against the Jews at school. This was very different from a number of state schools where Jewish students were badly beaten up, and occasionally even stopped by force from entering their schools immediately after the Nazi takeover.[311]

While George Clare's time in school was not an unqualified success, largely due to his own attitude towards learning, he did come out of it reasonably well-educated as he would have been expected to by his family. In any case, his parents regarded his education as very important and did whatever they could to ensure his succeeding in the end. While anti-Semitic behaviour was definitely present in the schools he attended, from what could potentially be considered harmless teasing to more offensive displays, overall Clare found that it did not impinge on how he felt about school or himself, at least until it became clear that his life in Austria was over.

Like his memories of his childhood in general, Ernst von Glasersfeld's memories of his school days are marked by multilingualism. He went to primary school in Meran where he played mainly with Italian children and thus learned Italian. After that he attended a

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[310] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 166.

[311] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 166.

boarding school in Switzerland where he learned French. He does not specifically mention school or education in my questionnaire, but in his conversations with the Müllers he comments on his time in boarding school. Due to its location it was a place of few distractions:

> Ich war ja vom Alter von zehn Jahren bis achtzehn in einem Internat in der Schweiz auf 1800 m Höhe. Da war nichts als Buben und das Internat, es gab keine Ablenkungen. Man hat hie und da einen Film gesehen, aber das war der Film, der von der Internatsleitung gebracht wurde. Konzerte gab es und so weiter, aber das war in einem Dorf im Engadin, das heißt Zuoz, und da ist sonst nichts. Da ist sehr viel Schifahren, was mich gefreut hat, natürlich, aber ich war sehr naiv. Wenn ich heute die jungen Leute von fünfzehn, sechzehn Jahren sehe, ich staune. Ich habe - das gehört eigentlich nicht hierher - in den Vereinigten Staaten oft gesagt: "In der Mittelschule lernt man hier fast nichts." Denn die kommen aus der Mittelschule und sind unwissend über fast alles. "Das Einzige, was Ihr gelernt habt in der Mittelschule, ist Sex." Und bei mir war das nicht der Fall. Ich war achtzehn und hatte noch sehr wenig Ahnung davon. Ich habe aber immer gesagt: "Mir scheint, fünf oder sechs Jahre sind zu lang, man kann das in ein paar Monaten lernen."[312]

In this reminiscence he says nothing about his schooling in terms of academic content, but merely states that he was naïve. The aside comparison of his own education with what children learned in secondary school in America at the time of the interview, namely hardly anything academic, just sex, implies that for him the opposite was true. He learned nothing about sex, but presumably gained a sufficient academic knowledge.

So for Ernst von Glasersfeld a happy time in primary school with children of different languages was followed by an isolated protected time in the Swiss mountains. Later he began a degree in mathematics, but that did not work out because of the rising tensions in the universities. Like for most of the other exiles, education seems to have been largely an extension of normal family life, rather than a strong independent influence on identity. This only changed when the political situation forced racist behaviour and policy to enter the schools and universities.

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[312] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 33–34].

3. Religion

The topic of religion is not easy to summarise. As the exiles emigrated at different ages, had different family backgrounds and different religious paths it is not surprising that the extent to which religion formed part of the identity that was being left behind differs significantly. For one reason or another religion did not play an important role for half of them. Monica Schefold was simply too young to have personal memories from before the time her family had to emigrate. Peter Schwarz was brought up as a Lutheran, but does not remember anything about his religious life in Germany either. This does not mean that they are not religious today, they just did not have any significant experiences with religion before they left their respective homes. The same is true for Herbert Karrach. He is from a Jewish background, but to save him from circumcision his mother had him baptised in a Lutheran church. According to his own testimony, however, he did not find his faith until later:

> BS: How important was religion to you? Did this change at any point? If so, when and why?
>
> HK: For first 14 years irrelevant. Then had knowledge only. After a crisis I was convicted [sic] that I too was a sinner for whom Christ died. This happened in 1942 and changed the course of my life since then.[313]

Ernst von Glasersfeld, on the other hand, when asked which faith or church he belonged to, if any, replied: "None. My parents had given that up long ago." In fact, he differentiates between religious institutions and personal revelation, with a clear distrust of the former: "Organized religions destroy whatever is beautiful and helpful in mystical revelations"[314]

By contrast, religion could hardly have been more important in John Hennig's life. He had his first religious experience at a young age:

> Kaum mehr als sechs Jahre kann ich gewesen sein, als mir auf dem Rückweg von einem Kindergottesdienst, der uns besonders tief beeindruckt hatte, meine ältere Schwester folgenden

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[313] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[314] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

> Bund fürs Leben antrug: Wenn einer von uns den anderen dabei ertappte, dass er etwas Unrechtes zu tun im Begriff stände, sollte er leise zu ihm sagen: "I.d.G. .W?" [sic]; diese Geheimformel solle bedeuten: "Ist das Gottes Wille?" Wir haben diesen Bund eigentlich bis heute gehalten.[315]

This oath between the siblings to guard each other's good behaviour was not the only result of the impression the service made on the children. John Hennig also decided he wanted to be a pastor himself. He made his sisters and their dolls listen to services he acted out at home:

> Zu Hause veranlasste ich meine ältere und meine jüngere Schwester, mit ihren Puppen und Bären von mir abgehaltenen Gottesdiensten beizuwohnen. Auf einem Brettchen wurden die Nummern der zu singenden Lieder mit Kreide angeschrieben. Wenn ich meine Pellerine als Talar und ein Taschentuch als Bäffchen tragend hinter der offenstehenden Schranktür hervortrat, sprach ich mit tiefer Stimme: "Wir beginnen unsere gottesdienstliche Feier mit dem Gesang des Liedes 22 aus der Kinderharfe".[316]

According to John Hennig the most important figure in terms of his early religious development was his eldest brother, who took him seriously and with whom he shared the knowledge of certain insights. While he modelled himself and his opinions on his father, he also began to discover significant differences in their respective attitudes towards, for example, the divine nature of Jesus or the topic of resurrection.

It would go far beyond the scope of this study to analyse in detail the extensive accounts of Hennig's treatment of various texts, his thoughts on different aspects of faith or his numerous experiences relating to churches, services and people who influenced his religious journey. It is important, however, to highlight a few key elements.

One of them is Hennig's independence of thought. Early on in his life, his position as an outsider predisposed him to resisting easy acceptance of what others told him. From his father as well as in his confirmation classes Hennig learned that one should always take personal responsibility for one's own opinions in the conflict of differing philosophies

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[315] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 19.

[316] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 20.

and religious beliefs. He soon started to read works of existentialist philosophy which illuminated what he considered fundamental experiences in his life.

These experiences all had to do with what was to become the central aspect of his thinking and later work: consciousness of reality. He describes the most important of these experiences as follows:

> Auf einer Wanderung hatte ich mich an einem einsamen Teich niedergesetzt. Ich betrachtete das Spiegelbild der Bäume in dem ruhig stehenden Wasser. Da kamen zwei Wildgänse über die Bäume geflogen. Zuerst erblickte ich sie im Spiegel und wusste nicht mehr, was nun das Spiegelbild war, was nicht. Plötzlich ertönte von oben der heisere Schrei der Gänse. Ich blickte auf, sah, wie unvergleichlich deutlicher das unmittelbare Bild war als das Spiegelbild, und fühlte mich erlöst aus dem Zweifel, der mich erschreckt hatte.[317]

Hennig firmly believed in the difference between imagination and reality and rejected any idea that the relationship between the two was relative or ambiguous. In this context transubstantiation is seen as a unique experience of reality:

> In der Transsubstantiationslehre sehe ich die grösste Leistung des menschlichen Geistes, weil hier die Nahtstelle festgehalten wird, an der die subtilste innere Wirklichkeit qua Wirklichkeit dieselbe ist wie der Gashebel an meinem Auto. Ich danke Gott täglich für die Gnade der Erfahrung der Wirklichkeit, die alle meine Vorstellung übersteigt, ja zu Boden schlägt. Ich liebe die Vergangenheit, weil sie unserem Zugriff entzogen ist. In meiner Beschäftigung mit ihr höre ich immer wieder den Schrei der Wildgänse, der mir versichert, was die Wirklichkeit und nicht mein Wunschtraum ist.[318]

The final aspect to mention is Hennig's journey towards Catholicism. Throughout his life he did seem to feel an emotional affinity with all things Catholic. When he saw a group of Catholic scouts he was impressed with their happy demeanour:

> Natürlich kann ich jetzt nicht mehr unterscheiden, wie weit ihre heitere Gelassenheit Ausdruck eines glücklicheren Temperamentes oder grösserer Verschontheit von den Wirren der Zeit war, wie weit sie vielleicht auch nur in meiner Vorstellung bestand. Jedenfalls verband ich von dieser Begegnung an mit katholischen Menschen das Gefühl einer - jenseits aller Sentimentalität strahlenden - Sonnigkeit.[319]

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[317] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 42.

[318] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 43.

[319] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 51.

John Hennig visited Catholic churches, talked to Catholics and started to read books dealing with Catholic themes in the library. He moved more and more towards Catholicism until he came to the realisation that he could no longer attend a Lutheran service:

> Zum ersten Male wurde ich mir ganz bewusst, dass ich ehrlich nicht mehr einem evangelischen Gottesdienst als Gemeindemitglied beiwohnen könnte. Ich hatte die Gewohnheit angenommen, auf einsamen Spaziergängen den Rosenkranz zu beten.[320]

He eventually converted to the Catholic faith. His Jewish wife Claire, whom he met during his time at Bonn university, later converted as well.

Apart from Herbert Karrach, the exiles who grew up with at least one Jewish parent - and were old enough to remember - tended to have an uneasy relationship with the Jewish religion. Marianne Neuman's attitude, for example, was rather ambivalent. She said she never felt very Jewish; she had Jewish religion classes in school, but never liked Jewish people much. In fact, she said she would have liked to convert, but since her mother did not, she did not think it was right for her to do it either.[321]

Hans Reiss did not grow up with a particularly positive view of his Jewish background either. For most of his youth religion does not seem to have played an important part in his life one way or another. He does mention believing in God as a child: "An Gott glaube ich noch, aber ich habe inzwischen gelernt, ihn mir nicht als einen alten gütigen Mann mit weißen [sic] Bart vorzustellen, der in einen hellblauen Mantel gehüllt in den Wolken schwebt."[322] Apart from this childlike image of God, however, questions of faith or religious practices do not feature much in his recollections of his younger years.

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[320] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 91.

[321] See Appendix C.

[322] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 10.

Hans Reiss's attitude towards religion changed when he met the Lutheran pastor Hermann Maas: "His preaching opened the gate to Christianity for me, who had never taken to the Jewish religion."[323] Reiss and his mother first went to see Hermann Maas because they hoped he might be able to help with Reiss's emigration. Hans Reiss was very impressed by Hermann Maas's sermon as well as his personality:

> Am nächsten Sonntag fuhren wir morgens nach Heidelberg und hörten uns seine Predigt in der Peterskirche an. Da meine Mutter, obwohl keineswegs ungläubig, eigentlich seit ihrer Jugend nie in die Kirche ging, hatte ich auch noch nie einem evangelischen Gottesdienst beigewohnt. Der Gottesdienst in der Peterskirche sagte mir sehr zu, mehr als der katholische, zu dem ich [sic] mich mein Kindermädchen Johanna manchmal in die Jesuitenkirche gebracht hatte oder gar der Gottesdienst in der Synagoge, wohin mich mein Vater einige Male mitnahm und der mir ganz und gar nicht lag. Vor allem fand ich die Predigt von Pastor Maas unerhört eindrucksvoll. Seine freudigen, zündenden, lebendigen und eindringlichen Worte überzeugten mich. Es war eine Erleuchtung. Ich wollte nun Kirchgänger werden. Nach dem Gottesdienst lernte ich ihn kennen. Er bleibt in meiner Erinnerung als einer der bedeutendsten Menschen, dem ich je begegnet bin.[324]

This personal epiphany was the beginning of a life-long engagement with Christianity, particularly in its Protestant variants. But Hermann Maas did not only inspire Hans Reiss to become a believer. Through long conversations he also gave him a more positive view of Judaism: "Die Worte von Hermann Maas waren eine Labsal für mich. Er lehrte mich, daß die Fehler der Juden, die ich bei Verwandten und Bekannten meiner Eltern erkannte, allgemein menschliche Fehler sind."[325]

George Clare, when he was growing up, would have considered himself a fully assimilated Jewish Austrian, who, unlike the Eastern Jews, did not really observe Jewish religious practises anymore. In his autobiography *Last Waltz in Vienna* he outlines his relationship with Judaism in great detail. He describes two of his early

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[323] Hans Reiss, 'My Six and a Half Years in the Third Reich', in Hinrich Siefken and Anthony Bushell (eds.), *Experiencing Tradition: Essays of Discovery. In Memory of Keith Spalding (1913–2002)*, York: Ebor Press 2003, pp. 24–29.

[324] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 87.

[325] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 88.

experiences with Jewish religion that were not very positive. The first is a vivid account of a Passover celebration at his maternal grandparents' flat that ended in bitter disappointment when the reward he hoped to get for finding the affikomen turned out to be a lot smaller than expected; and the second is hardly better:

> The second Jewish experience of my early childhood was just as painful as the disappointment with the *affikomen*. It came on my sixth birthday. On that day Father announced that there would be no more Christmas tree and Christmas presents in future. I was old enough to do without it, we were Jews after all, and anyway my birthday was only three days before Christmas.[326]

The two episodes were disappointing in different ways. In the first George Clare had no emotional engagement or interest in the religious aspect of the celebration, he was simply interested in personal gain and was disappointed that he did not get a toy car out of the spectacle. He did care about Christmas, however, and did not really understand why all of a sudden he had to do without it because he was Jewish.

The abolition of Christmas exemplifies the awkward relationship the Klaars had with being Jewish. Since they had been celebrating Christmas up to this point and did not observe Jewish festivals as much as the Schapiras did, this gesture was painful and bewildering. Jewish faith and Jewish culture were not important to the young George Clare; he found the more outward Jewish customs of his mother's family at best strangely splendid, but his father's inconsistent behaviour was equally difficult. His father's uneasy relationship with Jewishness is illustrated in another even more painful scene of George Clare's childhood:

> I was happily kneeling on the polished wooden bench of a river steamer a few hours later, looking out over the glittering water. Everything was lovely until the moment when I turned round to ask Father a question. Then disaster, and Father struck me for the second time that day. I had begun my question with the words: '*Tate*, what is . . . ?' I felt a stinging slap on my right cheek. Father had hit me again. 'Don't you ever dare to call me *Tate*' he hissed. 'Never, you hear, never!' I have no idea what suddenly possessed me to call him *Tate,* to use the Yiddish word for father, instead of the usual Daddy or Papa. I must have picked it up somewhere.[327]

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[326] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 85.

[327] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 101.

The reaction of his father seems over the top, but George Clare explains it as the result of the divisions within central European Jewry and a deep-seated insecurity that he sees as inherent in the psyche of assimilated Western Jews:

> That brief and ugly scene, over in less than a minute, encapsulated the entire conflict dividing Central European Jewry. We, the Klaars, already belonged to the worldly Jews with Western European education and culture. We wore fine clothes, had access even to titles and dignities, possessed influence and wealth. But full equality, inner equality, still eluded us. It eluded not only those who like us had retained our Jewish faith, however spuriously we practised it, but even those who had gone the whole way and converted. We knew that the others, the *Goyim*, however polite or even servile, did not really differentiate between the kaftaned Yiddish speaker with the long wobbling side-curls, and the smoothly shaven elegant Jew from the Viennese coffee houses.[328]

He speculates that it is precisely the loss of religious conviction that makes assimilated Jews so vulnerable to self-doubt, so sensitive to the slightest hint of discrimination and of not being accepted. And so the self-confident outwardly Jewish Eastern Jews pose a threat to their identity:

> The Westernized Jews regarded their mere existence as a threat to their own status, and when reminded by the single word, *Tate,* that they belonged to the same people as those others, those primitives, they hit out, like Father, in despair.[329]

Nevertheless, George Clare largely identified with the self-image of his father's side of the family, who saw themselves as Austrians of the Jewish faith, rather than Jews living in Austria. When a friend asked him to join a Zionist organisation he was not yet prepared to give up his heritage:

> Before he left, Robert asked me to join Betar Trumpeldor, the militant Zionist organization founded by Jabotinsky in which Menachem Begin, then still in Poland, held a leading position. I refused, probably because by becoming a member of a Zionist organization I would have acknowledged that I was a Jew and not an Austrian. With my background and upbringing, I was not yet ready to renounce more than a hundred years of Austrian heritage accumulated by my family.[330]

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[328] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 101.

[329] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 105.

[330] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 220–221.

His being Jewish became more important in George Clare's life, however, but not out of religious conviction. It was the growing anti-Semitism that forced him to confront the issue. The worse the political situation got, the more he identified himself as a Jew. When it became clear that it was no longer safe for any Jew to remain in Austria, his father, after being thoroughly depressed by this realisation, suggested that George be baptised. But now the denial of his Jewish heritage was no longer an option for him:

> He knew, of course, that this would change nothing as far as the Nazis were concerned, but having heard that the Quakers were very actively helping non-Aryan Christians to emigrate, he wanted me to grasp at any chance, however remote, to get out. I could not say how I would have reacted had Father suggested baptism to me during the Schuschnigg era, but now I absolutely refused. A strong awareness of my Jewishness had grown within me during those first weeks of rabid anti-Semitism. It did not come from religious conviction but from defiance. I had been born a Jew, and as a Jew I would die.[331]

For George Clare religion did not matter much until it was made an issue by the Nazis and used as an excuse to persecute and exclude him and his family from Austrian society. Because he was Jewish he lost his home and everything he had known. He could not finish school and had to leave before he was arrested and possibly killed. This led him to a defiant adoption of Jewish identity even if he could not fill that identity with meaning in the way traditional Judaism would demand. His conceptualisation of Jewish identity at this point was in terms of it being non-Christian and ultimately non-Austrian, rather than essentially Jewish.

For all the Jewish exiles their Jewish background was made an issue whether they were personally religious or not. Neither Hans Reiss nor Marianne Neuman felt particularly positive about Judaism. Hans Reiss became Lutheran in his teens. Herbert Karrach was baptised, but not religious until after his emigration. So while religion was not part of his identity when in Vienna, it probably informed his life narrative and influenced how he viewed his erstwhile home in retrospect. Ernst von Glasersfeld was not religious, Monica Schefold was too young to remember anything, and Peter Schwarz, while raised Lutheran, does not remember any strong religious feelings or devotional practices either. John Hennig of course was religious from a very young age and grew up in a

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[331] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 240.

family that defined themselves by their religious beliefs. So religion did not just shape his identity in a profound way, but it also provided him with a template of how to reassemble the pieces of his life into a meaningful whole after the experience of exile tore it apart.

Overall the exiles varied widely in how strong they remember their attachment to their homes to be and to what extent they suffered when they lost it. Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman and George Clare felt deeply attached to their homes and proud of their family's achievements. They describe their home as a world of stability and comfort, but while Marianne Neuman still looks back on the home she has lost with fond nostalgia and regret – even though she would not want to live in Germany out of principle – George Clare in my interview reflexively denied any such feelings for Austria. Hans Reiss seems to do neither. He seems to have moved on from what was before and is happy to focus on what is now. He does not forget what happened to him in the Germany of the 1930s – as his extensive autobiographical work shows – but regards the time of his childhood as over and in the past. For Ernst von Glasersfeld and John Hennig the situation was different even though they were both also in the older group of the exiles. Ernst von Glasersfeld grew up with the pan-European views of his parents and experienced what it was like to live in different countries at a very young age, so there was no one place that felt essentially his home. John Hennig on the other hand grew up with the religious beliefs and pacifist attitudes of his parents which made him an outsider from a young age. He experienced what Tillich would call "spiritual emigration" long before he physically had to leave the country to save his wife and children from the Nazis. This does not, of course, mean that actually leaving Germany did not cause pain.

IV. The journey into exile

1. Problems at home and preparations for the escape

The plethora of discriminatory laws that the Nazi regime enacted from shortly after Hitler's rise to power in 1933 is well documented.[332] Despite this at least some of the testimonies indicate that the discrimination and persecution did not have an immediate impact on the exiles' lives. Problems mainly manifested in public institutions like schools and universities at first. More than personal harassment, it was occasions of general organised public violence that proved to be a final wake-up call for many that shocked them out of inaction and denial. For the majority it was the experience of the so-called *Reichskristallnacht* or the mass violence against Jews in Austria after the *Anschluss* that prompted the decision to leave; only Marianne Neuman emigrated before 1938.

Monica Schefold does not have any personal memories of the time when life became difficult in Germany for her parents and maternal grandparents, but she has memories of stories her parents told her and which, together with writings by her father and other research she has done, form what she has constructed as her family mythology. I have outlined in the previous chapter how John Hennig and his father-in-law Felix Meyer differed in their assessment of the danger posed by the Nazis and in their opinion on emigration. Felix Meyer was against emigration as he could not believe that he was really in danger or that the Nazis would last long, while John Hennig was watching the growing anti-Semitism with great alarm and foreboding. I will focus here on the two events that, according to Monica Schefold's account in 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', finally brought home the realisation that first her grandparents and then her own family had to leave.

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[332] For an account of anti-Jewish measures of the Nazi regime after 1933 see for example Wolfgang Benz, *Der Holocaust*, Munich: C. H. Beck 2005, especially the chapter "Ausgrenzung und Diskriminierung der Juden in Deutschland 1933–1939", pp. 23–29.

For her grandparents the key event that convinced them to leave was the so-called *Reichskristallnacht*. When her grandfather was arrested in the context of this state-sponsored move against Jewish citizens, he finally realised that his achievements would not protect him or his family. He decided to make his non-Jewish son-in-law John Hennig a partner in the factory. Through her Belgian grandmother, Monica Schefold's grandparents obtained visas and emigrated to Belgium, with John Hennig and his family staying as guarantee that Felix Meyer would not open a competing factory abroad.

In the case of John Hennig, the final wake-up call that made it very clear to him that his family had to leave, according to Monica Schefold, was when an SS man mistakenly knocked on their door:

> Then one evening in 1939 there came an unexpected knock on the door of my parents' home, 'the Bodenhof'. An SS man in uniform stood there. My father's heart stood still, he was certain that my mother and we two small children were to be deported. But the SS man had only mistaken the house number. Ever afterwards my father defined a free country as one where no-one needed to fear a knock at the door.[333]

The story differs slightly from what Hennig says in his autobiography, but the importance and psychological impact of this event has clearly been transmitted through the generations. The "[e]ver afterwards" indicates that the definition of what freedom meant to John Hennig must have been a profoundly felt and often repeated personal belief that his family adopted into their collective memory. To John Hennig, and subsequently his family, the "knock at the door" has become a metaphor of the institutionalised injustice and violence of a terror regime arbitrarily inflicted on its citizens.

John Hennig had been in favour of emigration since before the *Reichskristallnacht*, and he had certainly been pursuing options since then. The episode with the SS man made it

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[333] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 250].

clear, however, that they could not wait for an orderly legal exit from Nazi Germany, but that they had to leave immediately:

> At that moment my father realised, with absolute clarity that we would have to leave at once. At the British Embassy in Cologne the queue waiting to apply for a visa went around the block twice over. My father was asked 'Jewish or non-Jewish?' and was thus placed at the head of the queue but the answer then was: 'of course you can apply for a visa – the waiting list is standing at 60 years'[334]

When comparing Monica Schefold's account to that of her father, one notices differences in the chronology of events. According to John Hennig's *Die bleibende Statt* he visited the British consulate in Cologne in order to get a visa for his visit to Dublin at Easter. He was planning a reconnaissance trip by himself after he was offered a job as a German teacher by Belvedere College, Dublin. In Cologne he was indeed asked whether he was Jewish or not, but when he said that he was not, he was issued the visa within five minutes. The episode with the SS man at the door happened after this trip, while John Hennig was already waiting for the permanent visas that were supposed to be issued by the Irish legation in Paris. Apparently, John Hennig and his wife had also already brought their children to Belgium weeks before this night. Chronologically the two accounts may not be the same, but Monica Schefold's memory does reflect the anxiety and difficulties that the family – and other Jewish citizens – had to endure while trying to escape from the Nazi regime.

Nevertheless, there is also a palpable difference in emotional intensity between the events as related by Monica Schefold and the account of the same events by John Hennig in his autobiography, and this is not due to possible differences in accuracy as to what happened. It is rather due to the difference in perspective. Obviously, John Hennig's version is a lot more detailed. It is also more affecting as it has more of the immediacy of personal experience than the memories by Monica Schefold that are from a perspective that is once removed from the actual events. This is also evident in the

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[334] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 250].

answers she gives in my questionnaire, which are naturally less formal and worked out than the account in her written article. When asked what her parents told her about why they had to leave she writes:

> They told us that we would have been murdered by Hitler – in any case my mother and us two children: Gabriele born 1936 – I 1938) and that my mother escaped by a lent passport without the "J." printed* in it. My father by having converted to Catholicism at the age of 16 – so that he had connections to Jesuits (thus the job in Belvedere College) – we knew that we were saved in the very last moment.
>
> *stamped into it by wish of the Swiss gouvernement [sic].[335]

It is clear from her statement that Monica Schefold was told that she, her sister and her mother were in very real danger and that it was with a certain panic and some risk that they escaped from Nazi Germany. But it is equally clear that she herself did not experience these things first hand or at least has no memory of doing so.

It was apparently her parents' intention not to burden their daughters too much with the past so as not to spoil their present life In Ireland:

> BS: Did your parents ever talk about how they felt about Germany just before they left?
>
> MS: They told us how: day by day new laws were enforced but they could not believe that their lives were in real danger until an S.S. man appeared on the doorstep. Then it was quite clear that it could, just as well, have been to take away my mother and us children. They told us quite a lot about Hitler, but did not want to burden our minds as children. They wanted us to have a "carefree" youth in Ireland and yet to be quite conscious of our background. They told us that they and all the family thought that the "spark" of faschism [sic] would just past over with time.[336]

According to his own account in *Die bleibende Statt* John Hennig was aware of the rising anti-Jewish sentiment already before 1933, and it certainly had a significant impact on his life. His experiences at the university as well as the harassment of mixed couples he witnessed and read about in the newspaper influenced his decisions to marry Claire as soon as possible and to change his career plans. After obtaining his doctorate he left academia and also decided not to become a pastor, but instead joined his father-

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[335] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[336] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

in-law in his company, not the easiest choice for Hennig. He also converted to Catholicism. There was a lot of change for the family and the situation was getting more and more difficult: "Die Umstellung auf den neuen Lebenskreis und Beruf, das Kommen der Kinder, die Konversion und der steigende politische Druck belasteten uns an die Grenze des Tragbaren."[337] He very much would have liked a break for the family, especially for his wife Claire, but the anti-Semitic laws and attitudes made it more and more difficult to relax anywhere. Every day they heard of Jewish people including children being harassed and shunned, and their paediatrician let them know that she could not have their children as patients anymore.

But it was the *Reichskristallnacht* that marked the end of the family's happy life in Germany:

> Am 10. November 1938 hatte es abends an unserer Haustür geschellt. Ein geistlicher Bekannter: "Nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit wollte ich doch einmal sehen, wie es Ihnen geht". Diesem Dunkel folgte für uns in Deutschland kein Tag mehr.[338]

After exploring different options for emigration, John Hennig was introduced to an Irish Jesuit, and as a result of this meeting Hennig was offered a job as a teacher in Belvedere College, Dublin. During the following Easter break Hennig travelled to Ireland to check out the conditions there. In the Department of External Affairs he was given a questionnaire to fill in that he was to send to the legation in Paris and then wait for the visas to be issued.

His plan to emigrate to Ireland did not meet with universal approval, however:

> Ich traf einen Geistlichen, dem ich anvertraute, ich beabsichtige nach Irland auszuwandern. "Sind Sie verrückt?", sagte er, "dort haben die Leute in der rechten Rocktasche die Schnapsflasche, in der linken den Rosenkranz und in der Gesässtasche den Revolver".[339]

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[337] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 112.

[338] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, edited by Gabriele Malsch, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2019, p. 98.

[339] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 117.

John Hennig was not deterred by such views, and in any case Ireland was the only option for the Hennig family at this point. The time before Hennig and then his wife and children could finally leave for Ireland was nerve-racking for everyone. As discussed previously, it was the knock at the door by the SS man that convinced John Hennig that they could not wait until the visas were issued, but had to leave Germany immediately. In his account of the incident John Hennig adds a detail that makes what happened even more poignant and frightening. Hennig was told by a friend that every SS man in Aachen had been assigned a particular Jewish person that he was supposed to kill as soon as war broke out. It was this knowledge that caused his strong reaction to the SS man calling to the door, which would be frightening in and of itself:

> Einige Tage später dröhnten abends Fusschritte vor unserer Tür. Es schellte. Wir waren allein in dem grossen, abseits gelegenen Haus. Ein SS-Mann stand vor der Tür. Ob hier Schmitzs wohnten. Als er abgezogen war, kam ich zurück ins Zimmer. "Was hast du?", rief meine Frau erschreckt über mein Aussehen. Ich brach zusammen. Sie auch. Am nächsten Morgen verliess sie mit einem Köfferchen das Haus.[340]

Claire Hennig was sheltered by friends and then smuggled across the border to Belgium. Hennig followed legally that afternoon, and for a short while they were reunited with the children whom they had brought to Claire's parents weeks before. Naturally, they could not bring much with them on such a hurried departure:

> BS: What did your parents/you decide to bring with you? Were there any things of particular sentimental value?
>
> MS: My parents had no choice but only a suitcase (practically nothing), as we appeared only to go to Belgium on vacation! Otherwise a few objects in silver, that maybe could be sold but continental silver was not bought in Dublin. These objects were our cherished "toys" when sick – a glimpse into former luxury (beauty case)![341]

John Hennig decided to await the expected military draught for his age group at his brother's house. He was too afraid of the consequences to try and evade military service. The whole situation was so stressful that he describes lying in bed in a small

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[340] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 119.

[341] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

attic room, close to a nervous breakdown, drenched in sweat and shivering with cold.[342] He sought comfort in the church and went to confession, which seemed to ease his mind somewhat. After he had rejoined his family, he received a telegram informing him that his age group had been called up. But before he could leave the next morning another telegram arrived stating that his visa was ready for collection in Paris. This was not quite the end of Hennig's worries, however. He was to go ahead to Ireland on his own, with Claire and the children to follow later, and he suffered sleepless nights awaiting the return of the smuggler he had sent to Paris with his passport to pick up the visa.[343] For a sensitive and conscientious man like John Hennig, responsible for a young family in times of increasingly violent anti-Semitism, the last few years before his emigration were very difficult: they were marked by stress, anxiety, fear and at times despair.

For Peter Schwarz, who was much younger when he left Germany, the situation was quite different. He and his mother emigrated at the end of 1938, but he does not remember much about what led his mother to decide that it was necessary to leave their home. In fact, in both Gisela Holfter's and my own questionnaires the general pattern to the memories as recorded by Peter Schwarz is very similar. His responses are a mix of speculation and information based on later research or what his mother told him, but very little personal memory. A lot of the answers are short stating that he does not know or does not remember, unless there is some connection to the present that prompts further thought. A typical answer in terms of the pattern is for example where he comments on whether the Nazi ideology affected his life before 1933 and during the time up to his emigration:

> Again, I don't remember. I doubt that it did directly, though my mother must have worried. Superficially the Nazis seemed to do some good things – the Winterhilfe (we still have some of the little objects on our Christmas tree) and employment improved. This must have taken in a lot of people (and this deception must be well documented in the literature).[344]

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[342] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 119–120.

[343] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 121–122.

[344] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

Peter Schwarz does not remember whether emigration was mentioned at home before they left, but assumes it must have been. Neither does he remember any particular incident that would have influenced the decision to leave. It does not seem to have been a sudden decision on his mother's part at any rate, but a carefully considered one. He bases this assumption on a letter he found that also indicates that a Dr Hoffman helped and made contact with an Irish refugee organisation.[345] Peter Schwarz also states that his mother "had a lot of support from Erich Kessler's parents, although the father was a member of the Party (as he had to be, being a teacher)."[346]

But she did not have support from her late husband's family who opposed the move to Ireland because they feared that Peter Schwarz and his mother would end up in poverty: "Also I remember her telling me that my father's family opposed it ('Du nimmst das Kind in die Armut') and she was most unhappy about their attitude."[347] He also mentions this quote in my questionnaire and his autobiography, which indicates that his mother must have had very strong feelings about this, to have passed it on verbatim.

Peter Schwarz does not know anything about what administrative hurdles his mother had to overcome or what preparations she made to facilitate their emigration to Ireland, but he mentions that they were allowed to bring very little. His comments on what they did manage to bring with them are interesting. Most of their valuables were confiscated, but they were allowed some furniture and household items:

> BS: What did your mother/you decide to bring with you? Were there any things of particular sentimental value?
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> PS: As you know there were severe restrictions on what could be brought out; the rest (particularly most of our money and valuables were confiscated). My mother brought a

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[345] This probably refers to Conrad Hoffmann, see Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, particularly pp. 52–57.

[346] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[347] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

> Biedermeier suite (which sadly has got dispersed), a nice Rosenthal dinner service which we sold a couple of years ago for pennies because it merely took up space and couldn't be put in the dish-washer (and we only used it at Christmas), some nice vases and ornaments, some nice engravings from her time in Leipzig in the 20s (which we would like to get rid of, but no-one wants them here) and the like.[348]

The Biedermeier suite, the Rosenthal service, the vases, ornaments and engravings are all emblematic of German bourgeois life and tradition. Moreover, to his mother they must have represented the life she was leaving behind. To some extent this is probably true for Peter Schwarz too, but in parentheses he adds his own attitude to each item's subsequent fate. This emphasises the connection between his mother's past and his present life, but at the same time it makes it clear that these relics of the past are just that.

Peter Schwarz says he knew little about Ireland before they emigrated there and doubts his mother knew any more either. But he speculates that a former school friend may have advised her to go to Ireland as Ireland was likely to stay neutral; at least Schwarz says he has evidence that this friend advised against Austria as apparently he anticipated the *Anschluss*. Peter Schwarz does not remember any feelings he might have had at the thought of Ireland as his new home, but reckons he must have been "fearful of the future". To the question who or what he was going to miss he says he would miss "Our comfortable lifestyle and various friends in Bremen." Food is mentioned as well, but as a secondary concern: "I like Sauerkraut and Wiener but could live without them." He does not remember what he did on his last day or who he said goodbye to, but is "sure my schoolfriends' parents and other neighbours were involved". All in all his memories of the time just before he and his mother left Germany are very vague and do not indicate that he remembers their departure as a particularly traumatic event.

For Hans Reiss life was relatively normal even after Hitler's rise to power. Though he was interested in politics and worried about Hitler's successes and speeches as well as the demonstrations of his stormtroopers, Hans Reiss's main concern at the time of Hitler's rise to power in 1933 was secondary school. It is here that he experienced what

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[348] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

he calls his first shock in the Third Reich when he was not given a prize for academic excellence because the teachers were, apparently, afraid to award it to him because of his Jewish background. Apart from this, he says, his life continued as normal. Politics were not talked about much, none of their closer acquaintances or relatives emigrated, his father was busy with work in his company, and Hans Reiss went to school where he had good friends. His mother, however, who was much affected by what was going on, came down with what he suspects was a psychosomatic illness that lasted for a year and a half.[349]

Naturally, Hans Reiss and his parents were not oblivious to the fact that life became more and more difficult for Jewish citizens in Germany under Hitler's rule. More and more restrictive laws were passed that limited Jewish participation in every aspect of society, but it was when these laws affected people they knew that the emotional impact was greatest. Hans Reiss's great uncle Eduard, for example, was suddenly let go from his job and denied his pension, a Jewish pupil in Hans Reiss's school was expelled for talking back to a teacher in a way that apparently constituted an insult to Germany, and at the beginning of 1938 Hans Reiss's father was forced to sell his company.[350] In my questionnaire I asked him what effect these developments had on how he felt as a German:

> BS: In "Out of the Third Reich" you detail your increasing awareness and emotional response to the growing anti-Semitism in Germany: "I heard of the attacks on Jewish shops and the arrests of Jews on 1 April 1933, but it did not affect my life."
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> […]

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[349] See Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 56–57.

[350] See Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 58ff. For a detailed overview of the systematic destruction of the economic livelihoods of Jewish entrepreneurs as well as their strategies employed in resisting see Christoph Kreutzmüller, 'Vernichtung der Jüdischen Gewerbetätigkeit im Nationalsozialismus. Abläufe, Blickwinkel und Begrifflichkeiten', *Docupedia-Zeitgeschichte*, 4 November 2016, https://docupedia.de/zg/Kreutzmueller_vernichtung_der_juedischen_Gewerbetaetigkeit_v1_de_2016 [Accessed 22 February 2020].

> "After the Berlin Olympics life slowly grew worse for Jews. Many restaurants displayed signs forbidding Jews to enter. The theatre and cinema were out of bounds. I became increasingly depressed. The future began to appear bleak."
>
> What effect did the growing anti-Semitism and violence have on how you felt as a German (then and/or later)?
>
> HR: That is difficult to say. I disliked it strongly, but I did not really suffer personally until 1938 when I became deeply concerned about my future after my father had been told by the NS-authorities to sell his firm. The vandalisation of our flat and the arrest, even if only temporary of my father, and my being excluded from school, deeply disturbed and scared me. The question whether I was German or not did not occupy my mind. All that I was sure of was that I had to leave Germany as speedily as possible. You must not expect a young boy of sixteen to think about the questions which occupy your mind as a person doing research.[351]

Hans Reiss makes the point that for a boy his age the question of nationality did not arise while he was preoccupied with how to get out of Germany quickly. It is probably true that for a teenager, reflections about one's national identity would not be important in any case. But it is not just young people for whom abstract reflection would be secondary in a situation where physical survival is at stake.

As Hans Reiss indicates in his answer it was the *Reichskristallnacht*, specifically what happened the day after, that made him want to leave Germany. In his *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren* he details the terrifying events of that day. He and his father had just had lunch together in their home and were getting ready to return to their afternoon activities when the doorbell rang:

> Er wollte gerade zur Nachmittagsarbeit in den Betrieb zurückzukehren [sic], als die Türglocke stürmisch läutete.
>
> Ich gehe zur Tür und öffne sie. Da stehen ungefähr 15 Gesellen, wie ich sie nie zuvor gesehen habe. Das Wort "Abschaum der Menschheit" trifft auf sie zu. Die Wut steht ihnen ins Gesicht geschrieben, der Schaum vor dem Mund. Schreiend stürmen sie in die Wohnung, rufen nach meinem Vater, der entsetzt in den Flur tritt, und fangen an, alles kurz- und kleinzuschlagen.[352]

In his account Hans Reiss switches from the simple past he has been using to the present tense in which he continues until he and his father are reunited. This not only

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[351] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[352] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 70.

makes the traumatic events of that day seem more immediate and real, but it also takes them out of the rest of the narrative and thus gives them special meaning. Their narrative treatment reflects the crucial role these events have played in the course of Hans Reiss's life. Despite the concern and worry for the future he had had before, it was the events of the 10th of November 1938 that were the catalyst for the decision to leave. When asked whether it was a sudden decision he agrees that it was:

> Yes. After the Kristallnacht I knew I had to emigrate. I had no doubt whatsoever that I could not go on living in a country where one was not safe and injustice, indeed terror prevailed. The problem was to find a country to go to. That was very difficult since my father did no longer have enough money to give me to emigrate.[353]

The only viable option turned out to be emigration to Ireland. Pastor Hermann Maas was friends with Dr Elisabeth Heinsheimer, a Jewish ex-colleague of his, who had emigrated to England. She had heard that the Irish Methodist Committee for Christian Refugees, whose chairperson was Edith Booth, would make it possible for Protestant children to go to school in Wesley College, Dublin. She referred Hans Reiss to the Committee and they offered him a place for a year to finish his schooling with the view that he would then go to America as he had a scholarship for Duke University in North Carolina. Edith Booth applied to the Irish Department of Justice for the necessary visa that would allow him to emigrate to Ireland, but it took some time for the visa to be granted.[354]

In the meantime Hans Reiss's mother tried to use every connection she had to gain protection or special privileges for her son and her husband. She wrote to Göring's wife, whom she knew from her time in Hamburg as a young girl, but Mrs Göring only received her for tea without offering any concrete practical help.

For a long time there was no sign of the visa to Ireland. In August 1939 Hans Reiss's father eventually rang the Irish embassy and, apparently, the diplomat had not realised it

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[353] Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[354] See Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 88–92.

was urgent. He then sent the visa immediately. In order to be allowed to emigrate, Hans Reiss also needed a certificate proving that he had no criminal record, no debts and was not transferring money abroad. His mother organised all the necessary papers. She even managed to persuade a higher level official to give her a document allowing her to exchange RM 100 into British pounds for Hans Reiss to take with him when emigrating. Altogether, he was allowed to bring clothes, ten British pounds that he got for the 110 RM he was allowed to leave with (10RM plus the 100RM that his mother managed to get for him) and two trunks, one of which apparently still has stickers on it from the journey.[355] The two trunks contained everything his parents could give him to start a new life somewhere else and some of the items, though practical and ordinary, became precious mementos: "Einige Handtücher und die Schuhbürsten tun heute noch ihre guten Dienste und erinnern mich an die Sorgsamkeit und Liebe meiner Eltern."[356] When asked what he brought apart from money and clothes and whether there were any things of particular sentimental value, books feature heavily in his answer:

> I took some photographs and some books, an English, Latin and Greek grammar, for instance. . A case of books was packed and sent on, but for some unknown reason did not get to Britain and then to Ireland but got stuck in Brussels. It never reached me. I cannot remember what books had been packed, but for the Phaidon edition of Theodor Mommsen's "Römische Geschichte", Friedrich von Ranke's "Geschichte der Reformation" in Deutschland [sic] and Jakob Burckhardt's work on the Renaissance.[357]

Hans Reiss's last days before his emigration are described in some detail in his autobiography. In my questionnaire the only details he lists are that he "said good-by to [his] parents who accompanied [him] in the train until Mainz."[358] He "imagine[s]" he also said good-bye to their "maid Irma, of course, and to [their] dog Bodo von der

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[355] See Hans Reiss, Gisela Holfter's interview, 25 May 2004.

[356] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 94.

[357] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[358] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

Meerwiese, a German shepherd dog."[359] He is quite emphatic, however, that such details are not that important: "I cannot remember anything else. You expect too much of my memory. Nor does it matter!"[360] Given the emotional impact of leaving one's home, such details must indeed seem trivial. For Hans Reiss the time before emigration is marked by growing anxiety and fear. When asked how he felt about Germany just before he left he says: "I was terrified by Nazi Germany and wanted to get away from it."[361]

According to Dr Neuman, at first the Nazi ideology did not affect her life much – she was not supposed to talk to certain boys anymore – but when she was not allowed to take one of her exams in medicine because of her Jewish descent she decided it was time to leave Germany: "If they won't allow me to do my exams, what are they going to do next?"[362] She thought she could take her exams somewhere else. She emigrated much earlier than the others and before she was threatened with physical violence. She did not mention being aware of other restrictions for Jewish people up to that point, but since she made the decision to leave based on being barred from taking her medical exams it stands to reason that she was watching the political changes in Germany closely. She also mentioned that the regime wanted to kill her, but it is not clear whether this constitutes remembered precognition or retrospective judgement.

One day before the opening of the Olympic Games in 1936 she and her then fiancé Rudi Neuman, himself a doctor, whom she met in October 1935 and got engaged to on 31st March – or, as she said in a different session, 1st April 1936 – left Germany. They went to England first where they got married. As they were not allowed to stay in England

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[359] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[360] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[361] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[362] See Appendix C.

permanently they decided to emigrate to Ireland because of the Irish connection of Rudi Neuman's mother. His mother was born in Holywood/Belfast, and so, due to the new law passed to accommodate de Valera's lineage, Rudi could apply for an Irish passport. In turn Marianne could get an Irish passport because she was married to an Irish citizen. While Marianne and Rudi Neuman had little trouble obtaining passports and visas, she mentioned that her husband's brother and wife had difficulties and were not allowed into Ireland. According to her they went to France instead where they were killed.

Dr Neuman said she knew nothing about Ireland before she came, in fact she did not even know Ireland existed: "Back then there were only English, French, German and Italian people; that was the horizon of my world."[363] As for what they decided to bring with them, it was two vans full of furniture and other cherished belongings, such as a bookcase full of valuable and valued books, such as the one mentioned before, "das beste Buch, das ich hatte", two chairs from her grandmother's dining-room and a table and six chairs. She seemed very proud of these items and her house indicated quite a strong attachment to her former life in Germany.[364] She said she did not really think about Ireland when they left or about how she felt about her situation: "Das Praktische war wichtiger – wo kriegen wir Mittagessen her?"[365]

Her parents went from London back to Berlin. She could not remember why, but had a definite opinion on her parents' decision to return to Germany: "Bloody idiots!" But after their housekeeper Käthe had hidden them, they escaped in 1939 and came to Ireland too, one day before the war started.[366]

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[363] See Appendix C.

[364] See Appendix C.

[365] See Appendix C.

[366] See Appendix C.

Herbert Karrach identifies the area in which the growing anti-Semitism most affected his life initially as school. One day he was told that he could no longer attend his gymnasium; instead he had to go to a school in the Jewish area in the second district where he was not taught anything and was harassed after school by a crowd throwing stones and insults at the pupils. The expulsion from school had a profound effect on Herbert Karrach:

> BS: What effect did the political climate have on how you felt as an Austrian (then and/or later)?
>
> HK: As I was thrown out of my Gymnasium I realized that I was not wanted. I was made to feel different. After the war – having personally witnessed even in socialist Vienna a great support for Hitler I felt Austrian protestations that they were "victims" hypocritical.[367]

Interestingly, he does not mention his emotional response to his expulsion in his autobiography. After he was thrown out of school Herbert Karrach also lost touch with a non-Jewish friend, which must have been upsetting for him as he mentions this circumstance in my questionnaire when responding to the question who or what he was going to miss when he left Austria.

The *Reichskristallnacht* was a particularly frightening experience for Herbert Karrach and his family. He was visiting his grandparents when two men from the Gestapo came to the flat:

> As I looked out of my grandparent's window I spotted two men in black raincoats approaching. They came to the flat and we had to admit them. They were from the Gestapo and were looking for weapons; this was probably just an excuse, as they were looking for young Jewish men to send to concentration camps. All they found was a ceremonial sabre (my grandfather fought in the war on the Italian front), and then they thought they had found what they were looking for, but it was a torch that looked like a gun. Anger and disappointment was mirrored on their faces. I was small for my age and so was not taken away.[368]

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[367] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[368] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 45].

His father was not at home at the time and so was not arrested. The event that ultimately forced his family to emigrate was when his father went to Gestapo headquarters to demand the return of his car, which had been confiscated shortly after the *Anschluss*. Given the political situation of the time, this was a remarkable act of courage that, naturally, was unsuccessful:

> It was a miracle that he was able to leave this dreaded place alive. Most who were taken there did not return. It seems that the Gestapo officer tore strips of [sic] him for even suggesting this – after all Jews had no rights – and Father was ordered to report daily to our local police station and to be out of the country within three months.[369]

Thus instructed, Herbert Karrach's father had to find a way for the family to be able to leave Austria as soon as possible, which was facilitated when he made contact in Vienna with some Quakers from Ireland. The Quakers, in particular Hubert Butler, arranged for an advertisement to be placed in a Dublin paper seeking a family to invite the Karrachs to Ireland and be responsible for them. This was to satisfy the requirements of the Irish government for issuing a visa. The Karrachs were invited by a retired colonel of the Indian army whose daughter was married to an Austrian.[370] According to Herbert Karrach neither he nor his parents knew much about Ireland apart from the fact that people spoke English there. He felt very sad leaving Austria, but thought that "[a]nything would be better than staying in Vienna."[371] Most of his friends and cousins were also leaving or had already left, and so he was mainly going to miss his maternal grandparents. Like most of the other exiles they could not bring much, only one suitcase each, but Herbert Karrach names his mother's typewriter, his stamp collection and photos as items of particular importance or sentimental value. The

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[369] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 45–46].

[370] See Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 46].

[371] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

Karrachs said goodbye to Herbert Karrach's grandparents and Mr and Mrs Radl, who gave him a Rollerflex camera. He had mixed feelings about having to leave Austria: "I was very relieved as the Gestapo had ordered my father to leave within three months. However I was concerned that my maternal grandparents were left behind in Vienna."[372] Unfortunately, this worry proved to be ultimately justified as, while his father's mother was left to end her days in her own home, his maternal grandparents were murdered in the gas chambers in 1943 despite efforts to bring them to Ireland too.

George Clare had what he called his "first personal confrontation with the rising tide of Nazism" in 1936 at the age of 15.[373] He had to leave the Schopenhauergymnasium for slandering a teacher because Clare called him a Nazi for allowing anti-Jewish songs to be sung by the other pupils.[374] In general, however, he and his family were not really affected much by the anti-Semitism that became more and more prevalent in public life in Austria. So, despite the political developments, both in Germany and in Austria, the Klaars did not think they were really in danger. As previously mentioned this was a common attitude amongst Jewish citizens, especially the assimilated ones who thought that their contributions to their national culture and history would count for something and protect them. That Hitler was serious and would turn his anti-Semitic tirades into fatal reality seems obvious in hindsight, but without the knowledge of what was to come there is little difference between astute precognition and paranoid conspiracy theory.

Even when George Clare's father did contemplate emigration, for example when at the beginning of 1938 two newspapers published articles calling for the government to stop further immigration of Jews into Austria and recommending a review of all naturalisations of Jews after 1918, the idea was quickly abandoned. After this moment of insight his father, according to George Clare, "with self-induced blindness ignored

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[372] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[373] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 50.

[374] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 51–53.

the danger signals increasing day by day."[375] After every political development the family did their best to convince themselves that they would be able to weather the storm and worked back to an optimistic view of what was going to happen. They went about their business as if nothing was wrong and kept telling themselves that things would not be so bad, right up until 11th March 1938, the day the referendum that was to confirm Austria's status as an independent country was cancelled. After Schuschnigg's resignation the Klaars witnessed a procession of Nazis screaming their hate for all to hear and they realized that their life as they knew it was over:

> Now that all doubt had gone the talk had become more animated. The certainty must have given us a feeling of relief. We did not know what was yet to come, but we all knew that our life in Austria and a family history linked so closely with that country for so long, were over. The radio, still on in the background, now played Hitler's favourite marches.[376]

The anti-Semitic violence surrounding the *Anschluss*, especially the fate of their friend Emil Ornstein, who was arrested and never seen alive again, finally made it clear to the Klaars that they had to leave. They now felt the anti-Semitic persecution literally hit home. George Clare's girlfriend Lisl and her family were harassed in their flat, and while Clare was out to check on them, his own father, uncle and cousin were dragged into the street to clean up Schuschnigg slogans for hours. When George Clare returned to school his classmates continued to treat their Jewish colleagues as before, but Ernst Klaar was suspended from his job in the bank for which he had worked for 30 years and was later dismissed with half of his pension withheld.[377]

After a period of depression and inactivity following the "total collapse of his world", George Clare's father joined his wife in exploring every possibility of leaving Austria as

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[375] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 181.

[376] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 211.

[377] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 227ff.

soon as possible.[378] They did not have many options, but through his former client Walther Schwarz of the Associated Austrian Ribbon Factories, Ernst Klaar was put in touch with the Jewish industrialist Emil Hirsch, who, according to George Clare's account, bribed various Nazi officials to obtain permission to export the equipment he would need to set up a ribbon weaving factory in Ireland and start again.[379] As Emil Hirsch needed starting capital abroad a deal was struck whereby Ernst Klaar's friend Richard Mautner would provide the money on condition that the Klaars could also emigrate to Ireland. Ernst Klaar would be granted an Irish work and entry permit as a ribbon weaver and his family would be admitted as his dependents. The person helping to facilitate this arrangement on the Irish side was Maurice Witztum, who assured them that the formalities would take only a few weeks, so that in the meantime the Klaars could obtain the necessary documents and pay the required exit taxes in Austria.

But negotiating the bureaucratic hurdles on the way to freedom was not a simple exercise either in Austria or in Ireland. According to George Clare, in Austria Jews trying to get permission to leave were delayed, harassed and exploited wherever possible.[380] The Irish authorities were also taking their time issuing the necessary permits. George Clare describes the emotional impact of these delays on not just him and his parents, but everyone in their position:

> But if Eichmann was in a hurry, the Irish most certainly were not. The few weeks became many. All sorts of complications arose and were dealt with with the speed of a snail perambulating from the banks of the Liffey to the top of O'Connell Street and beyond. But they were no great exception. No country wanted Eichmann's Jews.

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[378] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 225.

[379] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 240–241. For a detailed outline of the bureaucratic hurdles and Emil Hirsch's case see the section Ribbons and zip fasteners in Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, pp. 41–48.

[380] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 242–243.

> We were all like screaming helpless travellers on a nightmarish big dipper racing upwards towards peaks of hope only to plunge even more rapidly into ravines of despair.[381]

Eventually the letter came saying the visas had been granted, so the Klaars prepared to leave. They had to travel to the Irish legation in Berlin to have their entry permits stamped into their passports there. Then they would travel on to Dublin where Emil Hirsch, his family and the team would join them towards the end of the year. They spent the short time they had left packing what they needed for the trip as well as the rest of their property and then arranged for the latter to be collected and shipped after their departure. They gave their bed to their maid Helene as a wedding gift and asked her to make sure everything else was sent on.[382]

When in my interview I asked George Clare about how he felt as an Austrian when the situation got worse and worse for Jewish people he explained: "I wasn't an Austrian anymore, not in my inner thing, that was finished."[383] He gave the same answer "It was finished" when I asked him what he was instead, but presumably this question did not matter much at the time as it was too early to replace something that he had just lost. The overriding sentiment he conveyed was that his relationship with Austria was over. He was definite in his reflexive denial of any residual feeling or connection regarding his former home. The phrase "in my inner thing" is interesting here. This internal breaking away from his Austrian identity can be seen as what Tillich calls "spiritual emigration", which is a call to "break with ruling authorities and prevailing social and political patterns, and to resist them passively or actively."[384] Like Paul Tillich and John Hennig, George Clare became an emigrant some time before he left Austria. But in George Clare's case it was a direct result of the anti-Semitic acts of the Austrian

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[381] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 243.

[382] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 244–245.

[383] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[384] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

government and populace. In answer to my question whether emotionally he had broken with Austria when he left he says: “I’d broken long before I left. The moment it became nazified and Jew-hating, that was it.”

When I asked him about how his relationship with Austria had changed in light of what was going on he interrupted to say that “it was dead!” And he interrupted another different question with “I had no feeling there…Yes…It was finished.”

According to him he was not particularly upset when he left: “No, I wanted to get out, get away from there, that was the only thing that motivated us.” Even though he admitted that the life he had left behind was “a very good life” he claimed that he was not upset that it was gone: “No, it had gone, there was no question about it.” In answer to the question whether he brought anything that was of particular sentimental value with him when he went to Ireland he said: “My mother. Yes.”

He seemed to be making the point that the only precious thing left of his home was his family. When I asked whether he brought any particular thing with him, he circled back to the idea that he was done with Austria: “I mean the chapter was finished. They threw me out or threatened me and that was it.”

In his interview with me, George Clare was much more definite and vehement in his rejection of anything Austrian than in his much earlier autobiography. He also did not mention the long and ambivalent period leading up to his emigration. In his book his attitudes and feelings during this time are much more complex and nuanced and still tinged by the longing for acceptance. Looking back after years of living with the results of persecution must have hardened his anti-Austrian view.

For Ernst von Glasersfeld the decision to emigrate seems to have been more a question of moral and political principle than immediate physical danger, even though one of his grandfathers was Jewish. When the chaotic and politically unpleasant situation at the university in Vienna made it impossible for him to pursue his studies properly, he went to Australia for a year to work as a ski instructor. He was also worried about his passport and the question of his nationality. As his father was a citizen of

Czechoslovakia, Ernst von Glasersfeld was supposed to do military service there when he turned 18. As he did not want to do that he went to Australia before his passport expired, taking the risk that he might have to stay there. He even contemplated becoming an Australian citizen in case he could not get the expiry date on his Czech passport extended. But the Czech consul in Sydney was a ski enthusiast and validated Ernst von Glasersfeld's passport for another three years, so that he could pursue his skiing career rather than do military service. He makes it clear how much it meant to him to have a valid passport when he comments on the consul's decision: "Und so hat der mir das Leben gerettet."

Ernst von Glasersfeld briefly returned home for family reasons in March 1938, one week after Hitler marched into Austria, but he was not planning to stay in Europe. The way he phrases the reason for this decision in his conversation with Karl and Albert Müller is revealing: "Eigentlich hatte ich mich schon vorher entschlossen, nicht in Europa zu bleiben, weil das alles zu ungemütlich war." Even allowing for the mellowing influence of the passing of time on one's memories and feelings, it would be unusual for somebody who has literally feared for his life to call the situation in Europe "uncomfortable" in retrospect. This is not to say that the perceived threat to his way of life or his moral integrity was a trivial one. To someone who grew up without strong feelings of national belonging or religious fervour the Nazi ideology must have been deeply offensive:

> BS: What effect did the growing anti-Semitism and violence have on how you felt as an Austrian (then and/or later)?
>
> EvG: My parents had been interested in Coudenhove-Kalergi's Paneuropa movement and detested every form of nationalism and found everything Hitler did repulsive, not only his antisemitism. Grandfather v.G. converted to catholicism in the middle of the 19th century. My father became protestant to marry my mother. I was brought up without religion.[385]

Again Ernst von Glasersfeld points out that his family was not bound by national or religious ties, but was able to be unconventional and change when necessary. Thus his upbringing and the resulting flexibility in terms of how he positioned himself in the

[385] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

world meant that he felt he had choices in the face of the worsening political situation in Europe.

In Sydney Ernst von Glasersfeld also met the Englishwoman Isabel who was later to become his wife. She joined him in Europe and together they went to Paris where Isabel had lived as a girl with her mother. Ernst von Glasersfeld was planning to continue his studies at the Sorbonne but could not obtain a visa and so they had to find somewhere else to go.[386]

Eventually they met a friend of his father's who invited them for dinner. Their host wanted to know what they were doing in Paris and they told him that they were thinking of emigrating to Mexico. He advised against this as he thought it was too far away and suggested Ireland (he was Irish himself). Ernst von Glasersfeld and Isabel were immediately convinced that Ireland was the right choice for them:

> Das hat uns sofort überzeugt. Es gab auch andere Gründe: Die Mutter meiner Frau war eine Freundin von Sylvia Beach, die den Ulysses verlegt hatte und Ulysses war für uns eine Art Bibel, und die Idee, nach Dublin zu fahren, wo der Ulysses spielt, das hat uns sofort überzeugt.[387]

There is no indication that it was difficult for them to get visas for Ireland or that they were desperate to go. Ernst von Glasersfeld's account is free from fear or despair, but it shows that he was excited to visit the place where *Ulysses* is set. He and Isabel did not really have any idea what Ireland was actually like, however:

> BS: What thoughts/feelings did you have when you thought about your new home in Ireland? What did you expect the place "wo der Ulysses spielt" to be like?

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[386] See Heinz von Foerster and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Wie wir uns erfinden. Eine Autobiographie des radikalen Konstruktivismus*, Heidelberg: Carl-Auer Verlag 1999, pp. 151–152.

[387] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 40].

> EvG: We had, of course, also read Dubliners and Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. But that didn't give us a precise idea how Ireland would be different from Cornwall (which Isabel remembered) and Devonshire (where I had spent a few months).[388]

They did not know what they were going to, but neither did they worry about what they were leaving behind. There is no regret or pain in Ernst von Glasersfeld's account. As there was no strong national attachment and he was used to adapting to a new context and a new language, he appears to have been unburdened by the past. This is reflected in what he and his wife brought with them when they left for Ireland:

> BS: Apart from money and clothes, what did you decide to bring with you when you left for Ireland? Were there any things of particular sentimental value?
>
> EvG: Nothing I can remember. We left Paris, where we had been for some months and some books we had bought and Isabel's paint box were in the car.[389]

Unlike the other exiles, Ernst von Glasersfeld did not suffer physical violence or the threat thereof, but he was aware that war was imminent and would put himself and his family in danger. This was quite apart from the fact that his father was the son of a converted Jew, which might have supplied the excuse for persecution. In any case, his way of life was under threat. For the other exiles the situation was more immediately dangerous and therefore more frightening, which means that their accounts of the journeys to Ireland involve more emotional stress and sadness.

2. The journey

For most of the exiles the journey to Ireland was a more or less unpleasant trip. While for some it was a straightforward if lengthy journey for others it involved stops and starts and time spent waiting in anxiety.

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[388] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[389] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

In her article 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956' Monica Schefold does not write much about the actual journey of her family to Ireland.[390] What she does say about what happened is largely the same as what she writes in my questionnaire, but in the latter she adds some comments on how her mother felt leaving her old life behind:

> BS: Did your parents tell you anything about their experiences on their respective journeys to Ireland?
>
> MS: My father came to Dublin alone at first (visa). My mother travelled alone with us two small children, who only spoke German. Passing through England she was confronted by a strong anti-German antipathy – all thinking she was maybe a spy – it was on the brink of war outbreak). Of course she was full of fear, but grateful to have left Germany – but no money and a completely open future alone – without parents etc.[391]

After leaving Germany Monica Schefold's mother was faced with a "completely open future" because she had to leave behind almost everything that made up the life she had known in the past. She lost not just her home, both in the sense of a physical place and an emotional sanctuary, but also her economic security and the daily contact with her parents. She has been forced into the position on the boundary that Paul Tillich outlines in his writing, a position between the known well-defined past of the fixed relationships in her home country and the unknown possibilities of a new place free from such limiting relationships.

It is highly unlikely that Claire Hennig thought of her predicament in those terms, certainly not then and possibly not later either. Her gratitude to have escaped from imminent danger and her fear of an unknown future seem like perfectly normal responses in a situation still dominated by practical matters, i.e. managing the physical journey. In fact when asked about her parents' feelings about leaving Germany behind, Monica Schefold makes the point that different emotions dominated at different times:

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[390] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 251].

[391] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

> BS: What feelings did they have when they actually had to leave Germany behind, i.e. when boarding the ferry?
>
> MS: For my father relief to have gotten the visa in the very last moment before his year would be recruited for the army – my mother very sad without her parents. The nostalgy [sic] for Germany came later – the relief at getting away safely overcame other feelings of loss.[392]

Her observations about what feelings dominated when they were physically leaving Germany behind, as opposed to the ones that developed later in response to what this physical journey meant for their emotional attachments to Germany and their sense of identity, make a lot of sense. When their minds were fully occupied with the more immediate feelings and practical concerns associated with flight, there was no room for deeper reflection on its more intangible and long-ranging effects. Also the wider implications of what leaving meant probably needed time to become obvious before they could be identified and meditated on.

According to Monica Schefold her parents certainly tried to make a clean break with their past:

> BS: As far as you know, when they left, was there an emotional break with Germany and their old life there or a more gradual change in how they felt? How did this manifest itself?
>
> MS: They made a very clear break with Germany and only spoke English to us children and did not force any German traditions onto us. But of course our home was just different – nonetheless. They were very happy to get to know Irish life and people but of course some other Emigrants [sic] were so important, as they "understood" their situation and torn emotions better and common background.[393]

The "clear break" Monica Schefold mentions here might indeed have been what her parents intended after their experiences in Germany, especially where their children were concerned. But she is well aware that her parents could not simply exchange one identity for another as she follows both statements about her parents turning to Ireland in favour of Germany by "but of course" when she points out the impossibility of a complete transformation of their sense of identity. Because of the life her parents had

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[392] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[393] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

led in Germany and the people they had been there they could only try to adapt who they were to their new life in Ireland. Their home that was "just different" and "torn emotions" as well as the ease felt with people of "common background" indicates that for her parents the "break" was neither clear nor complete.

In his autobiography *Die bleibende Statt* John Hennig does not write a lot about the journey to Ireland either, and what he does write only hints at the emotional impact of what was happening. He says that it was fortunate that they were too distracted by practical matters to focus too much on the reality of leaving: "Es war gut, dass wir auf dem Schiff damit beschäftigt wurden, das Anlegen von Schwimmwesten zu üben, so dass keine Zeit blieb, die Küste verschwinden zu sehen."[394] The coast here stands in for not just the country and its physical features, such as cities and landscape, but also for everything intangible associated with it. Being distracted from witnessing the slipping out of sight of his home and thus not having to open himself to the emotional impact of such a loss was fortunate presumably because one normally prefers to confront such emotions in a place of emotional safety, and there was no certainty yet that he would know such a place again. How serious the whole situation was was brought home to him by the suicide of one of his fellow passengers: "Bei der Landung in Folkestone nahm sich ein jüdischer Mann das Leben, als ihm verboten wurde, das Schiff zu verlassen."[395] The brutal reality of the man's desperate act, while not commented on in any way, serves as a reminder of what is at stake and is followed by a description of John Hennig's own more positive prospects:

> Ich wurde in das Bureau des Einwanderungsbeamten geführt. Mit mir war eine Familie. Der Mann wurde zuerst aufgerufen. "Schrodinger [sic]". "Erlauben Sie eine dumme Frage", sagte ich, als er zurückkam, "sind Sie etwa der grosse Schroedinger?". "Ob ich gross bin", war die Antwort, "weiss ich nicht. Aber ich bin Physiker und reise wie Sie weiter nach Dublin". Kein schlechtes Omen, dachte ich, in solcher Gesellschaft auszuwandern.[396]

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[394] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 122.

[395] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 122–123.

[396] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 123.

The meeting of such a prominent academic figure, apart from providing further distraction, was interpreted as a good omen by John Hennig. He did not just try to avoid painful retrospection but tried to find positive signs for the future he now faced. Naturally, he also turned to religion to achieve this: "In London liess man uns in jenen ersten Kriegstagen mit rührender Unbesorgtheit herumspazieren. Ich fuhr zur Westminster Kathedrale und betete am Altar des hl. Patrick, unter dessen Schutz ich mich nun stellte."[397] John Hennig relied on the one constant force in his life to provide continuity. His placing himself under the protection of St. Patrick is an act of looking forward in hope in a time of change and loss.

Peter Schwarz describes his experiences on the journey to Ireland as follows: "It was horrendous. My mother was very upset. The journey was via Hoek, Harwich, Liverpool, and 'Kingstown' and was very unpleasant."[398] Interestingly, he recalls that his mother was very upset, but he does not comment on his own feelings at the time. Instead he lists all the stops on the journey to illustrate how long and arduous it was to get to Ireland, so that his initial assessment that it was horrendous seems more like a general comment on what follows rather than indicating his feelings about leaving. This is clearer in Gisela Holfter's questionnaire where he says about the trip: "I do remember how traumatic this was. My mother was obviously very upset and even I (as a small child) picked this up."[399] So while the physical journey was unpleasant it was more his mother's distress at leaving her home that caused him emotional upset, rather than feeling upset about leaving himself. Naturally, he felt worried when they set off to leave Germany behind, but says that very soon he stopped feeling German:

> BS: When you left, was there an emotional break with Germany and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?

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[397] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 123.

[398] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[399] Peter Schwarz, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 16 March 2004.

> PS: I pretty soon stopped feeling German. The Irish temperament suited me better than that of North Germany. I think that I was more of an Austrian than a Prussian.[400]

Hans Reiss left Mannheim by train.[401] His parents accompanied him to Mainz, but then had to say goodbye. As soon as the other passengers in his compartment had also left he went to the dining car where he spent the rest of the journey, as his father had advised, to avoid potential harassment by the authorities. When his train got to the border station in Emmerich Hans Reiss had to endure three checks of decreasing friendliness, first from customs officers, then from passport control and last from SS men whom he found frightening, but all of them departed and left him in peace after performing the necessary checks. When the train failed to continue on its journey Hans Reiss became very uneasy and spent miserable minutes wondering what was happening and what was going to happen to him. Even when the train finally started moving again he assumed the worst:

> Plötzlich fuhr der Zug doch weiter. Da die Devisenkontrolle immer noch nicht gekommen war, nahm ich an, wir würden an einen kleinen Ort gefahren, auf dessen Bahnhof ich dann herausgeholt, verhaftet, ins KZ verschleppt oder sofort getötet würde. Diese Ängste mögen übertrieben erscheinen, doch nur wer in einem totalitären Staat gelebt hat, kann das Ausmaß der Angst erfassen, die man als Verfolgter empfindet.[402]

Hans Reiss points out that the level of fear that interprets everything as a sign of impending doom is typical of someone who has experienced terror and persecution. How much he must have been on edge during his journey, and in particular the crossing of the German-Dutch border, also shows in how often he uses the word “plötzlich” in his description of it. It is as if everything new that happens is a jolt to his nerves and puts him further on edge.

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[400] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[401] For an account of his journey see Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 95ff.

[402] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 97.

When the Dutch ticket inspector entered the dining car Hans Reiss was still anxious and suspicious, half expecting to be tricked or arrested. When he realised he was really in Holland he was very relieved:

> Plötzlich sah die Welt ganz anders aus. Ich schöpfte wieder Hoffnung. Wie erleichtert würden meine Eltern sein, wenn sie mich in Holland wüßten; denn dort konnten mich die Schergen Hitlers nicht mehr erreichen. Nun nahm ich mir erst recht vor, immer alles zu tun, um ihnen, die weiter unter dem grausigen Regime leben mußten, Freude zu bereiten.[403]

He stayed with his aunt and uncle in Amsterdam for a while, but soon continued on to England as war was more and more likely. After a brief visit to another aunt and uncle in Rotterdam he travelled to Hoek van Holland where he boarded the ferry to England. In London he was met at Liverpool Street station by his friend Paul Klopfer, whose reduced circumstances let Hans Reiss experience the misery of his new existence:

> Im Vergleich zu ihrer herrlichen Berliner Wohnung, die in einer Seitenstraße des Kurfürstendamms gelegen war, wohnten Klopfers recht armselig in einer Souterrainewohnung in Earl's Court. Nun verspürte ich das Elend des Emigrantendaseins am eigenen Leibe.[404]

He was not very fond of English food either: "Das englische Essen schmeckte mir jedoch nicht besonders, der Kaffee kam mir sogar ungenießbar vor. Aber in den nächsten Jahren gewöhnte ich mich an all dies und schraubte ein- für allemal meine Ansprüche herunter."[405] Right from the outset life in exile was equated with deprivation and a lower standard of living that taught him to lower his expectations and to be happy with less.

Still fearing the outbreak of war, Hans Reiss left for Ireland on Monday 28th August 1938 from Euston Station. The journey from Holyhead to Dun Laoghaire was relatively uneventful and he finally found himself on a train in Dun Laoghaire, wondering

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[403] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 99.

[404] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 100.

[405] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 101.

whether Edith Booth, the president of the committee that organised his visa, would be waiting for him in Dublin:

> Ich wartete auf die Abfahrt des Zuges und bangte, ob das Telegramm Mrs. Booth erreicht hatte und sie mich in Dublin am Bahnhof Westland Row abholen würde, als plötzlich die Tür aufging und eine Dame mittleren Alters, von einem jungen Mann begleitet, hereinschaute und mich freundlich fragte, ob ich Hans Reiss sei. Das war Mrs. Booth. Sie war gekommen, um mich mit ihrem jüngsten Sohn Basil, der damals ein Student von Anfang zwanzig war, abzuholen. Was für eine Erleichterung! Ich war nicht mehr alleine in Irland.[406]

Hans Reiss's arrival in Ireland turned his anxiety from fearing that his former home would catch up with him to wondering what would happen to him in his new surroundings. Through the friendliness of people like Edith Booth he began to realise that he had really escaped and was in a free country where people were willing to help him. He also comments on his fear and anxiety in my questionnaire:

> BS: In your writings about the journey from Mannheim to Dun Laoghaire it seems that your overriding feelings at this time were relief to get out of Germany, fear of getting caught and a deep sadness and anxiety because you had to leave your parents behind. Do you remember anything else going through your mind?
>
> HR: No. I do not remember anything, except the fear of being caught by war before I left Germany, then Holland, then England, and also wondering what the future would have in store for me.[407]

Even in this short answer he manages to evoke the long journey and the constant fear of being caught by listing the countries he travelled through on his flight. The simple repetition of "then" suggests that at every inevitable stop on the journey he was looking over his shoulder in fear of having the hoped-for escape come to nothing. While he vividly remembers being afraid and anxious for the future, he does not remember how he felt about Germany when he left:

> BS: When you left, was there an emotional break with Germany and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?
>
> HR: I cannot specify that. Naturally, I did not want to live in Nazi Germany any more and could not see at that time how the attitudes of the German people cease to be pro-Nazi, as, the overwhelming majority at the time had supported Hitler and his gang. There were of course

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[406] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 102.

[407] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

> people who detested Hitler and his henchmen, but they were relatively few, I regret to say. His foreign policy successes, the relentless propaganda and the improvement of the economy after the depression had made their mark.[408]

Marianne Neuman and her fiancé Rudi went to England first where they got married. Dr Neuman described her journey in terms of the contrast between former comfort at home in Germany and the limitations she would have to put up with after they had left, such as a third-class train ticket to "Belgium or somewhere" and then London.[409] The rest of her recollections centre around her wedding and honeymoon. At their wedding in London in 1936 there were nine or ten people, including her parents, her brother and a Dr and Mrs Hirsch. The dinner cost "three and six pence" per person and Dr Neuman remembered not being able to finish her meal: "Ich konnte meine Speise nicht aufessen, weil wir keine Zeit mehr hatten, das ärgert mich heute noch nach 70 Jahren." They stayed in the Grosvenor Hotel, "aber nicht das feine."

The next morning they saw a military parade and then left for their honeymoon in Locarno, Switzerland. She recounted how she lost her wedding ring on the beach, but then found it again. And she showed it to me with the words: "den habe ich heute noch an."

Apart from the comments on how everything was of a lower standard than she was used to, Dr Neuman did not say anything about the physical journey to Ireland or about feeling sad or afraid. This is likely because her wedding to Rudi, whom she seems to have loved very much, had a much more important place in her memory than the journey itself.

In terms of the physical journey Herbert Karrach left Austria by train to Hamburg and there took the boat to Cobh. He remembers little of the train journey itself, but the journey on the boat made more of an impression:

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[408] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[409] For quotes from Marianne Neuman see Appendix C.

> Of the train journey through Germany to Hamburg I remember little. We embarked there on an US liner going to New York via Le Havre and Cobh, the harbour of Cork, where we disembarked. It was a grand ship. The menu in the dining room was lengthy and incomprehensible. We ordered what we thought was soup, a main course and a sweet, and found we had not gone beyond the hors d'oeuvres. We never fathomed all the secrets because we soon entered the Bay of Biscay and eating became impossible.[410]

In terms of the emotional journey his answer echoes that of other exiles' experiences:

> BS: What feelings did you have when you actually had to leave Austria behind, i.e. when you boarded the train?
>
> HK: Sadness to leave behind family and friends. Relief and excitement to be leaving Vienna – the Reich.[411]

The mixture of sadness and relief seems to be quite common in the description of what people felt at the point of departure and during the journey. The fact that Karrach follows "Vienna" with "Reich" indicates what was the cause for his having to leave his home behind. His home of Vienna was no longer the place he had known, as now it was part of Hitler's Nazi state. Emotionally, Karrach tried to concentrate on the future, but the loved ones he has left behind remain an important connection with his former home:

> BS: When you left, was there an emotional break with Austria and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?
>
> HK: Mother and through [her] I too kept in nearly daily touch by letter with my grandparents. Apart from this – a new life, a new language, a new country, exciting.[412]

George Clare's journey out of Austria to his new home was more protracted and difficult than that of most of the others. The story of how he and his family travelled between Berlin and Vienna – and in George's case also on to Lithuania and back – and had to battle the bureaucracies in both countries as well as the Irish embassy is a

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[410] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 46].

[411] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[412] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

fascinating read but I will focus here more on the emotional impact this journey had on George and his parents.

After the frantic preparations they finally started their journey into exile:

> We left on the Berlin night express in the exciting luxury of a wagon-lit sleeper. […]
>
> We arrived at the Anhalter Bahnhof, Berlin's biggest railway station, around noon the following day. We were booked into the Hotel Excelsior, right across the road from the station, where my parents had stayed on their visit to Berlin in 1929.[413]

George Clare was impressed with the luxury of the Excelsior and the lifestyle in Berlin in general, but it was the difference he perceived in the way that Austrians and the Germans in Berlin treated Jewish people that seems to have made the biggest impression on him. In my interview I asked him about his relationship with Germany as I was quite surprised at how much more positive it seemed in his book compared to that with Austria:

> Yes, because, ah, when my parents…My mother was partly brought up in Germany, and before the Nazis my parents made the journey through Germany, Berlin etc., and they came back enchanted: How much more 'big town' it was compared to Vienna, how unprovincial, and… [pause] But I mean I had no feeling of loss for Austria, they didn't want me, they wanted to throw me out and they had done so and I was lucky enough to get out.[414]

Not only was he probably positively predisposed to Germany because of his parents' stories and a long-held sense of a shared history between the two countries, but his experiences in Berlin did not have a negative impact on his view of Germany. After more prompting he talked at length about his relationship with Germany and his impressions in Berlin:

> Well, as an Austrian of course the Germans were our allies in the last war, in the world war, and that played a part in one's feelings. Ah, I wasn't anti-German [small pause] by nature… when Hitler took over and all that happened, and happened more, anti-Semitism happened more

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[413] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 245.

[414] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

> rapidly in Austria, and more thoroughly than it had done in Germany. But I was in Berlin during the so-called Kristallnacht [pause] and ah [pause] thank God nothing happened to us.[415]

While the pauses surrounding his mentioning the *Reichskristallnacht* likely indicate a measure of unease at the memory, George Clare firmly believed that the Austrians were much more thorough and enthusiastic in their anti-Semitic efforts and what he experienced in Berlin seemed to bear that out. The details he related in his answer to me about how Berlin was different from Vienna closely match the descriptions in *Last Waltz in Vienna*, so they were definitely deeply embedded in his memory and his personal narrative. He felt a lot more free in Berlin and was amazed at how little he was harassed there:

> But when I got to Berlin there were still Jewish shops, they hadn't been plundered yet or broken up. A remote cousin of mine, a little older than I, said "What would you like to do?" I said "Whatever you say." He said "Would you like to go for a drive in my car?" And I looked at him: a Jew had a car? It was impossible in Austria. It was all more rapid.
>
> And I never forget we went for dinner somewhere in a hotel where we actually stayed. And the dining-room was full of people, many wearing swastika badges, but not one would make a rude remark about "oh they're Jews" or something like that. In Vienna yes, they would have thrown you out, they wouldn't have let you in.[416]

And even after the war he did seem positively inclined towards Germany and went to work and live there: "after the war I was very fascinated by Germany, interested, I was delighted to have a pretty important position in post-War Germany."[417]

It is understandable that George Clare would feel bitter and resentful towards Austria, the country that persecuted his family and rejected them to the point of denying their right to exist. But it surprised me at the time that he did not seem to hold the same grudge towards the country that was ultimately responsible for his own fate and his parents' deaths, and who would not have treated them any better in the end. The relative

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[415] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[416] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[417] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

freedom and kindness – or at least polite indifference – he experienced in Berlin must have made the widespread harassment and almost gleeful humiliation of Jewish Austrians in Vienna all the more painful to him. Especially as any anti-Semitic behaviour from Germans probably would have felt less personal because, despite the cultural and historical links between the two countries, Germany was not his home. It was not the place that shaped who he was, the place that made him feel he belonged and then tore that away from him. His own people who should have protected him treated him worse than the Germans. All of this meant that they hurt him more.

When the Klaars went to the Irish legation to collect their visas they were told that there were no documents pertaining to them. In fact, Frau Kamberg, the employee responsible, had never heard of them. They were advised to get Witztum to cut through the red tape in Dublin and to come back in a week. George Clare comments on the crushing disappointment they felt at the news: "So, once again, we had been taken for a ride on the big dipper. Up, up and up to what to us had appeared not merely a summit of hope but a certainty, only to be plunged down again with unexpected suddenness."[418]

When there was still no progress and no word after the week the Klaars moved to cheaper accommodation and waited. They passed the time with occasional visits to the cinema and other diversions and made plans for the future but they were uneasy: "Though time passed pleasantly enough, our feeling that it was really borrowed time grew with every passing day."[419] They eventually found out what was causing the delay when Frau Kamberg broke protocol and told George Clare's mother:

> A letter from Dublin had arrived at the legation that morning explaining that the Irish authorities thought it too risky to allow a Jewish family to enter their country before they had confirmation that Hirsch's machines, which were what mattered to them, were on their way.[420]

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[418] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 248.

[419] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 249.

[420] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 250.

This meant another six weeks or more in Berlin. George Clare's father was getting very anxious about the possibility of war breaking out and his son being drafted. So they arranged for George Clare to emigrate to Latvia, the only country that was still freely admitting Jewish refugees. As he was to join his girlfriend Lisl, who had already emigrated to Latvia, George was delighted with this plan. He left for Latvia on the train, but when the train stopped at the Latvian border station, he and another Austrian passenger were called off the train because they still had Austrian passports rather than new German ones. The idea of returning to Germany was frightening:

> When he mentioned a possible return to Germany my stomach began to turn over, Mandl's reaction was much more visible than mine. He began to shiver and tremble and was in such a state that I had to help him with his luggage and even support him as he climbed down from the coach to the platform.[421]

After spending the night at the station waiting for word from Riga about their fate, George Clare and Mandl were put on a train back to the capital of Lithuania. There they received help from an international aid organisation who provided them with a meal and tickets to Königsberg, so that they could leave Lithuania before their transit visas expired and they were arrested and handed over to the Gestapo. They were advised to have someone wire them the money required for the rest of the journey. George Clare was so affected by the prospect of returning to Germany that he could not eat very much of the meal they were given even though it included one of his favourite dishes.

Back on the train both of them were very worried, but while George Clare kept his feelings hidden as much as possible, Mandl looked "deathly pale". Clare describes their different reactions:

> His hands were white at the knuckles, tightly clasped in a vain attempt to stop their trembling.
>
> Outwardly, I think, I looked calm enough, but the nearer we came to the German frontier the louder my heart beat; the blood did not pulse but sledgehammered through my brain.[422]

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[421] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 254.

[422] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 257.

At the border they were admitted back into Germany without trouble and were immensely relieved. They found a boarding house to spend the night and received the money from George Clare's parents the next morning. He sums up the emotional impact of this episode: "The nightmare of my flight from the Wehrmacht was over. The nightmare of life in Hitler's Germany could continue."[423]

After George's return to Berlin the Klaars had to travel to Vienna to get new passports issued as it was now compulsory to have a German passport with the red 'J' stamped in it. They had no problem getting new passports, but during their stay in Vienna George's uncle Alfred tried to commit suicide and they discovered that their former maid had kept some of their furniture and possessions. She blackmailed them into leaving Vienna immediately with the threat that she would go to the police and claim that George had forced himself on her. They took the night train back to Berlin, and again Berlin compared favourably with Vienna: "Returning to Berlin and the Pension Lurie felt more like a homecoming than the visit to Vienna had done."[424]

On their arrival there was a letter waiting for George's father offering him a job in the Paris branch of his old bank. His visa would be issued at the French embassy and his work permit in Paris when he arrived. Visas for his wife and son would follow. Their Irish visas could be issued in Paris as well as in Berlin. After the initial excitement they debated the merits of exile in France versus in Ireland, which could be summed up in George's assessment: "Ireland was the safer, but also very much duller."[425]

His father left for Paris and George and his mother waited for their French visas, but like the Irish ones, they were not forthcoming.

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[423] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 258.

[424] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 264.

[425] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 266.

They were still in Berlin on 9th November 1938, but managed to sleep through the violence visited on the Jewish communities in Germany and Austria that night. Again by way of negative comparison, all his uncles in Vienna were "arrested and maltreated" and even his younger cousin was imprisoned for a time.[426] The next morning his mother received a call from Frau Kamberg at the Irish legation informing her that the visas had been granted, so that they could finally leave Germany: "Berlin's Tempelhof airport, then the most modern in the world, was our gateway to freedom on the morning of 11 November 1938."[427] Before they could leave, however, they were both searched thoroughly, although the officer searching his mother – most likely deliberately – missed all the jewellery pinned to her cardigan. In London George Clare experienced profound relief at having escaped:

> How do I put into words that surging joyful relief I felt at being finally out of Germany after so many false starts? I knew but was unable to assimilate in my mind that the people sipping their tea around me could not care less whether my nose was hooked or snubbed, whether it slanted this way or that, or whether the colour of my eyes was red, yellow or green or all three together. I knew but could not comprehend that these English people were totally indifferent to what I thought or said. I knew that Mother and I were safe at last, that nobody would persecute us here, and yet I kept staring surreptitiously at the door, wondering when it would open and a couple of jackbooted brown- or black-uniformed men would come through it. I was intoxicated by English tea, on a high induced by tiny cucumber sandwiches, and yet I was still afraid that on sobering up I would look into the grinning face of a man with an SS badge on his jacket.[428]

At this point his relief was still tempered by fear as is indicated by the phrase "and yet" that is used to undercut the positive feelings expressed in this passage.

His father, who had meanwhile also received his Irish visa from the legation in Paris, arrived in London towards the end of November, and the day after his arrival they boarded the Irish boat train at Euston station.

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[426] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 269.

[427] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 271.

[428] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 274.

For most of the exiles the journey to Ireland was quite a traumatic experience. Ernst von Glasersfeld, on the other hand, seems to have had an easier time: "All I remember is that we were impatient to get there", suggesting eager excitement rather than desperate fear and sadness.[429]

3. First impressions of Ireland, the settling-in period

In his book *Der Holocaust* Wolfgang Benz comments on the difficulties many of the refugees that managed to make it to other countries were met with in their new surroundings:

> Die aus Deutschland entkommenen Juden erwartete ein mühsamer Alltag mit beträchtlichen Eingewöhnungsproblemen, mit Sprachbarrieren, beruflichem Abstieg, wirtschaftlicher Not und Gefühlen des Entwurzeltseins – für viele lebenslang.[430]

This is also true for a lot of the participants in this project. Many report that they could only afford to live in accommodation that was of a standard well below what they were used to as they had very little money when they arrived in Ireland. Some also remark on the poverty in Ireland in general. Some, if not all, initially found it a challenge to adapt to their new reduced circumstances and the new language. Half of the exiles were still of school age and found their time in the Irish education system reasonably positive, while for the older refugees finding gainful and satisfying work was generally more difficult, at least initially. Many also found the cold and damp Irish climate difficult to get used to.

Monica Schefold does not write much about the first few months her father and then the whole family spent in Dublin. She mentions that they had no money, but that her father greatly relied on his faith to help him get through this initial difficult period:

> My father survived the first months in Dublin mainly through his faith. In his diary, which Gisela Holfter, Hermann Rasche and I tried to decipher in the 'Exile Library' in Frankfurt, we

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[429] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[430] Wolfgang Benz, *Der Holocaust*, Munich: C. H. Beck 2005, pp. 32–33.

> read that every morning he went to early mass – an hour of spiritual continuity in a fractured life. We were saved and safe in Dublin but penniless, as my parents could take practically nothing with them but their suitcases.[431]

John Hennig had his very first impressions of Dublin during his brief trip to Belvedere College:

> Natürlich regnete es in Dublin. Alles war klamm und, wie mir schien, schmutzig. Der Rektor zeigte mir die Schule. Das Glanzstück war das Labor, in dem es eine richtige Wage, einen Ständer mit verstaubten Reagenzgläschen und ein paar Kästen mit exotischen Pflänzlein gab.[432]

Hennig's description of the weather and filth in Dublin as well as his rarely used irony when he calls the not very well-appointed lab a "Glanzstück" make it clear that he was not very impressed by what he saw. After the stressful wait in Germany for the visa and the return to Dublin, which effectively meant the end of his life as he knew it up to that point, he was not given much opportunity at first to dwell on the fundamental change that had just taken place in his life. As soon as he arrived back, he had to teach a class that same day and his only instruction was that the Jesuits did not believe in working the pupils too hard. A very relaxed conversation Hennig witnessed between a priest and a boy who seemed to be telling each other jokes in the yard, and the fact that the teachers were expected to say an Ave Maria before each class, were the other things that stuck in his mind during his first hours at the school.

Hennig's pupils were mainly from a privileged background, while he himself could only afford a small room in a fourth-class hotel in the slums where despite the beginning cold there was only a fire in the evening in the hotel lobby.

Hennig was struck by the deeply engrained Catholic faith that found expression in everyday life in Ireland. He saw it in the people crossing themselves when a church was

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[431] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 251].

[432] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 117.

nearby, in the Sacred Heart pinned to the wall of a lift in the department of external affairs and in the heart-felt prayers and hymns he witnessed in a church in a Dublin slum. To him the Irish Catholicism seemed more meaningful than the intellectualism he experienced on the continent:

> Wer wissen will, was der Rosenkranz eigentlich sein sollte, muss ihn in einer Dubliner slums-Kirche mitgebetet haben. Wenn ich heute das (aussterbende) sentimentale Lied: "Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea, pray for the sinners, pray for me", höre, kommt mir die ganze Kümmerlichkeit unserer festländischen Intellektualität zu Bewusstsein.[433]

So, as Monica Schefold notes in her article, his faith was a great comfort to Hennig in the new and difficult circumstances he was living in now. But after his family joined him, the poor living conditions they had to put up with for the first few months took their toll. As they did not have enough warm clothes to get through a damp cold winter in a tiny flat, Claire and the two girls came down with whooping cough. As their eldest daughter developed lung complications, she was soon critically ill:

> Unsere Hauswirtin bot zuerst Whiskey, dann Lourdes-wasser als Heilmittel an. Als das Kind verloren schien, wandten wir uns an den grössten Kinderarzt der Stadt. Ohne einen Penny von uns zu verlangen, behandelte Dr. Collis unsere Tochter wie eine Patientin erster Klasse. Sie verdankt ihm ihr Leben.[434]

Apart from these financial troubles John and Claire also had to deal with the attitude of many Irish people towards the German regime. According to Monica Schefold they were often upset by people praising Hitler or congratulating them for things like the bombing of Coventry because the fact that Germany opposed Britain was more important than the reported horrors visited on the Jewish part of the German population.[435]

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[433] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 124.

[434] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 129.

[435] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 252].

Peter Schwarz does not remember what his first impressions were of Ireland or much about the time before he entered boarding school, but he obviously realised how his life had changed. He recalls the most noticeable changes as follows:

> We depended on charity and our wits. Initially (I think) we lived in the rather fine house in Stillorgan (The Grange), owned by the Lewis-Crosby's (he was Dean of Christ Church Cathedral) and they were very good to us. We also lived in a communal refuge with other refugees (eg the Karrach's) but I don't remember much about this.[436]

Many of the other refugees Peter Schwarz met became firm friends and so he could share his thoughts and worries with them as well as with his mother. He does not seem to have had much trouble settling into his new life, however. He initially attends "Baymount, a now defunct up-market prep school run by a retired Indian civil servant with a passion for teaching Latin to little boys and cross-cutting huge trees with their help."[437] He seems to have enjoyed his time there and in his other educational institutions as he states that he was "well looked after"[438]. It was in Baymount that he developed an interest in science due to his friendship with the youngest son of the botanist Professor H.H. Dixon. In his estimation, despite the fact that he found English spelling "a nightmare", he integrated fairly quickly into his boarding school and, unlike his mother, did not take long to settle in Ireland either.[439]

He does not remember any particularly unpleasant behaviour from anybody. According to him, "Folk were very friendly" and did not make any particular issue about him being German or Protestant:

> I don't remember any problems. My mother told me that she was frequently embarrassed by comments such as "Oh, you're German. I love Hitler". This was anti-English feeling which manifested itself as pro-German. Your research unit must have come across this. I was called

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[436] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[437] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[438] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[439] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

> 'Black' at school which may have avoided problems. Being at a boarding school, I lost my German accent fairly quickly though I can't document this precisely.[440]

Overall, Peter Schwarz's recollections do not portray the initial settling in period in Ireland as a difficult time in his life, but this might simply be due to the fact that he has forgotten the more troubling aspects: he assumes that he must have been unhappy initially, but never states this as something actually remembered.

Before Hans Reiss started school in Wesley College on 6th September 1939, he spent a week in Vallombrosa where he had to sleep in the entrance hall due to the overcrowded conditions. He comments on the damp and cold there:

> Although it was late August, I did not feel warm in the house; for it was very damp. That was my first experience of the heating of Irish houses, so much less agreeable than it had been in our pleasant, centrally heated flat, or even in my great-uncle's flat, which relied on large coal-heated stoves and had, like our flat, double-glazed windows.[441]

Hans Reiss was very anxious because he had been told he had to register with the police straightaway. As it was raining nobody was willing to accompany him to the garda station, however, and so he had to wait. Despite his successful escape from the Nazi regime he was still full of fear and even worried that he might be sent back to Germany: "Nach ein paar Tagen hörte der Regen auf, und ich zog voller Angst nach Bray, denn ich befürchtete Bestrafung, womöglich sogar eine Ausweisung nach Deutschland."[442] But the Gardaí he encountered in Bray were very friendly and told him that he should wait and register in Dublin and that there was no rush. The manner of the Gardaí and the way they applied regulations was so different from what he knew from Germany that it took him a while to trust they were sincere:

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[440] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[441] Hans Reiss, 'My Coming to Ireland', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 35–41 [here: 36].

[442] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 103.

> Ich dachte zunächst, sie wollten mir eine Falle stellen, denn kein deutscher Beamter hätte sich damals so verhalten. Aber die Freundlichkeit der Polizisten war so echt und natürlich, daß ich einsah, sie meinten es gut mit mir und wandten bürokratische Vorschriften mit Menschlichkeit an. Das tat mir gut.[443]

It was not only the friendliness of the Gardaí, and the more relaxed attitude towards rules and regulations in general, that was new for Hans Reiss. In reply to one of my questions he describes all the changes that happened at that critical time in his life:

> BS: In "Recollections of my Year at Wesley College, Dublin" you write:
>
> "And that friendliness was an experience which I treasured, especially during the years I lived in Ireland. How different it was from life in Nazi Germany!" In what other ways did your life change when you came to Ireland? What, in your mind, were the most significant changes?
>
> HR: You ask questions which cannot be specified. All the people whom I met in Ireland were friendly towards me, with varying degrees of friendliness. My life changed profoundly. You must realise that I was seventeen and at that age everyone develops. I was on my own for the first time in my life. That made an enormous difference- Of course, there were many new experiences, boarding in school was very new to me, for instance. Working for examinations was also new. School-work in Germany had not been geared with the purpose of passing exams. The Abitur was still some years away when I had to leave school.[444]

It is true, of course, that change is a natural part of everyone's teenage years, the time when people grow into and try to define themselves as adults. But escaping from persecution by a terror regime and getting used to life in a foreign country on one's own is rather more change than the average German teenager of Hans Reiss's upbringing would have expected to face. To the question with whom he could share his thoughts and worries at this point and later on he replied: "I do not share thoughts and worries with anyone. They are my thoughts."[445] This does not mean of course that he did not have friends or people he could talk to. In fact he lists a great number of people that he would talk to about particular problems, even if he cannot now recall what specifically he talked to them about. As for who or what he missed about his former home in Germany – apart from his parents, of course – he singles out an old friend from school:

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[443] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 103.

[444] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[445] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

> Naturally, I missed my friend Julius Fehsenbecker, who became a student of law, then a lawyer, then Bürgermeister in Mannheim and finally Secretary-General of the Mannheim Chamber of Commerce. Sadly, he died in 1970, in his 49th year of a heart attack. He was not in good health since he suffered from asthma.[446]

At the end he adds: "I also missed our comfortable, large flat."[447]

Indeed, life as a boarder was a new experience for him as he had never had to share a room with other boys:

> Das Internatsleben war völlig neu für mich. Zu Hause hatte ich mein eigenes Zimmer gehabt, nun mußte ich den Schlafsaal mit neun andern Jungen teilen. Am ersten Abend wurde mir der für Neuankömmlinge übliche Streich gespielt. Als ich zu Bett gehen wollte, bekam ich meine Beine nicht unter die Decke. Man hatte das Unter-Bettuch in den Ober-Laken gesteckt. Da ich schließlich selbst darüber lachen mußte, wurde ich akzeptiert.[448]

After this initiation prank Hans Reiss got on reasonably well with the other boys, but the suitcase that arrived in the school weeks later caused some misunderstanding as to how well-off he actually was:

> Nach ein paar Wochen kam einer meiner Schrankkoffer in der Schule an. In der Eingangshalle wurde er von Schülern und sogar Lehrern begafft, ehe er neben mein Bett gestellt wurde. Meine Mitschüler glaubten nun, ich müsse so reich wie ein Pascha sein. Dies führte zu einigen peinlichen Mißverständnissen: z.B. wurden mir Krawatten gestohlen.[449]

The suitcase was an ambivalent relic of past comfort. It created the wrong impression about his current situation and was a painful reminder of the life he had left behind. But it provided clothes and other necessities, so that he did not have to buy much for the

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[446] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[447] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[448] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 107. For an account of his time in Wesley College see also Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109.

[449] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 107.

next several years, and as previously mentioned, all the thoughtful items his parents had sent with him reminded him of their love and care for him.

In any case, the wealth and comfortable life suggested by the suitcase was no longer reality. Hans Reiss felt this keenly at first. He found the lack of heat uncomfortable and describes the dormitory as "draughty" and says he often "felt cold in bed".[450] The food was equally inadequate, both in quality and quantity. Unlike some of the other boarders, he had no relatives in the country to supplement the meagre fare supplied by the school. Naturally, he was very happy when he was invited to friends' houses on Sundays and could get a decent meal.

Not surprisingly, Hans Reiss did not consider Wesley College a home, but this does not seem to have mattered much to him. The most important aspect about his stay there was that he was out of Germany:

> Wesley College was not a home. A boarding school can by definition not be at home. I was very happy to be out of the clutches of the NS-tyranny. I recall walking down Grafton Street and being filled with joy by this freedom from fear. Of course, I missed my parents, but I enjoyed working hard. I really liked that. I was delighted when I moved into my rooms at T.C.D., on the top floor of No. 9, Trinity College, for at long last I had rooms of my own.[451]

The use of terms, such as "very happy", "filled with joy", "enjoyed", "really liked" and "delighted" shows how positive he felt about his new life. He used the opportunity it afforded him to work hard, which eventually allowed him to have a room to himself. So in his answer Hans Reiss moves from a place of temporary shelter, but with great possibilities, to a place that is his own, a move that constitutes a first step on the way to independence and a new home.

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[450] Hans Reiss, 'My Coming to Ireland', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 35–41 [here: 38].

[451] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

Dr Neuman's first impressions of Ireland were not particularly positive: "The food was horrible, people were horrible," but she qualified this statement by pointing out that she did not really like people in general. In her opinion Ireland was 30 years behind at the time.

Her husband did not know any English before they left Germany because he went to a school where he was taught French, Latin and Greek. He had to learn it from scratch with her help. For Dr Neuman on the other hand the transition to English was easy enough because she had a good grasp of the language due to her school education.

With the help of Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh and Arthur Cox, "very nice people", she and her husband Rudi got established very quickly in Ireland. At first they stayed in a hotel in Harcourt Street (Harcourt Street Hotel), but after somebody had told them there was a house for sale they looked at it and bought it. Dr Neuman said as she did not like moving, she never did again, and so she still lived in the same house in Upper Rathmines Road when I met her.

It was not difficult for them to get their passports or a work permit. Having already passed his British medical exams in Edinburgh, Rudi Neuman set up a surgery as soon as he got his permission to practice medicine. Dr Neuman first had to repeat her *Hauptstudium* (2.5 years) and take her exams in the College of Surgeons before she could work as a doctor.

I also asked her what she missed about Germany and her former life and she replied "Lachsschinken", and after more thought, "Heizung", but it seems to have been German foods that had a special significance in her memory of home. In another session she complained that it was difficult to get German food in Ireland and that she missed "fois gras", "Gänseschmalz", and interestingly even "Schweineschmalz". She particularly enjoyed eating the lovely food in the KaDeWe when she visited the former Ambassador in Berlin.

After Herbert Karrach and his parents landed in Cobh they were looked after by a Protestant refugee committee, who he describes as "really caring and concerned". He

and his parents soon started their jobs with the family that had offered to take them in in return for work, and for Herbert Karrach this mainly meant cleaning a lot of shoes in his role as a butler's apprentice. The estate of their host family was "in the wilds of county Kilkenny", and so he was able to roam the countryside after he taught himself to ride a bike.

The manner in which he describes his new circumstances in his autobiography almost lets the reader not notice how much of a change this must have been for Herbert Karrach. When he contrasts his old with his new life in my questionnaire it becomes much more obvious that these were very drastic changes:

> BS: How did your life change when you came to Ireland? What were the most noticeable changes?
>
> HK: From city to the 'back of beyond', from comfortable home, to Spartan accommodation – over stables for me. Water froze in jug. No money, no school.[452]

Despite the new circumstances Herbert Karrach's principal feelings seem to have been relief and a willingness to embrace the new life in Ireland. He could share his thoughts and worries with his parents, but he says that he "was not really worried, [he] was just very grateful to be out and safe."[453]

His life changed again when the Committee in Dublin arranged for Herbert Karrach to be admitted as a boarder to St. Andrew's College, a Presbyterian foundation in Dublin, after his father complained to them about the butler who, according to Herbert Karrach, "proved to be rather unsavoury".[454] In this new environment he had to adapt quickly to a new language and was soon able to make new friends. In my questionnaire he says that after the Nazi regime destroyed his life in Austria he made a conscious decision to leave the past behind:

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[452] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[453] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[454] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> BS: To what extent did you think about Austria during this initial settling in period? What did you remember exactly? What was the general mood of these thoughts?
>
> HK: I was happy in Austria but that was due mainly because of family, school and friends. Also I was a member of a scout troupe. All this was destroyed by Nazi ideology so I just shut the past out and lived in the new challenging present.[455]

Naturally, he missed those family members that had stayed behind or emigrated elsewhere, and also the beauty of the landscape. But he did not try to keep Austrian customs or connections as he did not consider them relevant anymore.

George Clare's first impressions of Ireland were not very positive. On the Irish boat train to Dublin he and his parents met a young Irishman and they seized the opportunity to ask him a lot of questions about Ireland and Dublin. Their travel companion painted Ireland as a paradise and Dublin as the most beautiful and elegant city in the world. When George Clare finally got to see the promised paradise for himself he was bitterly disappointed:

> Beauty, as they say, is in the eye of the beholder. What my eyes beheld in Dublin was without doubt influenced by the shabby third-class hotel in which our scarce means forced us to stay, but convince myself as I tried, paradise it was not. Small and confined it was, slums and poverty such as I had never seen, not even in the poorest districts of Vienna, surrounded O'Connell Street, dirt and drunkenness almost everywhere I looked. True, I was too young and foreign to appreciate the mellow elegance of Merrion and the other graceful Georgian squares, but never having spoken to an Irishman before, never having heard of blarney before, I had believed everything our travelling companion had told us, and my disappointment was all the greater for that.[456]

The retrospective judgement that the squares in Dublin have a "mellow elegance" suggests that George Clare came to appreciate Ireland a little bit more after his initial disappointment, but on the whole his new life in Ireland did not compare favourably with the life he had known in the elegant splendour of Vienna. His parents returned to London where his mother had to wait for her permit to follow his father who was travelling on to Paris. George Clare, meanwhile, was to work for the Hirsch family as an interpreter once the Hirsches arrived in Ireland. This job did nothing to make his

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[455] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[456] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 275–276.

time in Ireland more interesting, however. In his interview with me his overall verdict of his time there is that it was boring:

> BS: And how was life in Ireland when you got there? How was it different from…?
>
> GC (interrupts): Boring.
>
> BS (laughing): Boring.
>
> GC: Bloody boring.
>
> BS: Why was it boring?
>
> GC: Well, I mean ah…my job was - because I was the only one who could speak English of that whole lot - to instruct Irish girls and boys in ribbon-weaving [pause] because it was a ribbon factory. I didn't know the first thing about it. But there was a … expert with us and he told me what to translate and I did. And that was that.[457]

So after the initial disappointment with Dublin, George Clare found himself in a country he did not find at all exciting doing a job he was not interested in or technically qualified for.

Ernst von Glasersfeld and Isabel suffered a similar initial disappointment when confronted with Dublin. As in their minds they were emigrating to the place where *Ulysses* is set, they did not have any idea what Ireland was really like. They were met with a reality they did not imagine: "Es war Anfang Januar, und Tag für Tag war es grau und neblig, und feiner Regen rieselte aus Wolken, die knapp über den Dächern auf der Stadt lagen, und wir kannten keinen Menschen."[458] But it was not only the weather and lack of social contact that was depressing for the young couple. When they went to register with the police after arriving in Dublin, Ernst von Glasersfeld was told that he was officially a stateless person because Czechoslovakia had ceased to exist. He was allowed to stay as a neutral alien, but he was denied a work permit, and so could not get a regular job. He could do freelance work or farming, however. So in an attempt to earn

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[457] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[458] Heinz von Foerster and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Wie wir uns erfinden. Eine Autobiographie des radikalen Konstruktivismus*, Heidelberg: Carl-Auer Verlag 1999, p. 153.

some money Ernst von Glasersfeld and Isabel put together a portfolio of advertising materials and tried to get commissions from the larger shops. Despite some initial success they soon realised that they could not earn a living this way, even one in the shabby B&B they were staying in. They were quite depressed at this point. This eventually changed when they started to meet people and made friends:

> BS: When you left, was there an emotional break with Austria and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?
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> EvG: It was a gradual getting used to the drizzle, the lack of sun and of mountains. But the people we met more than made up for that.[459]

[459] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

V. A new life in Ireland

1. Home life in Ireland

Just as first impressions varied depending on individual personalities, circumstances and expectations, the way the exiles experienced life in Ireland differed substantially too. Generally speaking it was easier for the younger ones to settle in with the older generation having more trouble adjusting. Most of them, with the exception of Marianne Neuman, did not stay in Ireland for good, but moved on sooner or later. In some cases this was always the plan, in most life just happened that way.

Monica Schefold was the youngest of the exiles I interviewed and has no personal memory of her life in Germany. Instead she considers Ireland her childhood home where she spent nearly two decades before she moved back to the continent in 1956. In my questionnaire she sums up her childhood as follows:

> Lovely, carefree years on the seaside in Sutton – never holidays – as we had driftwood and turf sods to play with and groups of school friends. We were fully accepted also in school but on rare occasions produced as "our German children", which of course we hated. We were unspoilt and very independent and free.[460]

In her article 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956' she gives many more examples of how down-to-earth, free and open their upbringing was: Monica and her sister had friends trooping in and out of the house, cycled to Howth to get fish and play on the beach without any regard for the state of their clothes.[461]

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[460] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006. Both in my questionnaire and in her article Monica Schefold often chooses "we" when describing the experiences of her childhood. Most of the time it is not clear whether she is referring only to herself and her older sister Gabriele or whether she is also including her much younger sister Margaret. Since I assume that Margaret was too young to have been with her sisters for a lot of what Monica Schefold describes, I will use "Monica Schefold and her sister" when writing about it unless Margaret is specifically mentioned.

[461] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi

But while Monica Schefold remembers her childhood in Ireland as a carefree time with lots of friends and feeling "fully accepted", she also remembers that at times they were called "German" and how she and her sister hated being referred to in that way because it effectively excluded them from being fully and properly Irish. When asked whether people made any particular issue about her family being German and what behaviour or remarks they were confronted with she elaborates:

> As I said when visitors came to our school "our German children" – or "you are more Irish than the Irish themselves" (this was meant well - but in fact it means you are not at all Irish). Or "you cannot understand this not being Irish" we heard quite often. Then of course many people had no real knowledge about Hitler or why we had to leave Germany.[462]

Being singled out like that is precisely what made Monica Schefold's sense of identity and home so problematic. She constantly had to deal with being confronted with an identity that she herself did not accept or value. She came to Ireland as a small child and knew no other home, but because of her background she had German identity imposed on her by others whether she liked it or not.

To some extent this is understandable and does not mean that people were necessarily ignorant or trying to be hurtful. Monica Schefold might have felt Irish and might have wanted to be considered Irish just like everybody else, but the fact of the matter is that her parents John and Claire Hennig had lived in Germany all their lives until they were forced to leave, and so the Hennigs were different from other Irish families and considered German by comparison.

The fact that they were regarded as foreigners did not, however, cause them many problems, apart from some initial suspicion by the authorities. Generally speaking

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2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 253 and 260]. In her written memories Monica Schefold contrasts her wild and carefree childhood with the upbringing she would have received on the continent if her parents' life had continued there. Interestingly the imagined richer but more constrained upbringing is exemplified by fine clothes made of luxurious fabrics. See p. 251.

[462] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

people were kind to them, if at times ignorant of the political situation in Germany and what the Hennigs had suffered there:

> BS: How did people in Ireland react to you and your family (welcoming, suspicious…)? Can you recall any particular incident?
>
> MS: Very kind and mainly understanding for our situation – but also "isn't Hitler a great man"! My father was under political suspicion to maybe be a spy at first 1939/40. We were known as the "Germans" – as there were practically no foreigners or emigrants in our area. The postman knew that anything from the continent (even when the address had got lost) must be for the Hennigs.[463]

Understandably, John and Claire Hennig were upset whenever people praised Hitler or what they saw as his achievements, and this cannot have helped their daughters to develop a positive relationship with their German heritage.

Monica Schefold feels slightly more positive about how this heritage manifested itself at home. The Hennigs' home was indeed different from that of other Irish families because it was influenced by the memory of a life in Germany; traces of German culture and former wealth were everywhere. Her father still read and wrote about German literature and philosophy, and her parents had brought what she calls "relics of the past", such as "a crocodile leather beauty case, a comb, brush and mirror set", items that in the eyes of the children represented a connection to former wealth and luxury.[464] They had "real paintings, hand painted furniture from auctions, all very 'inorthodox' [and her] mother dyed old carpets (all imagination used for lack of money)."[465] She also mentions that in their house visitors were always welcome – they always had their

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[463] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006. For a brief account of the attitude of Irish people in Ireland the Hennigs were confronted with, see also Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 252].

[464] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 251].

[465] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

birthday parties with the whole class – and she remembers "great platters of salads and loafs of self-baked bread".[466] At least some of these differences were due to the financial difficulties that forced her parents to improvise and make the best out of their small income, but their German heritage still shaped their home life. It was particularly prominent at Christmas: "Christmas was more or less a German Christmas (big tree, self-made decorations, for lack of money but treasured until to-day – a beautiful crib made by my mother). She baked Hefestollen (yeast loafs) and made herring salad and kept up these traditions but only at Christmas."[467]

But even though Monica Schefold's parents kept some of their cultural heritage alive in the form of literature, food and Christmas decorations, according to her they tried to leave their past behind as much as possible:

> My parents spoke German to each other when alone or when we should not understand! My father worked on Goethe and had of course German books. But all in all they had definitely decided to put Germany behind them for ever and not to constantly refer back to past times. Something essential was broken by Hitler and when people talked about those war years they were always greatly upset emotionally. There was a fundamental distrust – yet they welcomed family members after the war, despite what they had been during these times – but we children were distrustful.[468]

Monica Schefold's description of her parents' relationship with German culture and German people shows how ambivalent their feelings must have been. Terms such as "definitely", "forever", "essential" and "fundamental" indicate a clean break with the past, but in reality the break was not absolute, but constantly undercut by the complicated emotions that lingered in the present. On the one hand Claire and John Hennig could not ignore the hurt that had been caused and so tried to make a clean break with the past and spoke mostly English to their children, but on the other hand they could not and might not even have wanted to ignore where they came from. It was

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[466] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[467] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[468] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

very important for John Hennig, for example, to see himself in a line of ancestors, a topic he apparently discussed often with his children.

But while the children may have appreciated how much these ancestors meant to him and to his sense of identity, they meant little to them: "But we children did not really identify with these ancestors – it was as if it were distant history – but for my father very important to talk about his roots."[469] It is not unusual, of course, for children to be more interested in the immediate here and now rather than people or events long past, but Monica and her sister had no inclination to consider themselves in a line of German ancestors. While their parents maintained an uneasy connection with Germany, they themselves rejected this connection. Unlike their children, John and Claire Hennig had a past in – and therefore a now fraught relationship with – Germany and, while they may have wished their children to have a fresh start and a life in Ireland untainted by this past, their background was a legacy that would be enforced by people around them if not by themselves. It prevented the children from fitting in and so they resented it, all the more because they were excluded by a legacy that they could not see as anything positive or to be proud of.

Consequently, they distrusted and rejected anything German and did not identify with either the other exiles or their German relations on their father's side. They even fled from orphaned children that survived Bergen-Belsen and were brought over to a children's home in Ireland. According to Monica Schefold they "had no desire at all to be confronted by those children, who appeared to us so German, some with blonde plaits, knitted jackets with silver buttons etc."[470] Instead Monica and her sister preferred

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[469] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[470] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 253]. Apparently, these were the first German children the sisters had ever met and it must have made an impression on at least Monica Schefold because in my questionnaire she uses similar elements to describe what they imagined German children to look like.

to play with their Irish friends. These friends as well as other Irish people were much more important to them than any Germans:

> BS: Who were the most important people in your life at this time? Were they mainly Irish, German or other nationalities?
>
> MS: Our school friends and their parents, the nuns (in a certain sense). We accepted the other German emigrants but at a distance – they were not "our" world – Betty our help was an adored person and her family in Baldoyle. When the first Germans came after the war also relations – we were very sceptical and mistrustful (fathers relations – mothers were different).[471]

The term "our world" is telling here. Monica Schefold clearly felt that her world was Ireland and that she was Irish. Anything to do with Germany seemed foreign to her even though she, as part of her family, was constantly identified with German things and people. It was probably in part in reaction to being confronted with an unwanted German identity that Monica and her sister focus so much on Irish culture. They loved Irish culture and everything Irish and did not want to identify with anything German. Their attitude shows in their preferences in terms of language use: "We refused to answer anyone in German and hated the language. We wanted to be the same as our friends. We spent practically every holiday summer in a Gaeltacht to improve our Irish and loved the Irish culture (literature, music and poetry)."[472]

In contrast, Monica Schefold had absolutely no desire to find out more about Germany. She had never been to Germany and had no idea what it was really like. She had corresponded with her grandparents in Brussels and her grandmother in Leipzig, but her and her sister's idea of Germany was a confused one that did not spur them to further interest or investigation, an impression that she describes as "a picture with single

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[471] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[472] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006. Interestingly, in the section "The role of Irish culture in our family" of her article she says that it was because their father wanted them to be as fluent in Irish as possible that they visited the Gaeltacht and that their parents were very enthusiastic about Irish culture and exposed their children to it as much as possible. See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 262–263].

mosaic stones and nothing really holding it together to a unity."[473] Her impression was mainly one of stereotypical images and confusion about racial categories:

> We pictured children with blond plaits, embroidered blouses and silver buttons – blue eyed. We found it difficult to understand: Jewish and non-Jewish. We were involved in our own lives and not really very interested – it was all so far away and confused. We had never been to the continent and had no relations in Ireland.[474]

Interestingly, the description of how they pictured these unknown German children is similar to the description of children their family doctor brought over just after the war, but it is not clear whether these children confirmed or influenced what they imagined German children to look like. And while they had obviously heard something about Jewish people in Germany, they did not really feel like finding out more about it. In any case it makes sense that they would concentrate on living their own lives rather than trying to find out about a life that they did not identify with in the first place.

Even when Monica Schefold visited Germany at the age of sixteen her view did not shift much:

> At the age of 16 I came to Germany for the first time and found everything so strange. My relations (father's side) were still building up from war times and the subject of our emigration was not really spoken about. We spoke very little German and found it hard to communicate – it was such a different atmosphere – and still under strong elements of war times (1952). "Schaffen + sparen" – rather unfree and somehow under a shadow of scepsis [sic] for me.[475]

The reality Monica found in post-war Germany was in negative contrast with her home and desired Irish identity. Everything was "so strange" and she did not speak German well enough to bridge the gap in culture and understanding. Moreover, nobody seemed willing to discuss what happened to her family and the atmosphere still seemed to be influenced by war times. If anything, this visit must have confirmed Monica Schefold in her desire to be Irish rather than German.

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[473] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[474] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[475] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

When the Hennigs decided to leave Ireland in 1956 because John Hennig had to take over the family firm in Switzerland, "many friends were sad and disappointed and thought we did not love Ireland"[476] For Monica Schefold this was far from the truth. She felt sad about leaving the only home she had known, but felt she had more opportunities outside of Ireland:

> I had anyway decided to continue my training in Art education outside of Ireland, as I wanted to have a degree, which would be recognised all over the world and the degree from the Art School Dublin was not even recognised in England. I felt sad about leaving the country that to me was my only home and with which I greatly identified (never Germany!) but I wanted to open the world of many possibilities for myself. [477]

It is of course normal to feel somewhat sad when leaving one's home and to grieve for the good things one is leaving behind. But Monica Schefold also felt as if she was being ungrateful and was betraying the country she owed her life to:

> BS: How did you feel about leaving Ireland?
>
> MS: I knew that this period of my life had come to an end but I also greatly regretted leaving the friends and also the atmosphere of the Art College behind. We had had a very happy youth in Ireland and I somehow felt I was betraying our host country, that had saved our lives and thus that I was ungrateful.[478]

These feelings of guilt and ingratitude further indicate that Monica Schefold did not feel fully accepted in terms of being Irish, and the term "host country" suggests the status of a guest rather than that of a member of the tribe. This does not mean, of course, that someone who does not have their nationality questioned by either themselves or others cannot have a difficult relationship with their home country. But it seems unlikely that somebody whose nationality is something worn as unconsciously as one's own skin would feel guilty and ungrateful when leaving their home country, especially if the choice to leave is a mostly positive and voluntary one. Monica felt Irish and wanted to

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[476] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[477] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[478] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

be Irish but was routinely identified as German by others because of her family background. She herself could not identify with this German background at all and so she was left with an in-between position. When asked whether she ever felt like an outsider in Ireland she says: "Despite feeling completely at home and not knowing anything else – we always knew that we did not quite belong and identified with other 'outsiders' – with children from mixed backgrounds or somewhat outside the 'normal'."[479]

Monica and her sister tried whatever they could to fit in and to be the same as everyone else, but despite their best efforts and despite the fact that they grew up in the same place as their friends, they would never be considered quite as Irish. Monica Schefold's testimony vividly illustrates the problematic nature of an identity forged out of the often conflicting elements of a bicultural experience.

John Hennig also attests to this torn and conflicted sense of identity in his eldest daughter Gabriele. In his autobiography *Die bleibende Statt* he gives his account of her first visit to Germany:

> Im folgenden Jahr wagte ich es, meine älteste Tochter dorthin mitzunehmen, wo sie geboren war. Das Münster in Aachen, der Dom in Köln (im Mittelalter waren Iren dorthin zu den hl. drei Königen gepilgert) waren ihre ersten Berührungen mit einer Kultur, aus der abzustammen ihr bisher nur aus Wort und Schrift bekannt war. Auch für sie wurde die Kirche der Träger der Kontinuität des Lebens, dessen Zerrissenheit sie besonders im Sprachlichen empfinden würde. Muttersprache ist in unserer Familie die Sprache, die die Grosseltern mühsam von den Enkeln lernen.[480]

In an echo of the pilgrimage of Irish people to Germany in the Middle Ages, John Hennig and his daughter Gabriele visited her birthplace Aachen and Cologne, a journey to her ancestral culture that to her was like the journey to a foreign land. His choice of the verb "wagte" to describe his decision to take his daughter to his former home shows how much Germany was now a source of anxiety rather than of stability and safety. It is

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[479] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[480] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 175.

true that he had already experienced at an early age what it was like to be an outsider due to his father's pacifism which was considered unpatriotic. He also realised early on how divisive language is because it limits us to what is our essential linguistic home without the chance fully to overcome such linguistic boundaries. Nonetheless, as a boy he still felt that he had a home in Germany and his mother tongue:

> Ich erlebe - nunmehr seit mehr als dreissig Jahren täglich - dass die sog. Muttersprachen nicht nur Segen sondern auch Fluch sind, indem sie die entscheidende Kommunikationsmöglichkeit der Menschen untereinander begrenzen. Ich erfuhr dies lebendigst bei meinem Aufenthalt in der Familie meines pen-friend in Paris, brave, stock-antiklerikale Lehrersleute, mit denen ich trotz alles Bemühens nicht über Tittel-tattel hinauskam. Aus Paris kam ich noch einmal mit dem Gefühl der Dankbarkeit zurück, eine Heimat zu haben. [481]

Even though John Hennig's visceral sense of home was already called into question before the Nazi ideology threatened his family, their later persecution and emigration meant the ultimate loss of home and native tongue and thus of a sense of continuity in life. John Hennig claims, however, that for his eldest daughter, as for him, the church came to represent a sense of continuity that transcends categories of nationality and language.

John Hennig did not find life in Ireland easy, especially in the beginning. His existence was characterised by financial worries and the stress of the various jobs he had to take to make ends meet. There was also the constant worry about the family and friends they had left behind. His family was very important to him, but in the sections of his autobiography dealing with Ireland he writes more about his work and his intellectual life, politics and religion and how he judged things in the tension between faith and real life. He also mentions occasionally how emotionally upset and desperate he really was. There is little detail, however, about his family life at home, apart from some anecdotes about his daughters' school life and religious development. This could be because he spent a lot of time away from his family and consoled himself with his work and faith. It could also be that writing about his home life would not fit the organising theme he has chosen for his autobiography. Or it could be that what he would call

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[481] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 205.

autobiographical tact prevents him to go into too much detail for the sake of his family's privacy.

In any case, his primary concern in the early years was to make enough money to provide for his family. In Belvedere College John Hennig was not paid well – in a rare act of sarcasm he puts the word "Gehalt" in quotation marks in the original text. Even when he supplemented his income with teaching private language students the Hennigs were constantly short of money. For the children's sake, however, they wanted to use the family's meagre financial reserves to move to better accommodation, and they eventually found a flat near the sea in Sutton where, according to Monica Schefold's testimony, the children grew up happily. When John Hennig was more confident about his English language skills, he began to write articles for various publications to have yet another source of income. In addition, he was offered a few hours of lectures at the national university and the seminar in Maynooth, but his economic situation remained precarious.

After the end of the war he lost his teaching jobs in the National University and the Seminar in Maynooth as well as the regular column in *The Standard* newspaper. He was close to despair trying to see a way he could provide for his family, especially as he and his wife had just had another daughter. His neighbour at the time happened to be Frank Gallagher, who helped him to attain Irish citizenship in 1947. According to John Hennig Frank Gallagher realised that in order to have any chance at financial security John Hennig needed to be a citizen: "Gallagher sah aber, dass ich eine einigermassen erträgliche wirtschaftliche Existenz nur finden könnte, wenn ich das Bürgerrecht besass. Und selbst dann noch blieb ich natürlich benachteiligt als Papierire."[482] The term "Papierire" indicates that either he himself or other Irish people did not consider him a real Irishman. He had lost the only real home he had known – problematic in itself as that home was – and could not gain another one except on paper.

[482] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 145.

Nevertheless, his naturalisation seemed to have the desired effect, as soon after he received his certificate he got a job with Bord na Móna as a records officer. While this was steady employment, for three years he now had to spend most of the week away from his family since the offices were located in Newbridge, too far away for a commute to be feasible. He stayed with an old lady whose gossiping and mothering he did not seem to care for: "Meine Schlafstätte hatte ich bei einer alten Betschwester, die das Zentrum des Stadtklatsches war und mich abwechselnd damit oder mit mütterlicher Fürsorge übergoss."[483] In fact, he did not seem to care for any aspect of life in a small rural town, where after evening mass people went to the cinema to watch American movies, to the dog races or to the pub. He sums up his depressed mood in rather dramatic terms: "Die abgründige Trostlosigkeit einer irischen Kleinstadt überfiel mich."[484]

John Hennig's only consolation was morning Mass and his research. He got the key for the local library and spent his evenings working either there or in his rat-infested office, which was located in a former barracks. In the evenings he also went on walks through the bog and rediscovered his interest in astronomy. Despite these attempts to keep up his spirits he was tired of the separation from his family.

Eventually he found another job closer to home when the ESB offered him the post of librarian in its headquarters in Dublin. He viewed this opportunity as part of a pattern of positive changes in his life:

> Es hatte sich gefügt, wie so oft schon: Wenn ich mir sagte: So kann es nicht weitergehen, trat von aussen eine Änderung ein. Die Zusammendrängung meines Familien- und Bibliothekslebens auf das Wochenende, die langen einsamen Abende mit ihren inkommensurablen Beschäftigungen und ein gewisser Abschluss einer Aufbauarbeit waren Gründe genug, um mich freudig das Angebot der Staatlichen Elektrizitätsgesellschaft annehmen zu lassen, die Stellung des Bibliothekars in ihrem im Herzen von Dublin gelegenen Hauptbüro zu übernehmen. Zudem

[483] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 155.

[484] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 155.

> lockte es mich, nun nochmals auf einem Gebiet, auf dem mir die elementarsten Kenntnisse fehlten, von Grund auf anzufangen.[485]

Apart from a new challenge, he now also had more time to spend on research and with his family. But even though his life was now settled, and he liked Ireland and admired the Irish faith, he did not really feel at home. In fact, he did not feel there was any home for him except the church: "Zudem fühlte ich mit der Griechin, dass ihr ihre Kirche die letzte Heimat war, die sie noch hatte."[486]

In his autobiography Peter Schwarz hardly writes anything about his home life in Ireland or about how his mother and he were adjusting to their new situation. Instead he focuses on his education and his career, and what academic life was like in the various institutions in which he lived and worked. As a boarder he would have spent a lot of time in school and later in Trinity College, and his strong interest in science and study explains his focus on this particular aspect of his life.

Moreover, it seems that Peter Schwarz had little trouble settling in Ireland, and so it might simply not have loomed large in his mind as a topic for contemplation. In my questionnaire he observes, however, that his mother found it more difficult to adjust to her new situation and "remained mainly German (Austrian) till her death."[487] He gives little indication as to how this manifested itself. The one comment he makes in his autobiography focuses on the impact her newly reduced circumstances had on her choices and quality of life:

> Her comfortable life in Germany had been transformed into a difficult existence, first as governess to a child of a cleric and then as a landlady to students. After the war, once I had graduated, she was able to take up the more congenial task of giving German lessons and

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[485] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 161.

[486] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 138.

[487] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

> organising exchanges between schools in Germany and Ireland, work which was recognised in 1963 by the award of the 'Verdienstkreuz Erster Klasse' by the German government.[488]

Instead of living in financial security and enjoying a rich cultural and social life, Peter Schwarz's mother had to work to support herself and her son with little scope for more aspirational pursuits. His choice of language suggests that in his mother's mind there was not just a reduction in finances, but in quality of life. Her life did not simply shift from being "comfortable" to being "difficult", but it changed from essentially being a "life" to being a mere "existence", something based on survival rather than fulfilment. It is unclear to what extent the practical difficulties she experienced influenced how she felt about Ireland, but constantly having to worry about money cannot have predisposed her to a favourable view of her new home.

The work Peter Schwarz's mother took up after his graduation also shows that unlike her son, she kept a relationship with Germany. From his old life in Germany Peter Schwarz missed "[t]he comfort and friends, but not much else."[489] His mother on the other hand kept more of her life in Germany alive in Ireland. She stayed in touch with her late husband's family and friends in Bremen until they died, and she also kept German Christmas traditions:

> BS: Going roughly through the year, tell me about traditions and customs your family kept (e.g. New Year's, Easter etc.)!
>
> PS: We had a Christmas tree with real candles and decorations brought over from Germany and my mother baked a Stollen, Spekelatius [sic] and the like. She used to get very annoyed if people called the Stollen 'barnbrack' and put butter on it. Not much at Easter as far as I can remember.[490]

The detail about the Stollen is interesting. His mother does not want the Stollen, a typical part of a German Christmas, to be turned into something Irish either by language

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[488] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[489] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[490] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

or deed. Her annoyance at this cultural appropriation likely reflects her resistance to having her own identity changed by her new cultural context which was chosen out of necessity rather than desire. For her the fact that she had to get away from Germany did not automatically mean that emotionally she was moving towards Ireland.

The question which culture the things he experienced belonged to was less important to Peter Schwarz. He liked them as a normal and familiar part of his home life, but not as a cultural expression of his past life in Germany: "I did like the baking, singing German carols and listening to Christmas music (e.g. Bach's Christmas Oratorio). But this was not because of their 'German-ness'."[491] In general it was not that important to him to keep German customs or seek out German culture. In a similar vein he valued the contact with other exiles because there was an emotional connection based on shared experiences rather than shared nationality: "And meeting Germans was not important to me as such, though it was good to meet up with people like the Bieler's and the Karrach's as friends rather than Germans (anyway, the latter and possibly the former were Austrian)."[492]

His apparent indifference to all things German does not, of course, indicate that he simply left Germany behind and focused on his new life in Ireland without any negative feelings associated with this transition. Rather his indifference seems to result from the conflict between past and present associations with his home country, since every positive memory of his past life must now reinforce the negative reality of loss and rejection he experienced at the hands of the Nazi regime. This painful conflict explains why he might try to avoid any thoughts concerning nationality while attempting to make a new life for himself in a new home. By stripping his past and his culture of the national component he makes it more acceptable to retain whatever he still cherishes of his past life.

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[491] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[492] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

One of the longest answers he gives in my questionnaire illustrates the depth of his ambivalence towards German culture:

> I became rather antagonistic to German culture (and still am) except for music and painting. This was in part teenage rebellion. But I still find most of German literature unreadable and pretentious (an arrogant statement, but you did ask!). I like Boell's Dr Murke's gesammeltes Schweigen (and Mann's Felix Krull) but could never make any headway with Buddenbrocks and the like. Curiously, the sentimental words of Schubert's Die Schoene Mullerin and Die Winterreise can move me to tears – as can sentimental bits of Heine. My mother used to read DIE ZEIT but I soon gave up as I couldn't be bothered ploughing through all the subordinate clauses to get to the verb at the end of the column. Happily German has got a bit more concise since then.
>
> I am also a bit biased about German humour. I think that the Irish, Scotch and even the English laugh AT themselves (I am sure that they themselves make up the jokes about stupid Paddys and mean Scots). It seems to me that German humour has a lot of Schadenfreude, ie laughing at others. […] But I may be wrong and am certainly not an authority on humour. In any case it seems to me that there is no such thing as a typical German as regional differences are probably greater in Germany than in Ireland, England or Scotland.[493]

Peter Schwarz obviously has a very negative opinion of his former culture, but it is precisely when he talks about this culture that he becomes expansive. After his initial dismissal of German literature in general he mentions specific works he likes, but always seems to feel the need to qualify any positive statement he makes by giving a counter example ("Buddenbrocks and the like") or by questioning the validity of his own preferences ("curiously"). He also seems to have absorbed some of the more stereotypical complaints and judgements of German language and humour, but again qualifies his – negative this time – statements towards the end. It is not relevant to what extent his assessments might be correct, but the way he talks about German culture, language and humour betrays the uneasy emotional relationship he still has with Germany.

Despite what he says here Peter Schwarz's feelings towards Germany were not so negative as to avoid anything German, however, or in turn to focus specially on things because they were Irish. He did not make a conscious effort to learn about Ireland, get to know Irish people, Irish customs and culture "but [he] liked the Irish and [his] host

[493] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

country. Indeed, [he] became Irish by absorption, not just by naturalisation."[494] It is also important to remember that these reflections on feelings he may have had in the past are most likely acquiring more weight than they would have had at the time. Essentially, he was getting on with life and, as seems natural for a boy his age, thoughts of nationality and identity were not a primary concern and most likely did not feature in the form of abstract reflection.

In any case Peter Schwarz very soon considered Ireland his home and felt Irish. According to him, when he left for Scotland he was "essentially Irish" and "had lost [his] accent and indeed had an English accent in German."[495] He immediately follows these assertions with the reflection that "Dublin and Trinity College in the 40s and 50s were a very congenial environment."[496] It is unclear whether his feeling comfortable in Dublin is cause or result of his feeling at home, but he uses the word "congenial" three different times in the questionnaire to indicate when he felt comfortable somewhere, such as in Trinity College in Dublin, in his new job in Scotland or in the church there. In his autobiography he also describes the jobs and activities his mother is able to choose after his graduation as "congenial". It is unlikely that his choice of the word here indicates a feeling at home on her part, but it suggests a degree of psychological ease with her situation that was lacking in the early years of her life in Ireland.

Despite his positive feelings about living in Ireland and being Irish Peter Schwarz did not find it overly difficult to leave later on to move to Scotland. He is rather practical about it: "I was going to a better job in a University with better facilities for Chemistry. I missed Ireland but soon settled in Edinburgh, which is a good place to live."[497] Again

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[494] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[495] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[496] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[497] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

he manages to see the positive in his new surroundings and settles into a new phase of his life as he did before. This attitude of taking things as they come and adjusting to them with alacrity and an open mind mark his thoughts and writings about his life in general.

Hans Reiss lived in Ireland for just under seven years, but over the course of that time he felt increasingly at home there. After his year in Wesley College he moved into Trinity College Dublin, for which he had won a sizarship, and he was very happy to have a room to himself at last. He enjoyed his studies, even though they were hard and required a lot of work, because they offered him mental stimulation and a counterpoint to what was going on in the world:

> Das Studium der Sprache und der Literatur faszinierte mich. In Dublin war das ganze Studium auf Prüfungen ausgerichtet. Einem deutschen Studenten würde es verschult vorkommen. Aber die Klausurprüfungen, die wir in Hülle und Fülle über uns ergehen lassen mußten, hatten auch ihr Gutes. Sie zwangen uns zur genauen Lektüre der Werke der großen französischen und deutschen Dichter. Ich fand dies wohltuend, ja mehr als dies. Ich erlebte das intensive Gefühl der fast täglichen Erweiterung meines geistigen Horizonts. Die Begeisterung für Dichtung hatte ich ja von meiner Mutter geerbt. So befand ich mich in einer mir genehmen geistigen Welt, die mir eine Kompensation für das schreckliche Weltgeschehen bot.[498]

The study of great French and German literary works not only broadened his horizons, it also formed a connection with his mother, who had inspired his love of the arts when he was a boy. So the realm of literature as well as the reading hall in which he worked became a spiritual home for him.

Hans Reiss's physical home in Trinity was rather sparse. He had two rooms, a small living-room and a bedroom, but these were old, damp and cold. He had no money to buy coal or even turf, and so he could only occasionally afford a fire in the evening. As his bedroom had no stove at all it was always damp and cold, and there was no running water. The toilets were outside and for a bath there was a separate bath-house. As a sizar, and later as a scholar, he was entitled to a free meal every day, but for the other meals he had to fend for himself. Out of term this meant he had to cook dinner in his

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[498] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 116–117.

rooms on a simple gas stove, which according to him amounted to variations of egg. Despite all these inconveniences, Hans Reiss was very happy in Trinity College.

The only thing that dampened his spirits was the constant worry about his uncertain future and about the fate of his parents:

> Nur das Schicksal meiner Eltern und die Ungewißheit ob meiner Zukunft bereiteten mir anhaltend große Sorgen. Was mußten meine Eltern wohl alles ausstehen? Jedesmal, wenn ich in der Zeitung von einem Bombenangriff auf Mannheim las, erschrak ich fürchterlich.[499]

These worries proved well-founded, as many of his relatives and of his parents' acquaintances who had remained in Mannheim were deported and later killed. His father only escaped being shot in 1945, two weeks before the Americans occupied Heidelberg where Hans Reiss's parents now lived, because he failed to report to the Gestapo as ordered and instead hid with friends. Hans Reiss's mother went to the Gestapo office every day and demanded to know what had happened to her husband, as if he had actually followed the order to report to them. She kept up this charade until the Americans came and they were safe. Hans Reiss did not know all these details at the time, but what he could glean from the sporadic letters – and imagine in their absence – was worrying enough. At the end of May 1945 he finally received a message from the Red Cross informing him that his parents had survived the war. Despite all this he felt more and more at home in Trinity College: "Aber je länger ich im College blieb, desto mehr fühlte ich mich zu Hause und fand dort nach und nach eine neue Heimat."[500]

In his spare time Hans Reiss enjoyed a busy social life. He had many friends and took great pleasure in discussing literature with them. He regularly went to the theatre and was a member of the historical Society. Apart from his academic pursuits, he went on cycling tours and played tennis with great enthusiasm if little accomplishment. He saw Trinity as a place of personal freedom and independence: "Trinity College gewährte mir

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[499] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 120.

[500] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 131.

das Gefühl der persönlichen Unabhängigkeit und Freiheit."[501] There were, of course, many rules and restrictions the students had to put up with, but after listing several of these Hans Reiss concludes: "Wir akzeptierten alle diese Vorschriften und viele mehr. All dies erschien fast allen von uns nicht als Beschränkung der Freiheit. Es war geheiligte Tradition, und daran war nichts auszusetzen."[502] Most importantly, even with all these traditional rules the free atmosphere in Trinity College compared favourably with life in Hitler's Germany.

As much as Hans Reiss appreciated the freedom he experienced in Ireland, he was always aware of his limited financial means. He observes that freedom alone is not sufficient; in order to be truly independent one needs money too: "Freiheit ist das höchste bürgerliche Gut, aber sie allein reicht nicht aus. Ohne eine erträgliche wirtschaftliche Basis ist Unabhängigkeit nicht möglich."[503] After he became Assistant to the Professor of German, which paid him a modest income, he felt that together with his scholarship, moderatorship prize money and the free meals, for the first time he actually had enough money to feel independent. Things were further improved by his income from grinds and from his work as the Trinity College correspondent for *The Irish Times*. Yet, it was not just the improvement of his financial situation that he enjoyed as a member of staff in Trinity College. He relished the new world he discovered at the staff table where he could now take his meals: "Die Konversation der älteren Kollegen aus diversen Fächern war für mich ein neues aufregendes Erlebnis. Das war die Welt, der ich angehören wollte."[504]

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[501] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 131.

[502] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 132.

[503] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 132–133.

[504] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 148.

While Hans Reiss was obviously glad to have escaped from Nazi Germany and was feeling more and more at home in Ireland, his attitude towards Germany was not wholly negative. His hate was for Hitler and what he stood for, for what the Nazi regime had done to his family, but it did not extend to everything associated with Germany. Given his choice of degree, he obviously did not try to avoid German things altogether, but he did not necessarily seek them out because they were German either. When asked about this in my questionnaire he writes:

> BS: How important was it to you to keep German customs, meet other Germans, read German books etc.?
>
> HR: I enjoyed Christmas Eve celebrations at the house of the Tichers. But I do, in principle, not pay all that much attention to outward customs. Whether I met other Germans or not did not matter to me all that much. In College I had, apart from Heinz Scheyer whom I saw rarely since he was busy working in hospital as a medical student, hardly any German contacts. My friends were English or Irish. Naturally, I was interested in reading about events in Germany and when a member of the T.C.D. Senior Common Room sometimes talked to Prof. Liddell about Germany. When Prof. and Mrs Sachs, Prof. and Mrs Hopf and Dr. and Mrs Hennig invited me to their home I was glad to go, but these invitations were very rare. I did not mind that in the least.
>
> Since I was studying German as a subject in T.C.D. I read a lot of German books and savoured reading them, but since my Modern Language Degree was in French and German, I was as deeply interested in French literature. I read Racine's and Molière's plays, Ronsard's, de Vigny's, Baudelaire's and Verlaine's poetry and Balzac's, Zola's, André Gide's, Jules Romains's and Marcel Proust's work, for instance, with equal enthusiasm.[505]

His relationship with German people and culture in Ireland seems to have been one of non-preferential appreciation. He enjoys the company of other Germans, but he does not seek them out specially. And while he loves reading works of German literature, this is equally true for works of French literature.

He was, however, actively interested in Ireland:

> BS: Did you make a conscious effort to learn about Ireland, get to know Irish people, Irish customs and culture? What did you do to achieve this?
>
> HR: Yes, of course, I was interested in Ireland. At College I had Irish friends, Tim Sheehan, for instance, was a very good friend of mine. I saw him later in London and even stayed with him at least once. Maurice Craig, the distinguished architectural historian, is another. And I enjoyed

[505] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

> staying in the homes of Mr and Mrs Edwin Booth and Mr and Mrs Robert Booth. I read about Irish history, not as much as I would like to have done, though I have read more since.[506]

Hans Reiss's relationship with Ireland was a more positive and less complicated one. Initially, of course, he had to get used to his new surroundings and the deprivations he experienced as a result of his exile. But the longer he stayed and the more he worked and found a place for himself, the more he felt at home and positive about the future. In 1946 he became an Irish citizen and was planning to stay, but then his plans suffered a check:

> BS: When if ever did you start to think of Ireland as your home? How did this manifest itself?
>
> HR: I cannot name a date. I merely thought that I would like to spend the remainder of my life there. I was sorely disappointed when T.C.D. terminated my appointment, giving me a year's time to look for a post elsewhere and wanted to come back, but that was not feasible.[507]

This is the beginning of what is by far the longest answer Hans Reiss gives in my questionnaire. He outlines in great detail how he consulted with different people over the years about job opportunities in Trinity College that would have made it possible for him to return. But though he would have loved to come back, the timing or the particulars of the job offered were never quite right. He clearly missed Ireland after he left and kept in touch with people over the years. He also returned frequently on visits, both on his own and with his mother and later his wife to show them where he had spent such critical years. How happy these years were is evident in his own retrospective judgement of his time in Ireland: "Wie dem auch sei, ich habe die besten Erinnerungen an Irland, besonders an Dublin, wo ich im Rückblick trotz aller Sorgen um meine Eltern und der wirtschaftlichen Unsicherheit sehr schöne Jahre verbringen konnte. Gerne wäre ich dorthin zurückgekehrt."[508]

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[506] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[507] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[508] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 158–158.

Marianne Neuman was the only exile participating in the study who ended up staying in Ireland for the rest of her life. She and her husband Rudi probably had a comparatively easy time in obtaining Irish citizenship and finding a new home and lucrative employment. This does not mean, of course, that the emotional transition was as easy. The house in Upper Rathmines Road where Marianne Neuman lived with her family was a big old Georgian house, full of old furniture. Her office, where our conversations took place, was full of stacks of papers that seemed to have been there for decades. In fact, the house in general gave the impression that it had not changed much at all since the time she and her husband had moved in there. As discussed previously she missed the comfortable and well-ordered life she had had as the daughter of a well-to-do middle-class family in Germany. She particularly missed German food and heating.

Food, as part of a routine of home comforts, seems to have been important to her. She went to a café called Cramer's just down the road most days to have a bowl of soup, or pancakes with maple syrup and crispy bacon. In fact, she took me to this café to show me what obviously was a cherished ritual in her home life in Ireland.

Her life in Ireland according to her obituary was a full and active one.[509] As a doctor with a busy practice and because of her role as doctor to several embassies she was quite prominent in Dublin's social scene with a "wide and diverse circle of friends" that included "luminaries of the art world and the medical profession".[510] Despite the fact that she was also involved in associations such as the St John Ambulance Brigade, the Dublin Jewish Burial Society and the Dublin Jewish Progressive Congregation, she herself characterised her social life as fairly quiet, apart from enjoying the occasional evening of bridge. She also pointed out that her contacts were mainly with Irish people.

Nevertheless, she still spoke German with German nationals. With her late daughter Elizabeth, who lived in America and was married to a writer, she spoke a mixture of

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[509] See 'Berlin-born Doctor Devoted to Ambulance Brigade', *The Irish Times*, 5 April 2008.

[510] 'Berlin-born Doctor Devoted to Ambulance Brigade', *The Irish Times*, 5 April 2008.

English and German. Her other daughter Evelyn, who is married to a Garda, and her grandson Rudi can speak German, but according to Dr Neuman they do not like it.

During my conversations with her Marianne Neuman spoke a liberal mixture of English and German, sometimes even changing mid-sentence. She also had a fondness for what one might call colourful language. To make her point she would often overstate things deliberately or employ a number of choice swearwords, most likely as part of the eccentric and shocking air Dr Neuman liked to cultivate. In her obituary her linguistic accomplishments are mentioned specially: "Her vocabulary was astonishing, possibly because of being fluent in English, German, Italian and French, with a passable knowledge of other languages. 'And I can spell the words,' she would pronounce."[511]

Her husband Rudi died in 1965 and from then on she held the practice by herself, with patients still calling to her at the time I spoke with her. Even after forty years she seemed sad when she talked about her husband.

Herbert Karrach lived in Ireland for over ten years and finished his education there, first in school and later as a student of medicine. After the initial stay as house servants in Thomastown – Herbert Karrach's parents stayed on there for another few months even after he had left for boarding school – the Karrachs moved to a large house near Bray, which they shared with several other refugee families. This was a distinct improvement in their circumstances. While Herbert Karrach acknowledges that the Briggs family saved their lives by taking them in and offering them jobs, he points out that they also benefitted from his parents' labour. They received half a crown when they left their employment, but otherwise had very little money. The only income they had, in fact, came from the almost daily contact with his grandmother: "During their time there, Mother had written each day to my grandmother, who kept all these letters. She in turn

[511] 'Berlin-born Doctor Devoted to Ambulance Brigade', *The Irish Times*, 5 April 2008.

wrote daily and enclosed a few international reply coupons, which could be exchanged for a few pence at the post office."[512]

As the Vallombrosa estate where the Karrachs now lived was only 10 miles from Dublin, Herbert Karrach became a weekly boarder and cycled home each weekend. His life at this time took on a certain sense of normality. He learned to speak English fairly quickly as he could not speak German except with his parents at home. He enjoyed his time in school where he had friends and lots of activities to occupy him. He points out that at this time he was not very diligent as far as his Bible studies were concerned and that, like most boys his age, he preferred to listen to the radio or socialise. He has fond memories of spending summer holidays in the country either in county Offaly where the parents of his friend George had a dairy farm, or in county Westmeath with his other friend Robert Williamson, whose father grew tomatoes:

> His father, a Presbyterian minister, had bought a small tumbledown estate in West Meath and had erected many greenhouses there in which we grew tomatoes for the Dublin market as these could no longer be supplied by Dutch growers. I worked there helping to water, de-shoot, picking and packing the fruit. It was fun. I was able to go there during several summers.[513]

At school he played rugby and went swimming, at the weekends at home he would go to the cinema in Bray with another friend, "the son of the gatekeeper", or he would go camping with the scouts in "the Powerscourt Estate nearby at Enniskerry in the Wicklow Mountains".[514] He describes one camping trip in particular:

> One summer we camped at a farm in the centre of Eire and helped the farmer. The hay was cut by hand, then stacked and dragged behind an old lorry to the barn. We tried to jump on the moving hay to get a lift. We also spent some time helping in the turf bog cutting and stooking the turf, a backbreaking occupation. Once we took a boat on a nearby lake, a storm arose and we

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[512] Herbert Karrach, 'The Karrach Family', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *The Irish Context of Kristallnacht. Refugees and Helpers (Irish-German Studies / Deutsch-irische Studien 8)*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2014, pp. 43–49 [here: 47].

[513] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[514] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> could barely beach it where the waves carried us. We then had along walk home but we were safe.[515]

This description echoes that of earlier scouting trips in Austria. His life had returned to a reasonably comfortable and safe existence if not yet to the original happy life he had known in Austria. His parents also moved twice more and for the first time the family had their own flat in Ireland:

> Some time later my parents moved again first to an old lady in Bray and then to our own top story flat in an old Georgian house in Dublin which mother furnished with stuff bought at auctions for next to nothing. In fact these items were antiques, which are now again valued and some of these are now in Rachel's home in Bayston Hill.[516]

Interestingly, the description of how his mother furnished their new living space sounds similar to that of how Claire Hennig did. The Karrachs were slowly moving towards a more settled and economically independent life.

Herbert Karrach did well in school and got a scholarship to Trinity College where he began a degree in medicine. He went into rooms at no. 22 where he "shared a small flat, no toilet or running water, as it was built about 400 years ago, with Alan Cole a scholar of the house who taught later at a divinity school in Singapore under OMF and who wrote on [sic] or two Bible commentaries."[517] At this time shortages during the war affected his daily life:

> During the war we had hardly any coal as most of it came from the UK. We were given the choice-hot food or hot water, we chose the former and this meant that we could only have one hot bath weekly.
>
> Normally we cooked breakfast on a couple of gas rings. Lunch was also a small meal and we had a small shop at the college. But for dinner we went to the hall for a large 3-course meal preceded

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[515] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[516] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[517] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> by a long Latin grace. The saying of this grace fell to the scholars who were paid for doing this.[518]

In 1943 Herbert Karrach's medical studies began in earnest. They involved lectures as well as ward rounds and outpatient clinics in different hospitals all over Dublin. He found the poverty in the Dublin slums heart-breaking and had to make do without many drugs or modern procedures. Overall, he seems to have found his life difficult, but manageable: "Studying was hard but rewarding and to have friends made life much easier."[519]

He continued to go on cycling trips, and he also joined the youth hostel association and went on trips to hostels that "were isolated huts without power or water and you had to obtain the key from the nearest farm."[520] On these trips he enjoyed hillwalking on his own. These outdoor pursuits were something he had also enjoyed in his former life.

In the meantime his parents started to make money for themselves. They set up a business making decorative ornaments and eventually employed eight girls. As they were now self-supporting, they would also have been in a position to support Herbert Karrach's maternal grandparents who were still in Vienna. Karrach writes about his parents' efforts to get his grandparents out of Vienna:

> As the country was neutral they tried to get permission for my grandparents to join us. This however was refused. Then we received no more letters from them and we lost touch with them. They had been sent with millions of others as Jews to the gas chambers.[521]

Embittered by the refusal of the Irish state to assist, his parents gave up what was a good business and moved to London where they took jobs in a factory and in a hotel so

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[518] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[519] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[520] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[521] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

they could help the war effort. Herbert Karrach stayed in Dublin to finish his training and after he qualified he worked as a house surgeon at his teaching hospital for 6 months. While for the first time he earned his own money, the work was tough:

> I earned 37/50 during that time and my keep. The other house surgeon and I shared one room. We were on duty alternate nights but when the night sister came to wake one of us up, we both lost sleep. An 80-hour week was usual.[522]

After his six months in Dublin were finished, he applied for a job in England. When the war was over, his parents returned from England and his father started an import business. So as his parents returned to Dublin, Herbert Karrach's time in Ireland came to an end. This time in Ireland was overall a happy and productive one. It gave him the opportunity to finish school and become a doctor. He also resumed many of the activities that had given him so much pleasure in Vienna and, most importantly, he found his faith. Nevertheless, he says that it took him ten years to settle in Ireland – nearly as long as he was actually there – and that he never considered Ireland his home. Considering that, according to him, he did not miss his life in his former home and threw himself into building a new life in Ireland, it is most likely that the failure of the Irish government to grant visas to his grandparents, who subsequently died in the gas chambers, undermined the possibility of him ever feeling at home in Ireland.

George Clare did not find Ireland particularly appealing or interesting beyond the acknowledgement that "[w]ell, yes, it was interesting because I was free."[523] Immediately after this grudging admission he also points out, however, that the Irish authorities were not particularly happy to have him stay and kept coming to check up on him:

> Mind you, the coppers came…ah…several times and said "Are you still here? You shouldn't be here…so…because the visa is for your parents and your father is not here, your mother has left, so what are you doing here?"

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[522] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[523] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

> So I said: "I'm a refugee and I am working in that factory and I'm training Irish youngsters to become ribbon-weavers. Without me they couldn't."
>
> "Oh." And then they left me alone. They came about…[?] came about three times "You still here?" I said "Yes" So that was it.[524]

The knowledge that the job in the factory that also provided jobs for Irish people was the only reason he was allowed to come to Ireland at all, together with the police telling him that he should not be there, cannot have made him feel very welcome or positively inclined towards Ireland.

It has to be pointed out, however, that neither he nor his parents were very enthusiastic about Ireland as their final destination. When Ireland seemed the only option they were of course keen to get there but the Irish authorities were dragging their feet about issuing the necessary visas, and when George Clare's father was offered a job in the Paris branch of the bank he had worked for in Vienna, they were delighted. While Ireland might be farther from Germany and thus safer, it could not compare with the allure of Paris. No final decision was made yet, however, but George Clare's father travelled ahead to Paris while George Clare and his mother waited for French visas to follow him there. The thinking was that they could get their Irish visas in Paris and would be out of Germany sooner. As it turned out, the Irish visas came through first – George Clare suspects as a direct result of what happened in Berlin during the *Reichskristallnacht* – and the family was reunited in London and travelled on to Dublin.[525]

After his father returned to France and his mother to London to wait for her French visa George Clare took up his job in the ribbon factory in Galway. As far as he was concerned Galway lay "on the other side of the edge of the world" and he "hated it".[526]

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[524] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[525] See George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 266ff.

[526] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 279.

He concedes, however, that this was because he "had hardly seen anything of the world" and that Galway was "an ideal location for someone looking for a quiet refuge, for peace away from it all."[527] But since a quiet refuge was not what George Clare was looking for, he had little inclination to settle in Ireland or to get to know Irish people or the Irish way of life. He also must have disliked Irish food quite a bit because, despite his vehement rejection of anything Austrian, when asked whether he missed anything from his former life, after some prodding he actually admits that he missed Austrian food: "Food yes, the food in Vienna was certainly better than in Ireland."[528]

Not surprisingly, George Clare did not get close to many people during his time in Ireland. One possible exception was a woman in Galway called Madge McGee:

> She was not a Catholic, she was Protestant actually. She had a newspaper and tobacconist shop in Galway in the Main Street and that was where also quite a lot of Irish people came in the evening to chat and talk, and I was sitting there, getting free cigarettes and coffee and whatever, and she was very fond of me.[529]

They met practically every day in the evening and would talk about "[t]he war, the Germans, that's about it, the English, the Irish." She was very pro-British in her point of view and followed the war. Signs of what was happening on the continent were apparently quite visible in Galway: "You know, the first thing we knew was our factory was actually a former barrack, barracks, and the day war broke out the Irish army arrived and moved in. So there were Irish soldiers all over the place."[530] Madge was also the only person he corresponded with "up to a point" after he had left Ireland.[531]

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[527] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 279.

[528] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[529] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[530] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[531] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

The other person he remembers, if not by name, is his landlady in Galway who he describes as "a nice, frightened little woman with a sister, and I lived there quite happily."[532] He qualifies this straightaway, however, as he does with most positive statements about Ireland: "Well, happily is exaggerated, but…"[533]

When his mother joined him in Galway after a month of waiting in London for a visa without success, she spent a miserable two months there. According to George Clare she lost weight and was crying a lot because she missed her husband so much. To her it did not matter that Ireland meant safety from Hitler and the Nazis, the only thing that mattered to her was that she was separated from her beloved husband. This is illustrated in a passage in *Last Waltz in Vienna* where George Clare compares two photographs that feature his mother:

> What a different woman from the one in the photograph taken in Ireland after we had arrived from Germany! There her near-blind eyes look almost washed away by the streams of tears she shed while separated from Father, who was then already living in Paris. It is the picture of a lonely and deeply unhappy woman. Yet when it was taken she was not alone, her only child, her son, was with her, and she was also safe in a country far from Hitler's grasp. But neither I nor safety could console her. The one human being she wanted and desperately needed to be with was Father. Only he really mattered. More than her own life.
>
> The woman in the St Pierreville photograph is smilingly accepting things as they are. Standing next to her husband she is complete and without fear. Yet the German troops in occupied France were at most a hundred miles from where they were, and the French minions of the SS and Gestapo were much closer. [534]

Since her sense of home and identity was not tied to a place but to a person, George Clare's mother was never going to settle in Ireland without her husband by her side. George Clare himself never really settled in Ireland either because he always thought of Ireland as a temporary stop on his way to Britain where he wanted to join his girlfriend and the British Army, so that he could fight in what he thought of as his war:

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[532] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[533] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[534] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 216.

> BS: But what exactly made you feel it was your war?
>
> GC: Well, because it was the war against the Germans and the anti-Semites, who considered me not to be a human being because I was Jewish-born. [pause, lights cigarette]
>
> So it was my war, and I wanted to defeat them and shoot as many as I could. I didn't shoot a single one, and I've never fired a shot in anger.[535]

In order to pursue his goal of joining the RAF he went to see the British attaché in Dublin, but he was told that he would only be allowed to join the Pioneer Corps. Nevertheless, he eventually left for London and did not want to return to Ireland after the war was over. He said that he did not really have any relationship with Ireland, but grudgingly acknowledged that Ireland saved his life: "They let me in and saved my life, fair enough. Although the coppers would have liked me to go out, but they didn't do anything about it."[536]

I asked him whether he thought that his feelings about Ireland would have been any different if his parents had joined him there rather than choosing to stay in France. Since George Clare counselled his father against coming to Ireland when he asked him what to do, this was, of course, a difficult question. Unsurprisingly he found refuge in the familiar patterns of the story he has told in his book about his parents' stay in France and their arrest:

> No, no difference. My father…My mother wanted to be with my dad, and my dad was with the bank he'd worked for all his life, which was a French bank, and they asked him to come. And he was the only one of – and they got quite a few Austrian Jews from the bank to France – and they were the only ones who didn't survive; all the others went into hiding.
>
> [pause]
>
> And when my father was arrested by the local police sergeant in St. Pierreville he climbed up through the top window and shouted at them "I'm going to jump before you and kill myself." And the sergeant said "If you want to, but all that'll happen you'll hurt yourself and we'll still send you, it's our orders, it's my orders." And that was that.[537]

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[535] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[536] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

[537] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

Again the phrase “And that was that”, like similar ones he used throughout the interview, wrapped up a painful episode of the past that he could not change, but that was painfully present in his mind whenever he remembered it.

After their initial failed efforts to earn a living in their new home, Ernst von Glasersfeld and Isabelle soon felt down about their prospects in Dublin as they had no work and no friends. But one night they overheard somebody speaking French in a pub and their fortunes changed. After listening to the French conversation between two men for a while, they struck up a conversation with one of them, who turned out to be Erskine Childers. He introduced them to some of the actors in the Gate Theatre and soon they knew lots of interesting people and became firm friends with Childers. Among the people they met was the young man with whom they eventually bought a farm. So after their first six months in Dublin they moved to a farm about 13 miles outside of Dublin and lived there for the next seven years.[538]

The farm was small and had no electricity or other luxuries, but Ernst von Glasersfeld found his work there rather enjoyable – apart from harvesting potatoes:

> Die Feldarbeit mit Pferden, ohne Benzin und Elektrizität, war ja eigentlich auch ein Vergnügen - bis auf das Kartoffelklauben im November. Das Herumgraben im Schlamm und die Regentropfen, die einem den Rücken hinunterlaufen, die spür ich noch heute. Aber im Grunde war es sehr schön, und ich habe in den sieben Jahren viel gelernt.[539]

His work on the farm was a big change from anything he had experienced before. He considered the most noticeable changes in his life at that point “[l]iving without

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[538] See Heinz von Foerster and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Wie wir uns erfinden. Eine Autobiographie des radikalen Konstruktivismus*, Heidelberg: Carl-Auer Verlag 1999, pp. 154–155.

[539] Heinz von Foerster and Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Wie wir uns erfinden. Eine Autobiographie des radikalen Konstruktivismus*, Heidelberg: Carl-Auer Verlag 1999, p. 155. In an email to Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel in 2006, Ernst von Glasersfeld gives more details about the farm: “The farm had some 80 acres, half of which was arable land, the rest arid hillside. It was mixed farming, growing oats, barley, subsidized crops of wheat, potatoes, and cattle feed. For the first two years William and I did all the work; then we made enough money selling milk so that we could hire a boy (a ‘chisler’) to help.”

electricity, making friends with the farm horses, and learning a lot of things I had never dreamt of before; and, as the war began, the gradual, depressing realization that the Europe I had grown up in was never to [be] there again."[540] Despite the total and irrevocable nature of the loss he describes here, his testimony in general does not suggest that he is prone to dwelling on such loss. Sometimes he might think about specific aspects of his old life with longing, but he balances this with positive thoughts about his new life: "I occasionally yearned for sun and snow and skiing. But a farm keeps you busy and provides a lot of compensations."[541]

He also kept up his intellectual pursuits as much as possible. When the rain was too heavy for working outside, he cycled to Dublin to read in the library. According to Ernst von Glasersfeld, work on a farm leaves your mind free for reflection as it is quiet work and after two months it becomes routine for you and the horses. He points out, however, that it is not really possible to read in the evening as after ten minutes you would fall asleep from exhaustion.[542]

He soon felt at home in Ireland, a sense of belonging that he had literally wrought from the earth in his interaction with the soil:

> BS: When if ever did you start to think of Ireland as your home? How did this manifest itself?
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> EvG: It grew on me very quickly working on the farm. If you and your horses have plowed a 6 acre field, you have no doubt where your home is.[543]

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[540] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[541] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[542] See Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 41–42].

[543] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

While this sense of home relies on an old idea of culture that involves the application of labour to nature, it does not adopt the limiting perspective of being rooted in local soil. Ernst von Glasersfeld grew up experiencing different languages and cultures, and as a consequence he had no essentialist ties with any one culture or nationality. While he did like the Austrian landscape in particular, he did not miss Austrian people or the Austrian culture; indeed, his new friends in Ireland provided more of an emotional home for him: "I felt more at home with the actors and artists in Dublin than with any people I had known before; and I had come to think that 'culture' was something you had to build for yourself."[544] Ernst von Glasersfeld expresses a view of culture that requires active participation and agency. This sense of feeling empowered when it comes to cultural experience undoubtedly helped, as much as it was probably the result of, his ability to occupy what Tillich would call a boundary position beyond national identifications. In this view culture is more an expression of individual experience than an externally imposed set of collective social norms, and national aspects become less important.

It makes sense then that von Glasersfeld did not specially avoid or seek out exponents of any particular culture. He did not, for example, make a conscious effort to get to know Irish people or culture "beyond reading Synge's plays, the Crock of Gold, and talking to Gogarty every now and then."[545] And he actually found it difficult to identify anything as Austrian in the first place: "I can't think of anything that I considered to be particularly Austrian, except the way I spoke and thought of German."[546] This lack in his perception of any national dimension even extended to Christmas: "We celebrated Xmas and New Year's Eve with every one and I never thought of them as 'Austrian."[547]

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[544] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[545] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[546] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[547] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

When asked about people's behaviour towards him he mentions that the question of German nationality came up: "Occasionally someone suspected, because of my name, that I was German; but it never took long to convince them that this was not the case. The friends we had, of course, helped in that regard."[548] It seems that, while he did not actively care about being Austrian, he did not want to be identified as a German. He describes how people behaved to newcomers in general and presumably himself specifically, as follows: "Dubliners, in those days, always tested a newcomer: you either made it or you didn't. It was a matter of catching on to their games."[549] These "games" were apparently designed to test a newcomer's suitability for inclusion in the social group. As he had Irish friends, his statement presumably means that he was tested, passed and was included.

Despite a life of satisfying physical work and intellectual friends Ernst von Glasersfeld and his wife Isabel decided to sell the farm at the end of the war to go to a warmer climate for a while. The rain that had depressed them when they first came was still getting to them:

> Meine Frau und ich, wir haben Rheumatismus bekommen, es ist ja fürchterlich feucht da, in den Häusern war es auch noch furchtbar feucht. Die Knochen haben zu knistern angefangen und wir haben gesagt, wenn wir nicht bald in die Sonne kommen, dann gehen wir hier ein.[550]

They had intended their trip as a holiday and felt sure that they would be coming back to Ireland.

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[548] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[549] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[550] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 44].

2. Education and work life

The experiences of the exiles in education and career once they were in Ireland were quite different from what they had experienced at home before they left. Naturally, the fact that the threat of persecution was removed from their lives in general and from the arena of the classroom or workplace in particular was the most significant change. At the same time it meant the loss of familiar school and work routines as well as, for some at least, a significant impact on the progress or direction along their chosen career path. The exiles had to learn and work through a new language and in a new setting. Moreover, the prominent role of the church in the Irish education system and society in general was an influence that was felt to varying degrees, both as a positive and a negative force. Finally, money was a newly important factor in the decisions of many of the exiles about what was necessary or possible in terms of the opportunities coming their way.

The exiles adjusted to all this with more or less difficulty. There was a marked difference between the younger and the older exiles in terms of how easy they found it to access education or work respectively. The exiles of school age, namely Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Herbert Karrach, generally speaking enjoyed their time in the Irish education system. They had friends and did well in their chosen studies, with three of them winning scholarships to Trinity College and one of them studying art at NCAD. For the older exiles it was more difficult to find fulfilling employment. With the exception of Marianne Neuman, who after repeating part of her medical degree could work as a doctor, the older exiles largely made do with whatever was available to them, while battling legal, linguistic and financial restrictions.

Monica Schefold was educated in Santa Sabine, a Dominican convent school, where she seems to have been very happy. In her article ‘Childhood memories in Ireland from 1939–1956’ she begins the section on her school years in Santa Sabine by pointing out the generosity of the nuns because her parents, who did not have a lot of money, never had to pay school fees. Due to their financial situation, their mother also got creative when it came to providing the school uniforms for her three daughters. Instead of buying them in the particular shop designated by the school their mother bought fabric

and sewed the uniforms herself to save money. Despite the fact that the material was superior and the design very practical Monica Schefold and her sisters did not like that this made them stand out from the other students:[551]

> But for us this zip and the slightly different texture of the material, a much better quality, made us different again. Only one other mother, Muriel Brandt, the excellent painter, had the same idea for her daughter Ruth – later an equally gifted artist. But then Muriel Brandt was also an exception, being a Protestant in a so-called mixed marriage.[552]

This obviously reinforced their sense of being outside of the norm and of not really belonging, just as it did when the nuns presented them to visitors as their "German children".

Not surprisingly, the education Monica Schefold and her sisters received in their convent school placed a strong emphasis on religion. In my questionnaire Monica Schefold lists some of the rituals that structured a typical day: "Our school days were ritualised with prayers, morning masses, prayers before each class – retreats, processions (medals 'children of Mary' etc)."[553] In answer to another question she elaborates on what the school retreats entailed:

> The school had retreats twice a year. We had to take turns, in pairs, to pray and meditate in front of the host in the chapel – wearing veils etc. It was completely "organised" and as a pupil you did not question it all too much.[554]

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[551] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 255].

[552] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 255].

[553] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[554] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

The unquestioning submission to religious ritual even extended to practices that were not part of daily devotion, but rather in support of a personal campaign by the nuns. A comparatively long passage in Monica Schefold's written recollections is devoted to the ultimately futile ambition of the nuns "to get the Blessed Philomena canonised as a saint", which involved "red and white girdles, (a symbol of purity), which we were given to wear underneath our bottle green uniforms, accompanied by a small red book of her life."[555] Despite their earnest devotion, however, the nuns were apparently not opposed to a bit of fun. According to Monica Schefold they gave the Mother Superior a big fright when they hid the two-metre-long stuffed crocodile Claire Hennig had bought at auction in the convent garden and asked the Mother Superior to come out and see the strange animal lurking there.[556]

Monica Schefold sat her Leaving Certificate at the age of sixteen as she had skipped a class earlier. She achieved six honours papers and had her heart set on studying at the Art College in Dublin, a degree she calls "my dream come true."[557] She had, in fact, always had an interest in and a talent for art, something her parents had nurtured by giving her art materials and by arranging for her to have art lessons with Anne Yeats,

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[555] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 255].

[556] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 260].

[557] Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 255].

Jack B. Yeats's niece.[558] She enjoyed her time at the Art College in Dublin, but in the end decided to leave Ireland because she saw greater opportunities for herself abroad. Nevertheless, Monica Schefold experienced her youth and her education as a very happy time in her life and she was sad when it came to an end.

In *Die bleibende Statt* her father John Hennig also comments on how much the nuns contributed to his daughters' growing up happy and in inner peace: "An dem inneren Frieden, in dem unsere Kinder aufwachsen durften, hatten die Dominikanerinnen, bei denen sie zur Schule gingen, nicht geringen Anteil. "[559] Despite this positive assessment of its effect on their emotional and psychological well-being, in his view the education his daughters received in their Irish school was naturally of a lower intellectual level than it would have been on the continent or in England. He did not, however, consider intellectual excellence or material usefulness to be the most important criteria for a successful education.[560]

As previously discussed, John Hennig's main priority when it came to finding work in Ireland was to earn enough money to support his family. Especially in the beginning this was not easy: the job in Belvedere College that allowed him entry into Ireland in the first place did not pay well, and he had to take on private language students as well as other teaching jobs to make ends meet. He found more steady employment after becoming an Irish citizen after the war, first as a records officer with Bord na Móna and later as a librarian in the headquarters of the Electricity Bord.

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[558] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 263].

[559] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 170.

[560] For a fuller account of John Hennig's views on his daughters' education as well as for anecdotes about school life see John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 170–173.

These jobs whose purpose was mostly to gain financial security for his family were only one aspect of John Hennig's work in Ireland, however. More important on a personal level and for the development of Irish studies were the many self-appointed research projects that resulted in the numerous publications to his name.[561] Of course, a lot of these articles were written in order to supplement his income, but that should not detract from the fact that they served his interests and kept him sane in a life that was difficult and full of change. When Arthur Cox asked what John Hennig "really" did, he was the only one who was thus referring to John Hennig's academic pursuits, an interpretation that Hennig endorses when he later writes that his real life and his research began after the Electricity Bord released him at five.

While over time his writing was accepted by a large variety of religious and non-religious publications, one of the first to accept some of his writings was *The Standard*, a Catholic paper that offered to pay for 1000 words per week. The following passage illustrates how emotionally fraught his situation sometimes was:

> Meine Lage beim Standard war peinlich. Am Tage nach der ersten Bombardierung von Coventry wurde ich dort zu den wackeren Taten meiner Landsleute beglückwünscht. Ich spezialisierte mich darauf, über jedes neue Land, das Hitler überfiel, einen Artikel zu schreiben, in den ich hineinpackte, was über die Lage der katholischen Kirche dort zu sagen war. Mir kam zu statten, dass ich eine Wendigkeit im Aufspüren von möglichen Informationsquellen besass und nicht auf englischsprachige Literatur beschränkt war. Von 1944 an erschien dann eine entsprechende Artikelserie über die Länder, aus denen die Deutschen weichen mussten. Es war ein makaberes Geschäft.[562]

Making his writing a compromise between his own interest and saleability was difficult for him, and while he enjoyed doing the research and in particular how he managed to make the most out of the available sources – throughout his autobiography he shows a certain pride in how well he did this – he was painfully aware that at the end of the day

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[561] John Hennig's numerous publications on Irish-German relations are now published in a volume of nearly 600 pages with a long introduction about his life. See Gisela Holfter and Hermann Rasche (eds.), *Exil in Irland. John Hennigs Schriften zu deutsch-irischen Beziehungen*, Trier: Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier 2002.

[562] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 139.

what he was doing was mainly business and "macabre" at that. Far from trying to deny that he consciously tailored his work to financial or tactical considerations, he states that he got quite skilled at doing so: "Aus der anfänglichen Not, überhaupt mit meinen Artikeln irgendwo anzukommen, entwickelte ich eine Fertigkeit, mich in Themenwahl und Darstellungsform anzupassen."[563] His frank admission in this regard is not surprising as it is consistent with his distaste for high-mindedness that is based in comfort. He learned at a young age to what degree practical necessity shapes our actions and interferes with the application of principle. And while financial considerations undoubtedly shaped his work, he also enjoyed a lot of freedom. He could choose who to write for without any thought for anyone's agenda and, as long as he could sell his work, he could write about whatever he wanted.

At this time his financial situation was so precarious and his jobs so varied that a typical afternoon could look something like this:

> Kurz zuvor hatte ich mich in meiner Verzweiflung entschlossen, das Studium der Architektur zu beginnen. Da ich gleichzeitig eine Reihe Vorträge an der Central Catholic Library halten durfte, ergab es sich, dass ich mich von 9–12 mit den Unterschieden zwischen sash-Windows und casement-windows, von 2–3 mit dem Unterschied zwischen trennbaren und untrennbaren Verben und von 4–5 mit dem zwischen Benediktionen und Konsekrationen befasste, wenn ich nicht Abends noch einen Artikel über das Verhältnis zwischen Tschechen und Slowaken schrieb.[564]

Despite the difficult circumstances – he often worked and studied far away from Dublin and had to organise the time and access to various libraries and archives to get the sources for his research and articles – he produced an astonishing number of works on a wide variety of topics:

> Meine Produktion reichte von bis heute noch bei Woolworth verkauften Heften der Irish Home Handbook Series betitelt "Der Hausarzt", "Mutter und Kind", "Die frohe Braut" und "Moderne Jugend", wofür ich je sechzig Pfund bekam (ich vermischte munter Zusammengelesenes mit Selbsterlebtem) bis zu Abhandlungen über abgelegene kirchengeschichtliche und theologische

[563] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 180.

[564] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 140.

> Fragen, die ich auf gut Glück an Zeitschriften sandte, die ich oft nur dem Namen nach kannte, in Grossbritannien, den USA und Kanada, wo ich für die Sonderdrucke bezahlen musste.[565]

Due to this variety his work was hard to fit into any category. His research was self-directed and generated from a position outside of any formal academic context or national perspective. It was, in fact, this perspective of an outsider straddling a position on the boundary between two cultures that proved a fertile ground for his academic investigations. He found his niche as someone who had knowledge of both Ireland and liturgy, but again in a boundary position between the two as he claims his knowledge was limited in either subject:

> Ich entdeckte, dass zwischen den keltischen Philologen, die von Liturgie keine Ahnung haben, und den Liturgiewissenschaftlern, die Irland für einen Teil von England halten, noch Raum war für einen, der auf beiden Gebieten Halbwissen besitzt.[566]

He chose liturgical studies, and more specifically the liturgical tradition of Irish saints, because it was something that a German in Ireland could write about with the source material at his disposal:

> Auch sie ergab sich aus einer äusseren Not. Ich musste mir ein Gebiet suchen, das ich in Irland einigermassen sachkundig bearbeiten könnte und auf dem ich anderseits meine speziellen Möglichkeiten als vom Festland Gekommenener und als Liturgiekundler ins Spiel bringen könnte. Ja, um nur einigermassen mit der unvermittelten und unvorbereiteten Fixierung auf jener Insel fertig zu werden, musste ich mich mit ihren Beziehungen zu dem Weltteil, in dem ich aufgewachsen war, beschäftigen.[567]

Thus, he became the foremost writer on German and continental Irish Studies using his experience in Ireland while at the same time bringing his sensibility as a German philologist to the field of liturgical studies. The central topic of his historical investigation was the attitude that found expression in Irish liturgy, and it was his work in this area that got him accepted into the Royal Irish Academy.

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[565] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 141.

[566] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 141–142.

[567] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 183.

When he got a job with Bord na Móna in Newbridge things settled down financially, but now he had to endure being separated from his family during the week and spending his time in a rural town with dismal facilities. In this situation he used his research to counter the loneliness and despair he felt. It was only when he got the job in Dublin with the ESB that he was on a better financial footing and closer to his family and so could enjoy his research. After he left work at five he could collect the books already lined up for him and devote himself to his real interest without giving work or money another thought. Throughout his time in Ireland his academic work helped him both to make ends meet and to drive back despair in times of difficulty, but it was also a source of joy and satisfaction. And while his difficult situation in exile made his work necessary it also made it possible, in that he would never have chosen the specific area of study if he had not had to abandon his home for the uprooted existence of exile. In fact, he enjoyed that his research charted territory that he would not have been able to discover if his path in life had not been disrupted: "Eine Freude, die meinem zerrissenen Lebensweg eigen ist, ist die gewesen, dass ich mich auf Gebieten zurecht gefunden habe, die zu begehen mir nicht an der Wiege gesungen war."[568]

In his biographical writing Peter Schwarz focuses almost exclusively on his education and career. In his short CV the only lines devoted to his life before and outside of school and university are "Born in Bremen, Germany, on 6 May 1927. Emigrated to Ireland 1939. Married 1957."[569] Admittedly, such a document does not usually include much in the nature of personal information, but even in his much longer autobiography he writes little about his life in Germany or his home life in Ireland. Instead he goes into a great deal of detail about his education and especially his academic career. He first went to Baymount boarding school and later St. Andrew's College, a secondary school in Dublin. His interest in science was first kindled by his friendship at Baymount with the youngest son of the botanist Dixon and even "survived the extremely idle science

[568] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 192.

[569] Peter Schwarz, CV of Johann Claus Peter Schwarz, unpublished.

teacher [he] had at his secondary school".[570] Against the advice to go for an entrance scholarship in Modern Languages and despite his teacher's lack of supervision, Peter Schwarz won a sizarship for Trinity College Dublin and began a science degree in 1944.[571]

As finances were tight he had to take every opportunity to supplement the money his sizarship paid him by, for example, taking meteorological readings twice a day and getting paid for sitting sponsored exams on biblical texts. According to him "[e]ven [his] scientific direction was influenced by finance."[572] He specialised in organic chemistry as this promised the best chance of getting postgraduate work after his degree. His financial situation improved slightly when he won a scholarship which gave him room and board as well as a modest income that he could add to by saying Latin grace at dinner on occasion.

In 1948 he received a first-class honours degree and a gold medal and began a PhD on the chemistry of the compound "reductone". He explains the rather long list of degrees in his CV, which includes a BA, a BSc, an MA and a PhD, as follows:

> The Honours Degree at that time was a BA but a BSc (the related 'ordinary' degree) was thrown in; possession of the two gives an impression of breadth which is quite misleading, compounded as it was by the award of an MA in 1952 without any further effort or expense (the degree fee of £10 was waived as I was a member of staff by that time and was eligible to receive it 'jure officii'). I doubt that these curious practices survive!

In 1950, at the beginning of the third year of his PhD, he was made an assistant lecturer and finally earned enough money to catch up and buy himself a "virginals", but he

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[570] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

[571] In the writings of Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Herbert Karrach it is not always clear what exams and awards they are referring to. For a current definition of the various entrance awards available in Trinity College Dublin see https://www.tcd.ie/calendar/undergraduate-studies/entrance-awards.pdf [Accessed 4 January 2020].

[572] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

could not afford a "harpsichord". He clearly enjoyed playing music as this is the only topic that is given some space in his biography apart from science or academic administration. He played the recorder in various ensembles and got to play with many professional musicians. He played in radio concerts for RTE and later became a member of the Dublin Harpsichord Ensemble. He also organised lunchtime concerts in Trinity College.

Peter Schwarz finished his PhD in 1953 and in the same year he began a postdoctoral fellowship in Edinburgh under the supervision of Sir Edmund Hirst, who had been his external examiner. The research he had done for his PhD led him into carbohydrate chemistry, a field that he would work in for the rest of his career. After a brief return to Trinity College as a lecturer, in 1957 he married Catherine and accepted a lecturership in Edinburgh. He never had to interview for any of his jobs and, while he is not proud of this fact, he views this as another example of his good fortune in life:

> It seems to me that I have always been fortunate to be in the right place at the right time: in peaceful Ireland rather than in Germany during the war, in the Chemistry Department in the expansion of the 60s, in the Faculty Office when circumstances almost forced the Faculty to create the post of Vice-Dean, and in retirement when the need to justify every action to Government became over-riding.[573]

Clearly, Peter Schwarz views his academic career in a positive light and even as a stroke of luck in terms of where and when it happened. He goes into great detail describing the work he did with his postgraduate and undergraduate students, the development of facilities and administrative policies in the chemistry department in Edinburgh and his increasing interest in computing. He started moving into administration in 1962 and got more and more involved being appointed to various positions, such as Director of Studies in 1962, Admissions Selector and Senior Director of Studies for Chemistry in 1967, Associate Dean responsible for admissions in 1969 and finally Vice Dean in 1972. He says he learned his administrative skills by watching others because he was never formally trained in administration, and he saw himself in his role as administrator as "an innocent civil servant rather than a spin doctor".

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[573] Peter Schwarz, *An Anecdotal Biographical Note. March 96, updated August 03*, unpublished.

Despite his obvious achievements in the department he harbours some regrets about his research:

> Looking back over all this work, I have two regrets. First that much was not written up for publication (though presented at conferences and seminars); the fact that I was beginning to be immersed in administration is a weak excuse. Secondly, I regret that my work was not more focused, though I found the wide spread of interest both stimulating and useful in teaching. Perhaps my migration towards physical chemistry was a consequence of my undergraduate inclination towards physics and physical chemistry which I should not have sacrificed to financial expediency.

The overriding theme that comes through in Peter Schwarz's biography is the importance of his work and his loyalty to the chemistry department and the University of Edinburgh. This is particularly evident in his use of the word "traumatic" to describe instances that he perceived either as a threat or an embarrassment to said department. In a way he chooses his academic work as the ordering principle for his biography much as John Hennig chose religion for his. Even the section entitled "Outside the Office" does not deal with private life, but with his involvement in several committees in the university.

With the threat of the Nazi regime removed from the realm of education, Peter Schwarz could pursue his interests without major worry or distraction. Financial concerns did influence his decisions somewhat, but it is clear from his writing that science and academia offered him more than simply a source of income; they offered a source of fulfilment.

Hans Reiss spent his last year of school attending Wesley College as a boarder. He found the atmosphere and attitude to learning there very different to what he had experienced in his Gymnasium at home in Mannheim.[574] He did not seem to have much confidence in his ability to pass any exam through English, but his diligence and

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[574] See Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109 [here: 104–105]; and Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 107ff.

intelligence enabled him to come top both in the Trinity College entrance exam and the sizarship exam, which granted him room and board in Trinity College.

At the beginning of September 1940 he moved into rooms in Trinity College and thoroughly enjoyed his new independence: "Es war herrlich, mein eigener Herr zu sein und ungestört arbeiten zu können."[575] His new home was not necessarily very comfortable – the rooms were cold and damp in winter, there was no running water and the toilets were outside the building – but none of that dampened his spirits: "Aber all dies tat meiner guten Laune keinen Abbruch."[576]

He chose to study modern languages, specifically French and German literature, in order to be able to support himself sooner and not be dependent on the charity of his benefactors longer than necessary. But he did also enjoy his studies and spent a lot of time discussing literary works with his friends, even if most of them were not really familiar with German literature:

> Freilich waren die meisten meiner Freunde kaum mit der deutschen Literatur vertraut. Goethe, Schiller und Heine waren für viele bloße Namen. Allein Thomas Mann und Rilke waren durch gute Übersetzungen bekannt. So gehörte ich zu der Welt meiner literarischen Freunde, aber nie ganz. Das hat überhaupt mein Dasein in Irland geprägt.[577]

When I asked him in my questionnaire to elaborate on this feeling of not quite belonging and how it had marked his existence in Ireland he responded:

> I cannot say any more. I missed meeting colleagues with whom I would be able to talk about my work. When teaching in London and going to Germany frequently I naturally found it very useful to meet colleagues who were also studying and teaching German literature and being able to talk about it with my academic work. It made me feel to be in the swim of things. I have always learnt much from conversations Now that I am old I need it less.[578]

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[575] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 117.

[576] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 118.

[577] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, pp. 128–129.

[578] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

In the spring of 1941 he won a scholarship and expanded his studies beyond French and German literature. He achieved diplomas in economics and later in art history. In his final exam in 1943 he came top of his class again, a result which he attributed to luck once more. He graduated with a First Class Moderatorship in Modern Languages, a Gold Medal and a Moderatorship Prize. He was then appointed Assistant to the Professor of German and felt that he had taken the first step in his academic career: "Ich hatte die unterste Schwelle der akademischen Leiter erklommen."[579]

In 1945 he was awarded a PhD for his work on Arthur Schnitzler and began a postdoctoral thesis on Franz Kafka. He sent his finished manuscript about Kafka to several English publishing houses, but since in the 1940s Kafka was not yet established as a writer and was considered by many with suspicion, Reiss's work was rejected. He finally got his book published in Heidelberg in 1952.

Hans Reiss became an Irish citizen in 1946 and would have liked to stay in Ireland and in Trinity College as he felt very happy there:

> I had begun to feel at home there and I appreciated the kindness and friendliness which I had encountered. But these were lean financial years for T.C.D. Its Board thought I ought to look for a post elsewhere and, much to my disappointment, told me so.[580]

Faced with this undesirable situation, Hans Reiss looked for work elsewhere. In 1946 he turned down a position in a Merchant bank and instead accepted a job to teach German at the London School of Economics, which he calls "a great institution, then the home of a galaxy of outstanding scholars".[581] After seven years at LSE he taught at Queen Mary College, University of London, until in 1957 he became Professor of German at

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[579] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 141.

[580] Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109 [here: 109].

[581] Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109 [here: 109].

McGill University in Montreal, where he met his wife Linda. Finally, in 1965 he accepted a position as Professor of German and Head of the Department in Bristol; he retired as Professor Emeritus in 1988.

Hans Reiss himself summarises his long and distinguished academic career as follows:

> Apart from teaching and lecturing - I have lectured in more than fifty universities in fourteen countries from the Bosporus to the Pacific coast - I have done a lot of writing, almost exclusively on German literature, aesthetics and political philosophy, in particular on Goethe, Kant, Nietzsche, Thomas Mann, Kafka and Brecht.[582]

While Hans Reiss had both the determination and talent to work hard and do well at whatever he chose to do, he stayed with academia and the humanities in particular, because it suited him most. He describes the joy and satisfaction his work has given him over the years:

> Bei meiner Arbeit war ich immer darauf bedacht, das Verständnis der deutschen Kultur in England und das englischer wissenschaftlicher Praxis im deutschen Sprachbereich zu mehren. Geistige Arbeit belebt mich immer. Ich bin froh, daß ich so lange und so vieles habe publizieren können und vielleicht doch einiges zu Wege gebracht habe. Ich hatte immer Freude bei der Forschung, so mühselig auch Einzelnes dabei sein kann. Im Ganzen gewährte es mir Befriedigung. Das ist eine Bestätigung des eigenen Wirkens, wenn auch die wahre Lebensfreude aus dem Kreise der Familie kommt.[583]

It was not difficult for Marianne Neuman and her husband Rudi to get their passports or a work permit. Having already passed his British medical exams in Edinburgh, Rudi Neuman set up a surgery as soon as he got his permission to practice medicine. Marianne Neuman first had to repeat her *Hauptstudium* (2.5 years) and take her exams in the College of Surgeons before she could work as a doctor. While this delay seemed to irk her it did not seriously diminish her chances at a career in her chosen field of medicine. In fact, she became a prominent figure in the medical scene and later she was doctor to 17 embassies, still 5 when I spoke to her, including the German embassy. While the move to Ireland naturally delayed and complicated things a bit for the couple

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[582] Hans Reiss, 'Recollections of My Year at Wesley College, Dublin', in *The Wesley College Dublin Yearbook (1993–1994)*, pp. 103–109 [here: 109].

[583] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 355.

they were the only adults amongst the exiles who managed to pursue the same career they had planned for themselves in Germany.

Herbert Karrach continued his school education as a boarder in St. Andrew's College, a Presbyterian foundation in Dublin. According to Karrach the headmaster in his school took an interest in him, and as he had done well in the Cambridge certificate exam, he was told to try for a Trinity College entrance exam in French and German. After first dismissing this as easy his attitude changed when a new teacher assigned him two literature essays that made him realise how much he still had to learn. He was also aware how much he had to gain by passing the exam:

> I got up very early to work and I started to pray again as I was scared. I worked very hard. The "Sizar ship" that I was aiming for would enable one to study free for a four-year arts degree and also to eat a large dinner in the hall every day during that time.[584]

Inspired by one of his friends he also tried for a junior exhibition that involved higher maths in which he had no training. He prayed and worked hard and passed the sizarship, but came fourteenth in the junior exhibition (there were twelve places available) due to low marks in maths.

After a religious epiphany Herbert Karrach believed that God wanted him to study medicine and to go abroad to work as a missionary. Since this would require six years of training, money again was a problem – a problem that was solved by two people declining the junior exhibition:

> So in September of 1942 I went to my tutor and told him that I wanted to study Medicine. I still had also to do a pass arts degree and I needed 12/50 to sign on for the premedical course. When I finished the tutor said, "congratulations you have been awarded a Junior Exhibition" that year and I don't know if this happened at any other time, 2 people who were ahead of me decided to accept some other scholarship and dropped out, which enabled me to receive the first instalment of the 50 pounds just when I needed the exact amount to sign on at the medical school. God had again provided! This was in those days a lot of money. [585]

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[584] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[585] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

In 1942 Herbert Karrach studied subjects that were new to him, such as Physics, Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, and in 1943 his medical studies began in earnest. He got a job as a demonstrator to the year below his, which not only provided him with necessary funds for his degree, but also helped him remember more of the relevant subject matter. Overall, he seems to have enjoyed his degree even though it was difficult: "Studying was hard but rewarding and to have friends made life much easier."[586]

His preclinical course ended in 1944, and during his clinical training he had to attend ward rounds and outpatient clinics as well as lectures. For the clinical work he could choose as many hospitals and specialities as he wanted, but for his residency he had to choose just one, in his case the Adelaide Hospital. He describes in great detail what it was like to work in the poorer areas and without the medicines and inoculations that are widely available today:

> For our midwifery course we had to stay at the Rotunda, then a world-famous hospital, and attend 10 home deliveries. The poverty in the Dublin slums was heartbreaking. We had to get up quickly at any time day or night as these ladies who bore many children delivered very quickly. We also had to escape the many fleas in these hovels. In those days we saw many diseases that are fortunately now being treated and controlled successfully: Tuberculosis in all its forms, Syphilis osteomyelitis including Mastoid infections, and all the children's diseases including Diphtheria and Poliomyelitis. There were no effective treatments or inoculations available. We had only Sulphonamides and it was only after I qualified in the summer of 1948 that penicillin started to be used but even this required 3 hourly painful injections.[587]

After Herbert Karrach qualified as a doctor he worked as a house surgeon at his teaching hospital for six months, and after that took jobs in English hospitals, the first of which was that of a house surgeon at Kettering. While waiting for this job to start he volunteered to do a locum at the Islington medical mission near the Angel in London. When his six months stay at Kettering was up he applied for the job of House Physician at the larger Northampton hospital, a job he got on condition that he do a locum there for one of the doctors first. Next he was appointed as an obstetric house surgeon in

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[586] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[587] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

Harrogate and finally he spent six months at St. Luke's hospital in Bradford to gain paediatric experience.

Herbert Karrach still wanted to be a missionary and apply to OMF missionary society to work in China or with overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia, but after his father had a heart attack he decided that he needed to stay closer to his parents. While he clearly felt that it was his duty to move to Dublin, he did not relish the idea. In fact he referred to it several times with the words "I felt I should". As he could not find a suitable job in Dublin, however, he eventually found a solution to his dilemma by applying for a job in the Colonial Medical Service: "If I were to go to East Africa, not only would I be financially able to support my parents but they would even be able to stay with me, as the climate was very suitable."[588]

He was posted to Uganda and embarked on his journey there in December 1951. During his period of probation he moved around various hospitals in Uganda with a variety of tasks and problems to face. During this time he also met his wife Molly. After some difficulty over what his superiors considered his overly religious demeanour he was confirmed in his appointment, and so had to return to England for more specialised training. He found the transition back to busy London difficult:

> We flew home and after arrival in London to meet Mollie's father I had to report to the Crown Agents. Having lived for 18 months in a community of 10 expats households I was leaving Waterloo station in the morning rush hour and I was caught up in the stream of hurrying humanity, it was a reverse culture shock. As I was now confirmed in my appointment I had to sign up for the course of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene at the School for Tropical Diseases in Gower Street. For 5 months I commuted from Wimbledon Mollie's home and at the end I had to sit the exam, which I passed. [589]

The Karrachs returned to Uganda and served there for many years. As a doctor in Africa Herbert Karrach had to improvise and contend with the distances and prejudices of the native population. He dealt with the many difficulties with a mixture of spiritual and

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[588] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[589] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

practical effort: “I needed to pray and often consult my textbooks.”[590] During their time in Uganda the Karrachs also adopted two children and had a third. When Uganda became independent the family left:

> Because at independence the colonial office could no longer be our employer we were offered a “golden handshake”. This was calculated on the basis of age, length of service in months and final salary. On all these counts I was in the top bracket and so God had kept the promise we were given at our wedding.

After their return the Karrachs settled in England where Herbert Karrach became the partner in a GP practice in Bedford.

George Clare worked in Hirsch’s ribbon factory and found his job there really boring. He never saw Ireland as his final destination and knew that the only reason Ireland admitted him in the first place was because of the ribbon factory and the jobs it provided for Irish citizens. So he endured his stay, but left for England as soon as he could. There he joined the pioneer corps and eventually had a career in publishing, mostly in Axel Springer’s London-based news service.[591]

When Ernst von Glasersfeld and his wife found themselves unable to secure any suitable freelance work, they eventually bought a farm. The work on the farm was satisfying, but apart from some reading in the evening or at the weekends, Ernst von Glasersfeld had little time for anything else. He was, however, part of a group who met to discuss the newly published *Finnegans Wake*. Inspired by Joyce’s frequent references, Glasersfeld started reading the works by the Italian philosopher Giovanni Biattista Vico, which was important later when he developed his concept of radical

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[590] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[591] George Clare, *Berlin Days*, London: Macmillan 1989.

constructivism.[592] His intellectual and academic career did not start in earnest until he was back on the continent.

3. Religion

While for at least half of the exiles religion did not form part of the identity that was being left behind in their respective home countries, the situation was different when they lived in Ireland. Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz and Herbert Karrach might have been too young to have personal memories from before the time their families had to emigrate or they were simply not that interested, but now they would consider themselves religious to varying degrees. The religious attitudes of the older exiles were mostly well-established when they left for Ireland, and so their faith changed, if at all, in its particular expression rather than in its fundamental constitution. In other words, John Hennig was still Catholic, Hans Reiss Protestant and Marianne Neuman Jewish. For George Clare and Ernst von Glasersfeld, on the other hand, religion was not important during their time in Ireland, nor later for that matter.

Monica Schefold grew up as a Catholic in Dublin with all the institutionalised religious rituals that entailed at the time. The rituals she participated in, both in school and with her family, included prayers, the rosary, morning mass in school and mass every Sunday, confession, retreats and processions, with Easter and All Souls being mentioned as particularly important events. She did not question any of it much as a child and experienced Irish Catholicism as a positive element of both her own life and society in general:

> BS: How did you find the Irish Catholicism?
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> MS: We took it very serious and felt how strongly it formed the basis towards life. The attitude to death, loss, disappointment, sickness was outstanding and faith pervaded into daily life in great measure. With so many friends it was very authentic and through this faith they were

[592] Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, 'Ernst von Glasersfeld im Gespräch mit Albert Müller und Karl H. Müller. Erster Tag', in Ernst von Glasersfeld, *Radikaler Konstruktivismus: Versuch einer Wissenstheorie*, edited by Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller, Vienna: edition echoraum 2005, pp. 31–61 [here: 40].

> exceptional people, conscious of the finality of our lives and really "holy" in a very positive sense – others rather hypocritical.[593]

Clearly, Monica Schefold was very serious about her faith and felt that it enriched her life and gave meaning to it. The fact that it was so universally shared contributed to this experience even if inevitably there were people that were hypocritical in their religious demeanour.

She did think, however, that her family background afforded her a measure of distance and freedom that allowed her to be open and tolerant to others:

> BS: How important was religion to you? Did this change at any point? If so, when and why?
>
> MS: It was important but probably with more freedom and more distance through our very mixed background; Protestant + Jewish. Thus our family is very open and tolerant towards other religions. Of course the older I grew the more I reflected on this subject and became a lot more critical towards the convent education and bigotry of some Irish people.[594]

The same distance and freedom that allowed Monica Schefold to be open and tolerant also led her to be more critical of how religious faith was sometimes implemented in Ireland. Nevertheless, overall she seems to have regarded her faith as a positive force in her life.

John Hennig also admired the way faith permeated Irish life, and in his autobiography *Die bleibende Statt* he writes in great detail about his views on Irish faith and Irish attitudes to life, death, sickness and suffering. It is not surprising that Monica Schefold seems to have adopted some of his views. In their home, religious ritual was a natural part of daily life and their education in school perfectly complemented their religious upbringing as the following passage illustrates:

> Die Schwestern brachten den Kindern den Rosenkranz dadurch nahe, dass sie jedem Kind ein Geheimnis anvertrauten. Unsere zweite Tochter kam strahlend nach Hause "Ich habe die Geisselung bekommen". Aber sie erfuhr den tiefen Sinn dieses Zufalls. Wir hatten unseren Kindern, so weit wie es vertretbar war, die Belastung durch das Furchtbare, das ihnen der

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[593] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[594] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

> himmlische Vater erspart hatte, ferngehalten. Ich hatte mir den Vorschlag einer englischen Ordensgemeinschaft zu eigen gemacht, den Kreuzweg, eine in Irland überaus beliebte private Andachtsform, mit dem Gedächtnis an gepeinigte Menschen zu verbinden. Unserem Kind ging dieser Zusammenhang spontan auf. Ich kann das zweite der schmerzensreichen Geheimnisse nicht bedenken, ohne für diese Tochter zu beten und für ihre Lehrerin.[595]

In several more anecdotes he illustrates to what extent his children understood the deep meaning behind religious ritual, so that for them – as for him – it was not simply an exercise to be done by rote, but an instance of experiencing faith as real. Despite the fact that this often involved awareness of the suffering of others, he remarks on how cheerful their religious upbringing was:

> Das Hervorstechendste an dieser religiösen Erziehung war die Heiterkeit. Laetatus sum... die Freude am Verweilen im Hause des Herrn, die Juden und Christen eint, war das oberste Ziel. Es wäre uns nicht eingefallen, den sonntäglichen Gang zur Messe oder die Osterbeichte als "Pflicht" zu bezeichnen.[596]

His thoughts on his daughters' religious upbringing clearly show how important religion in the form of authentically lived faith was to him. He spent a lot of time thinking about how to live a religious life that is fulfilled, but not hypocritical. He could not, for example, join any of the religious groups some of his friends belonged to because of the sceptical attitude he learned from his father. To some extent his writing about Irish liturgy and Irish saints helped him to maintain a constant critical dialogue with his faith. His writing about religious topics is also where his two main strategies for coping with despair coincide. Work helped him cope, and so did his faith. Monica Schefold asserts that her father survived the first few difficult months in Ireland mainly through his faith, and through all the changes in his life the church remained the one true home for him, a force to drive away the dark.

Peter Schwarz has been a Protestant all his life, but changed from Lutheran to Anglican to Presbyterian, so the specific variant of Protestantism he practised reflected where he was living at the time, namely Germany, Ireland and Scotland respectively. He does not

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[595] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, pp. 170–171.

[596] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 171.

remember much about his religious life in Germany, but particularly liked his time as a member of the Anglican faith: "but I found the Church of Ireland very congenial."[597] In fact, he still misses the Anglican service:

> BS: Which faith/church did/do you belong to? Why?
>
> PS: I was brought up as a Lutheran, became an Anglican (ie Church of Ireland) in Dublin and Presbyterian (Church of Scotland) in Scotland. When I first came to Edinburgh, I went to the German Church here; the Pastor was Ritschl (a descendant of a famous German theologian) and it was a congenial place. My wife was brought up in the 'Church of Christ' (a branch of the United Reformed Church) and we got married in this. When we moved to Liberton we joined the local Presbyterian Church just across the road. My wife has been an elder of this for the last 10 or so years and has done a lot of work for it. I attend it from time to time but I still hanker after the Anglican liturgy and the beautifully concise Collects. And I hate long sermons.[598]

Apart from simply preferring the structure of the Anglican service to that of the Presbyterian church, he enjoyed his time in Trinity College and the atmosphere there very much, which obviously extended to his experience of religion (even if it would be hard to say which was cause and which was effect). It also seems significant that when he found a church "congenial", i.e. the German church in Scotland and the Anglican church in Dublin, there was a specific person he remembered. During his time in Trinity College he attended service quite often:

> BS: How closely were you involved in the activities of the church? What sorts of things would you do?
>
> PS: I went fairly regularly. In Trinity, I often went to the brief weekday early morning services and enjoyed singing Compline once a week. The chaplain at the time was George Simms – a lovely, modest and saintly man who became Archbishop of Dublin and then Primate of all Ireland. His intoning of the liturgy was perfect – musical but self-effacing. I treasure the letter he wrote to me after my mother's death (she taught him German).[599]

He never found being a Protestant in Ireland to be a problem: "I don't recall any anti-Protestant feeling but then I lived in 'The Pale'. My mother once told me that she

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[597] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[598] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[599] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

overheard someone saying that 'she is Protestant but nice'."[600] So while they might have had to overcome a degree of prejudice, in practical terms he and his mother never suffered any negative actions or reactions from anyone because they were Protestant. Peter Schwarz thinks their experience reflected the tolerant atmosphere in Dublin at the time:

> Dublin seemed very free of religious bigotry. Edinburgh is OK too, but we have Glasgow friends whose attitude to Catholics we find most distasteful. This has nothing to do with religious belief; it is pure ingrained bigotry. And, of course, the situation in Northern Ireland is quite ridiculous.[601]

Many of Peter Schwarz's friends and colleagues were Catholic and this was not an issue either. In his opinion, however, "the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin at the time (McQuaid?) was an intolerant bigot who caused a lot of trouble."[602] He goes into some detail to explain how the archbishop's actions made life difficult for Catholic students in Trinity College (which was traditionally a Protestant institution) and then concludes: "Since then TCD has had a Catholic Provost and McQuaid's dragon has been well and truly slain."[603]

Questions of outward devotion and religious bigotry aside, Peter Schwarz professes to have faith: "I couldn't call myself devout but I 'found Christ' at a Scripture Union camp and haven't lost him since then, though I have been spiritually lazy recently."[604] He also has no trouble reconciling his being a scientist with having faith: "Though a scientist (well, I was) I find no difficulty in believing in miracles – even the virgin birth.

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[600] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[601] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[602] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[603] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[604] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

Scientific advances have demythologised some miracles (though not in the sense that the German theologian Bultmann used that word)."

When Hans Reiss, inspired by the pastor Hermann Maas, discovered religion for himself he began a life-long engagement with Christianity, but mainly in its Protestant variants. After he arrived in Ireland he first attended church in Wesley College while he was studying there, and subsequently in Trinity College he was very active, both in terms of outward devotion and inner reflection:

> Auch war ich sehr an religiösen Fragen interessiert, war ein getreues Mitglied der christlichen Studentenbewegung, und erhoffte wohl törichterweise von Schnitzler Bestätigung meines Glaubens und meiner moralischen Überzeugungen, womit ein Gelehrter seine wissenschaftliche Arbeit nicht belasten soll.[605]

Both in Dublin and for the first few years in London he attended Methodist services. In both places he developed a personal relationship with a particular clergyman; in Dublin it was Dr Tim McCracken, and in London the Rev. Richardson. In London he was also part of a Christian discussion group that met every week to debate theological questions.

In Montreal he preferred to worship at the Anglican Cathedral because he did not feel comfortable in the Methodist church there. He became an official member of the Anglican Church during his time in Bristol and attended Anglican services, for example with his sons in their school chapel, until his physical disability made going to church difficult for him. In his memoir *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren* he explains how much he likes the King James Bible and the Anglican prayer book of 1662, whose language he considers sublime:

> Beim anglikanischen Gottesdienst sprechen mich die englische Bibelübersetzung aus dem Jahre 1610, allgemein King James's Bible genannt, wie auch das Gebetbuch von 1662 sehr an. Deren Sprache klingt so viel wirkungsvoller als diejenige der modernen Bibelübersetzungen und Gebetbücher. Sie ist erhaben, und das gehört zum Gottesdienst.[606]

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[605] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 142.

[606] Hans Reiss, *Erinnerungen aus 85 Jahren*, Göttingen: Petrarca 2009, p. 354.

Despite his consistent devotion throughout his life he does not believe that religion exists in outward observances, however. When asked in my questionnaire what religion meant to him he explains:

> That is difficult to specify. What struck me about Christian religion, especially its Protestant version and particularly Methodism and Anglicanism is that, in my view, it does not maintain that religion exists in outward observances but speaks to inner self. I also very much like the language of the Church of England Prayer Book of 1662 and of King James's bible and enjoy reading it virtually every day.[607]

So for Hans Reiss, religion is most important in its dialogical role in inner reflection.

Marianne Neuman was conflicted about being Jewish and this did not change when she came to Ireland. Her feelings towards the Jewish community in Ireland and about being Jewish herself were ambivalent. She said she was not involved too much in the Jewish community as she did not think it was very important. She never felt very Jewish; she had Jewish religion classes in school, but never liked Jewish people much. Neither did she think much of her husband being doctor to the Maccabees. And she mentioned that she refused to sit beside the Chief Rabbi at a state dinner for German President Johannes Rau.

However, as she remembers it, in 1946 she and her husband, together with the rabbis Jakob Kokotek and Rudolph Brasch founded the Progressive Jewish community in Dublin[608]. They relaxed a lot of the orthodox rules and so they were allowed to smoke on a Saturday and could eat what they wanted.

She said she was worried about what people might say if they found out she was Jewish despite the fact that she never actually witnessed any anti-Semitic behaviour. But this is probably partly due to her experiences in Germany and partly another result of her feeling uneasy about being Jewish. To what extent this unease is also an expression of

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[607] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[608] See Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017, pp. 392–393.

the problematic nature of Jewish identity in early twentieth-century German culture would be difficult to assess.

Herbert Karrach did not care much about religion for the first fourteen years of his life and then became a Presbyterian in Ireland simply because he "had a free place at Presbyterian school".[609] According to him this was as a direct result of his mother having him baptised as a baby. But then in 1942 he had a religious epiphany that changed the course of his life. Up to this point he acted like a Christian – he went to church, had good intentions about reading the Bible and enjoyed the Christian camps during the summer – but he did not really feel close to God or believe that God had a place in his life. That all changed when he went to camp the summer after he was accepted into Trinity College Dublin:

> By this time I was a senior boy and behaved as though I was a Christian. Some of the other seniors met to pray and I joined them. So it happened that we were asked if we would lead a testimony meeting towards the end of camp, we agreed and I was asked with others to give my testimony also. I said I would. That afternoon I went off to a meadow over looking the small lake to consider what I would say at the meeting. It was there that God met me. Whilst knowing that Jesus died on the cross for repentant sinners I never considered that I was a sinner. I strengthened this belief by comparing myself to others whom I considered needy. It was, as I imagined the young man Isaiah felt when he encountered God in the temple. (Is 6) God reminded me of all He had done for me even before I prayed. He saved our family from the gas chamber; He gave me a free place at school, at the camps and now at University and asked if I had ever thanked Him? And Thanklessness is a sin (Rom.1v21) Besides this He said that, "while I could deceive the campers I certainly could not deceive Him". I broke down and repented and asked to be forgiven and asked Jesus to control my life. Then there was peace.[610]

When he mentions this crucial moment in his life in my questionnaire Herbert Karrach refers me to his autobiography. This is probably because his autobiography is his life narrative constructed around and informed by this central event. He realises he is a sinner, repents and decides to put his life in God's hands and relinquish control. This idea of God directing his steps according to his will is the predominant thread running through the rest of Karrach's narrative. As a consequence of this belief Karrach interprets what happens in his life as meaningful. When his father has a heart attack, for

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[609] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

[610] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

example, he sees this as a sign from God that he should not go to Asia. Conversely, when he does not know what to do he prays for guidance and looks for divine signs in daily life and scripture. Probably the most significant example of Herbert Karrach believing that God directed things in his favour is when he and his wife are able to adopt a second child: "God certainly wanted us to have Jennie and Joy as their dates allowed this Godincidence to happen. This timing certainly was not an accident!"

Like Hennig he chooses religion as the ordering principle of his autobiography, but the sense of divine intervention and God having an active ordering role in his life is a marked difference. Of course, he also chronicles the outward practical aspects of his faith, for example where he worships in any given location or what Christians he meets and how they influence his spiritual journey. But the most beautiful passage illustrating his faith is when he swims into the blue grotto in Capri:

> As I was swimming in there was a little swell of waves and it was pitch black. I continued to swim in a bit further but was puzzled. Then it occurred to me that I did not wish to follow in Jonah's footsteps and so I turned around to face the entrance. At that moment, and I shall never forget it, the whole grotto was filled with light, beautiful blue light. It was dazzling and my whole body also shimmered. I made my way slowly to the entrance as the waves increased, got out and climbed up to the next terrace. I dressed and leant against the warm wall. Above me, out of sight, some folks were harvesting the olives while they sang.
>
> I would call it a spiritual experience. Away from the light there was darkness and fear but as I turned, a picture of repentance, facing Jesus who is the Light all became transformed and beautiful and peaceful.[611]

4. Identity, concepts of home and other issues

The exiles' emotional attachments to their home countries and their host countries are quite varied. Almost all feel grateful that Ireland provided them shelter and the opportunity to live in peace and security at least for a while. Most also held Irish citizenship at least temporarily, and some retained it even when they left Ireland to pursue other opportunities. Again for most of them their experiences meant that categories such as "nationality" and "home" were complex issues.

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[611] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

Monica Schefold grew up in Ireland with German parents, and while she herself wanted to be Irish like everyone else she had German identity imposed on her by others, which led to a conflicted sense of identity. After her parents moved the family to Switzerland in 1956, Monica met her future husband whom she married in 1964. When he got a job as an assistant at the Freie Universität Berlin in Germany the couple moved there. Naturally, Monica Schefold felt worried about returning to Germany: "But it was with quite a lot of anxiety that I went to live in Germany and with many mixed feelings to return to a country where 25 years before I would have been murdered probably."[612] According to her, in the Berlin of the 1960s signs of war were still quite visible and so "one was constantly reminded of the past history and the hardship also endured by the German people." She was "excited to live in such an interesting city but always on the alert for signs of intolerance or anti-Semitism." This feeling of suspicion and insecurity as to people's attitudes or intentions was a constant feature of her early life on the continent, which according to her got much stronger when she moved to Berlin. She says that "one often heard anti-Semitic remarks and felt elements from war times (1964…)". She felt that there was "a strong self-righteousness and lack of shame as to the Nazi crimes and people on the self-defense at once, in contrast to Ireland – all very tense." Moreover, people in Berlin were, apparently, not very well-disposed to children, which cannot have promoted a sense of welcome either as it was almost impossible to find an apartment if you had small children.

All in all her relationship with Germans in general was not an easy one. Her own attitude of anxiety and suspicion made it difficult to relate to them, and the people she met did not seem to know what to make of her either:

> BS: How did people react to you in Germany (welcoming, suspicious…)? Can you recall any particular incident?
>
> MS: Both – I did not feel like explaining my family background to strangers; very often I was asked as to why I have an English accent but people were content with the answer: Irish and showed very little interest in more information – in fact they often told me how they judged the IRA and the troubles in Ireland.

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[612] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006. The following quotes are also taken from the questionnaire unless otherwise stated.

Monica Schefold's accent immediately marked her as somebody who did not quite belong. As she did not feel inclined to reveal points of connection between herself and Germany, it was easy for people to fit her in a cultural box and even confront her with their judgement. The problem with her relationships with German people seems to have been that they were either not interested in pushing beyond apparent differences to get to know her, or they were too intense, becoming possessive or overbearing. She feels this particularly keenly when she remembers what her relationships were like in Ireland:

> I missed the kindness and gentility in human relationships – if people managed a contact they became quite possessive and rather a burden. It was all a lot less relaxed – the irony of the Swiss was hard to take and in Berlin I had the advantage of more or less – seeming to belong to the Allies – which put on a certain brake to open aggression or criticism – but people were inclined to always know what is good for one.

Despite these difficulties the Schefolds settled in Germany. They were soon caught up in family life with their two small children, and they were also politically active in the students' movement. After many years in Berlin they moved to Bremen. Monica Schefold sums up how she feels about Germany now as follows:

> I have now lived here since 1964: that is now 42 years. Berlin was very different (18 years there) than Bremen (since 1980…). Here everything is slower and a lot less aggressive. Many people have come to live here because of the liberal atmosphere. I feel that the generation, who complied with the Nazi regime hardly ever talk about it and that the following generations have to carry a lot of the historical burden and shame.

Her assessment of her life in Germany sounds quite removed for somebody who has lived there for so long. It contains factual information and her views on the difference between life in Berlin and Bremen as well as on how the different generations deal with Germany's history. What is markedly absent is any positive feeling about Germany and about living there.

In contrast, even though Monica Schefold has lived in Germany for most of her life, she still feels a strong bond with Ireland:

> BS: How do you feel about Ireland now?
>
> MS: I feel it was the country to which I belong and to which I feel incredible gratefulness to have lived in peace and security. I still admire the attitude "to count one's blessings and to look for the silver lining" – which makes such a difference to one's attitude to life and I try to keep that up here.

Emotionally Monica Schefold is still beholden to Ireland and she loves coming to Ireland and meeting Irish people. These visits allow her to readjust her set of values as they remind her of and confront her with values she aspires to and that, by implication, she does not find in Germany. Several times in my questionnaire in answer to different questions she outlines what she admires in the Irish attitude to life: the awareness that every day could be the last and that therefore every moment is precious, a sense of inner contentment and strength, little self-interest and a genuine concern for others. But she concedes that Ireland may have lost some of these qualities in recent years:

> I do not want to glorify my picture of Ireland – but I could imagine that, through the Celtic Tiger a lot has changed - and it has become more continental and maybe materialistic. But the fundamental feeling of goodness and kindness remains. Never cease to be surprised by sentences of "eternal" value and words like "we are all in a queue for death, only we don't know who will be next" – one would so to speak never hear this on the continent and it always brings me back to thinking about what set of values do I want in life.

Given her positive feelings about Ireland and her more difficult relationship with Germany, one might expect that she still considers Ireland her home. In truth, due to her family background and her experiences in Ireland and on the continent, for her, categories such as home and nationality are anything but simple. After growing up in Ireland not feeling completely Irish while desperately wanting to be, she then lives in the country that all her life has been the reason she was not considered truly Irish. Moreover, Germany was also the source of the hate that drove her parents to emigrate to Ireland in the first place. As a consequence, Monica Schefold was reluctant at least as a child to acknowledge her German heritage and also approached her life in Germany with anxiety and suspicion. It is not surprising that she does not completely feel at home in Germany either:

> BS: Where if anywhere do you feel at home now?
>
> MS: If anywhere: I do feel at home more or less in Bremen – but through the emigration I think one will never really be at home anywhere ever. One will always be a stranger – also through my English accent – but this gives me a certain freedom as well. I always consider myself Irish if anything and am so glad I can say I am Irish.

While she says she feels "more or less" at home in Bremen now, she immediately asserts that, for her, there can be no true home anywhere. Her English accent marks her as an outsider and imposes a foreign identity on her in Germany the same way her German background did in Ireland. But she balances this with the reflection that this

position of being a stranger allows her a certain freedom precisely because she does not belong anywhere and therefore is not tied to a particular limiting perspective. She is very happy, however, to be an Irish national, but in an answer to another question identifies nationality as potentially dangerous and limiting. She also elaborates on the sense of freedom mentioned earlier in relation to not having a true home:

> BS: How important is nationality to you?
>
> MS: It is not of any importance as I feel what a danger it can be. I know I could live anywhere and make my own "inner" home. To not have a real nationality is also a chance to become open and tolerant and also to know one could survive with a suitcase.

This internalisation of home through its removal from national ties, together with a perspective of openness and tolerance, is the result of what Paul Tillich would consider the boundary position of the exile. Emigration ultimately undermined Monica Schefold's relationship with what for her was her "native land" (I would argue it is Ireland rather than Germany) and made it impossible for her to feel instinctively secure in any particular nationality. Consequently, she links her sense of home to people rather than a place: "I feel at home anywhere if I am with people, whom I can trust and who in some way do not possess a spotless and cosmetic – that is to say are somehow wounded by fate!" In other words, she feels at home with people who feel as "wounded by fate" as she probably does and who therefore offer the comfort of shared experience.

Furthermore, instead of place or nationality, Monica Schefold considers her relationships with people and her emotional connections with works of art important elements of her identity:

> I find my identity in my personal relationships, my special colleagues from my school, my former pupils and my passion for Art and antiques (to save objects from history – by restoring them and by collecting textiles, made by women's hands – someone I have never known but whose hours of work (embroidery etc), I respect and repair and save from annihilation.

Twice she uses the word "save" to explain why it is important to her to restore, collect and repair antiquities and works of art. The objects make her feel a vivid connection with other women and the past. Her handling these objects and imagining the women and their lives calls to mind the scene in her own recollections where she and her sisters are allowed to play with objects Claire and John Hennig brought to Ireland from their

own past life in Germany.[613] It is as if Monica Schefold's effort of restoring the relics of other people's lives somehow works against the same loss of identity her family has suffered. When she explains the great influence the various members of her family had on her identity, she again highlights the creative power of art in the face of nothingness:

> BS: To what extent and in what way do you think other people have shaped your sense of identity?
>
> MS: Certainly my parents – my father: through his respect for history and my mother in her great creativeness and collection of dolls etc. My parents in law shaped my feeling for world literature and archeology and my husband in his integrity and love of order and logic. But above all by Art, to create what have [sic] never been on earth before – like work on a blank piece of white paper…[614]

Through the experience of exile, John Hennig is uprooted and, apart from the church, does not feel he has a true home anywhere. In his autobiography he explains how the church has been a source of stability and permanence in his life: "In den vielfachen Wendungen meines Lebensweges ist mir die Kirche die einzige bleibende Statt gewesen."[615] In this context to him "church" means a personal lived faith and a universal institution rather than a particular variant of faith or a specific parish. In fact, his life and faith take him to many different churches in many different countries:

> Kaum je in einer Gemeinde richtig beheimatet, habe ich mich fast immer vom Zufall treiben lassen, meist den Beichtstuhl gewählt, vor dem die wenigsten Beichtkinder warteten. So habe ich im Laufe meines Lebens bei weit mehr als hundert Priestern in sechs Ländern gebeichtet.[616]

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[613] See Monica Schefold, 'Childhood Memories in Ireland from 1939–1956', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 249–264 [here: 251].

[614] Monica Schefold, questionnaire, 30 May 2006.

[615] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 9.

[616] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 120.

While attending mass in a small country church in Ireland, John Hennig identifies language, namely the Latin of the Catholic mass, as an important factor in his feeling at home in the church wherever he goes:

> Nirgendwo, nicht einmal im Veitsdom in Prag, der Dionysiuskriche in Athen oder der Dormitiokirche in Jerusalem ist mir deutlicher zu Bewusstsein gekommen, wie stark der Gebraucb [sic] des Lateins dazu beitrug, mich die Kirche als Heimat empfinden zu lassen.[617]

Latin transcends national differences and ensures that understanding of and participation in religious ritual is not curtailed by the limitations of different vernaculars. Its stable and reliable presence is like a familiar friend John Hennig meets in every physical manifestation of the church. In this way the use of Latin in religious ritual helps provide continuity in a life marked by change.

Much earlier in John Hennig's life, when he was growing up in Germany, language was the source of a sense of home in exactly the opposite way. A visit with a French family shows him how difficult it is to communicate when you do not share a language.[618] Up to this point, German was all the young John Hennig had known in terms of an everyday language and it had shaped his experience and understanding of himself and the world. When he returned from his visit in Paris, his sense of home was reaffirmed.

Nevertheless, John Hennig had also already experienced what it was like to be an outsider in his home country. The political and religious beliefs of his parents as well as their social standing frequently brought him into conflict with the dominant social beliefs and resulted in isolation. As a result, John Hennig would have taken the wholly personal and inward path into an alien country, a path Paul Tillich defines as "parting from accepted lines of belief and thought; pushing beyond the limits of the obvious; radical questioning that opens up the new and uncharted."[619] So if the command to leave

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[617] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 133.

[618] See John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 205.

[619] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

one's country can also be understood to be a call "to break with ruling authorities and prevailing social and political patterns, and to resist them passively or actively", John Hennig, like Paul Tillich himself, had already experienced what it meant to be an emigrant long before he ever left Germany.[620] In a way his physical emigration to Ireland was only the last step on the journey into the alien land.

At the end of the last chapter of his autobiography John Hennig reflects on his life and his exile and what it has meant for his identity. He asserts that while he did not truly understand the full impact of exile until much later, it has not broken him:

> Einige Monate nachher besuchte ich diesen Mann, als ich mich in Paris nach Auswanderungsmöglichkeiten umsah. "Sie wissen nicht, was sie tun", sagte er. "Was ausgewandert sein heisst, erfährt man erst nach Jahrzehnten".
>
> Er hat recht gehabt. Aber nicht recht behalten hat eine Freundin, die mir voraussagte, die Auswanderung werde mich zerbrechen. Wenn ich die den irischen peregrini teuren Worte lese: "Geh aus von deiner Heimat in das Land, das Ich dir zeigen werde", so beziehe ich sie immer etwas mit auf mein kleines Schicksal.[621]

Here John Hennig himself relates the command to leave one's home for an alien country to his own fate. It is God's command to Abraham, the same command that Paul Tillich uses to illustrate the move between two inner forces and two possibilities of human existence. In his life John Hennig has certainly experienced the effect of this command: he had to leave his native soil, the community of his family and of the Lutheran church as well as his people and state in favour of an existence without any of the security or stability implied by such local ties. For John Hennig, the experiences of political persecution and poverty in particular have driven home the knowledge that nothing in life is secure. Looking back on his life so far, he predicts that whatever fate still has in store, for him a sense of security will be permanently out of reach:

> Was immer die Parzen für mich in ihrem Schosse halten mögen, Sicherheit werde ich nie mehr erlangen. Rechne ich meine Anteilnahme an den Geschicken des Weltteils hinzu, in dem ich geboren wurde, so habe ich fünf politische Systeme kennengelernt. Wie hätte ich die damit

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[620] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

[621] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 207.

> gegebenen Wechselfälle aushalten können, wenn ich nicht in einer ihnen vorausliegenden Schicht Grund unter den Füssen behalten hätte? "Lass dir an Meiner Gnade genügen".[622]

He concludes the main part of his autobiography with the idea that it was God's grace that made it possible for him to endure the twists and turns of his fate. In his account he conceptualises it as a pre-existing layer that gave him a stable foundation on which to stand, the solid ground that provided the only stability he has known, but that he nevertheless found sufficient.

Peter Schwarz came to Ireland in 1939 at the age of 11 and eventually moved on to Scotland in his twenties to pursue his career in academia. He describes his feelings about Ireland as follows: "Grateful for bringing me up."[623] His feelings about Germany are less positive, and based on what he himself admits is a somewhat uninformed prejudice:

> BS: How do you feel about Germany now?
>
> PS: Not very positive. I don't like the unholy alliance between Germany and France in fleecing Britain through the EU. But I am glad that Ireland has done well out of the EU. But I am not that interested in politics and not well-informed.[624]

His sympathies and emotional loyalties obviously lie with Britain, or more specifically Scotland, and to a lesser degree with Ireland. This is consistent with his physical and emotional journey from Germany, whose hateful ideology forced him to leave, to Ireland where he found shelter and acceptance, and finally on to Scotland where he apparently has led a very happy and fulfilled life with his wife and family. In his mind he does not draw a connection between how he feels about Germany, Ireland and Scotland, and specific people he might have met along the way. While he "could produce an endless list of people" who have shaped his sense of identity, such as "[m]y

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[622] John Hennig, *Die bleibende Statt*, Bremen: privately published 1987, p. 208.

[623] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[624] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

mother who was a very strong character" as well as "[s]chool teachers, fellow-students, colleagues, my wife, our three daughters", he does not think that any person or event shaped how he identified himself in relation to the different countries he lived in.[625] The only possibility he is willing to allow in this regard is maybe "falling in love with a Scottish girl and getting a very congenial job in Scotland."[626]

In any case, he feels at home in "Scotland, Edinburgh", but he does not really feel German now:

> BS: Do you remember having felt German? Is there still part of you that feels German? What memory/thing/person is this feeling associated with?
>
> PS: Well, I must have felt German because I was. I don't now, except for memories of my mother. I do feel some affinity with German music, but not much after Bach and the next generation. I used to like Beethoven but now find him pretentious. Inconsistently, I still like Brahms.[627]

His only emotional connections with Germany are memories of his mother and a limited liking for German music (although he also mentions some German works of literature he likes in another part of the questionnaire). But while he states emphatically that he feels at home in "Scotland, without doubt", like most of the other exiles represented here he does not consider nationality very important. As he does not elaborate on this point it is hard to say why he does not feel it is important, but it certainly makes sense in light of his capacity to make himself at home wherever he finds himself. His assessment of who he is and the life he has had is marked by gratitude and contentment and a sense of good fortune on his journey through life:

> BS: How would you describe who you are today? What, in your opinion, are important elements of your identity?
>
> PS: Golly, what a question! I am not a philosopher or psychologist. I am a reasonably content geriatric, grateful for the life I have had. I always seem to have been in the right place at the right

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[625] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[626] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[627] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

> time (and in 1938 that was Ireland not Germany!) and am grateful for the three lovely daughters whom Catherine (my wife) and I have had and who are now supporting us in her illness.[628]

Hans Reiss is the only exile besides Monica Schefold, who has returned to his home country of Germany for more than an occasional visit. Apart from his home in Bristol where he has lived more or less since his appointment as a professor of German, he also has a flat in Heidelberg. In answer to my question "Where if anywhere do you feel at home now?" he writes: "I feel at home in our house in Bristol and in our flat in Heidelberg. Above all I feel at home with my wife and when we see our sons."[629] Here and elsewhere in his answers he puts his relationship with his family above concerns of place attachment or national belonging. In order to probe his relationship with England and Germany further I asked him: "In "Recollections of my Year at Wesley College, Dublin" you point out that "[you] still write both in English and in German because [you] like doing so." Why is that? What do you associate with English or German respectively?" Hans Reiss begins his answer: "I am able to write in both languages. Why should I not write in both of them?"[630] While his statement in the article made me wonder whether there were any negative emotions or memories associated with German in particular, this does not even enter his head and he seems thoroughly puzzled by my question; and so in the rest of his answer he explains in detail why it is normal for him and academics in general to write in both English and German. Evidently, there are no negative feelings associated with either language.

He is also still fond of Ireland, but it is more difficult for him these days to visit:

> BS: How would you describe your relationship with Germany, Ireland and England today?
>
> PS: I like all three countries. Unfortunately for various reasons, above all my physical handicap – my back (stenosis of the spinal canal) greatly impedes my walking – I have not been able to travel to Dublin in the last few years. I was last in Dublin with my wife so I could attend the Dinners for the Scholars of the Decades at T.C.D. We were staying with the widow of an old

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[628] Peter Schwarz, questionnaire, 2 November 2005.

[629] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[630] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

> Irish friend, Lionel Booth, a former T.D. We are very good friends with her and were very happy to see her children. Of course, financial considerations also play a part.[631]

Interestingly, while he lives in Bristol and visits Heidelberg frequently, he is still an Irish citizen. It is especially illuminating that he declares this in answer to the question how important nationality is to him: "I am happy to be an Irish citizen I feel it gives me a sense of independence".[632] It is likely that at first he did not think of changing his nationality because for years he hoped to return to Ireland. He also had very fond memories of his time there, which might have inclined him to hold on to this tangible reminder and declaration of loyalty. But he evidently has come to appreciate the "independence" he feels it gives him. It gives him a separate place to stand, a position apart from the two countries where he has spent most of his time. He also indicates that nationality is not that important to him, so having a nationality not congruent with the places he lives might be a reflection of that as well as ensuring it continues. In fact, when he lists important elements of his identity national belonging is last:

> BS: How would you describe who you are today? What, in your opinion, are important elements of your identity (place, family, career…)?
>
> HR: I am very happy to have a wife whom I love and have loved as a wife for almost 44 years. I am also very happy that we have two sons with whom we have a close relationship. That matters to me above all. Naturally, I am glad I was not entirely unsuccessful in my career as a scholar and have had the opportunity of making good, intelligent and interesting friends. I do not feel I am tied to a particular place, though fate has decreed that we live in Bristol and Heidelberg. But here chance played its part. For a professor of German it is, in my view, essential to go often to Germany. A wise colleague, the late C.P. (Peter) Magill, who was of Northern Irish descent and finally Professor of German in Aberystwyth, a man much liked by everyone who had no enemies, rare in academic life, once told me it was wrong to be a teacher of German and dislike things German. He was right.[633]

While Hans Reiss discusses his attachments – or lack thereof – to place last, this topic is the most complicated. He asserts that he does not feel "tied to a particular place" and that "fate" and "chance", rather than self-directed choice are responsible for where he

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[631] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[632] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[633] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

lives with his family. A positive and conscious choice on his part is implied, however, when he explains that he considers it necessary for a professor of German, like himself, to visit Germany often. His endorsement of his colleague's belief that "it [is] wrong to be a teacher of German and dislike things German" is interesting in this context as it is not clear at whom it is directed or of what it is à propos. Reiss seems to answer the charge that someone, possibly himself, does dislike "things German", even though they are a "teacher of German". Both in my questionnaire and in his writings he is careful to be fair and appreciative of anything or anyone German who deserves his appreciation. Given his experiences with the Nazi regime, it would be understandable if he did feel a certain dislike towards German things that he would then have to overcome with an extra bit of mindful effort. Whether or not his relationship with Germany and German things has a carefully controlled and consciously counteracted element of resentment in its make-up is speculation, however, and even if it did its fundamental quality would not be substantially altered.

When I asked him who or what had the most profound impact on who he was today he begins with: "Originally my parents, and since our marriage my wife." Again family comes first, with the original relationship of birth preceding the chosen one of marriage. His answer for the less private area of academia is detailed and comprehensive:

> In my academic work, I have been much influenced by Sir Karl Popper, a very fine, probably great, philosopher whom Lord Dahrendorf in his History of the London School of Economics describes as the greatest mind of anyone who ever taught at that institution. But there have been other academic influences, to be sure, too numerous to list. Certainly, my Head of Department William Rose and Professors Leonard Willoughby and Elizabeth Mary Wilkinson played an important part in shaping my thought. Nowadays in Bristol I greatly enjoy the company of my friend Richard Gregory, FRS, a leading Neuropsychologist, who has ten honorary degrees to his credit, and of the French 18th century scholar Haydn Mason. But I am also very glad to be able to talk to the present Professor of German in Bristol, Alexander Košenina, who hails from Germany. And I am delighted to be able to work closely with W.E. (Edgar) Yates with whom I edit as General Editor "British and Irish Studies in German Language and Literature). But naturally in old age the impact which colleagues have upon you as far less than they have when you are young. I do certainly owe a debt to my teachers at T.C.D., M.F. Liddell, O.S.S. Skeffington and George Duncan, the economist, as well as to W.B. Stanford, then Regius Professor of Greek and later Chancellor of the University of Dublin for his always helpful advice-[634]

[634] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

He clearly feels greatly indebted to his teachers and colleagues who he considers to have had an impact on his mind and career. It is likely also the academic impulse of giving credit that makes it easy for him to be expansive in this area of discussion. He also acknowledges the influence of friends and circles back to his family being the most important influence of all:

> And inevitably many of my Irish, English, Canadian and American friends have influenced me as have done German friends. There are too many to name. Nor am I always conscious of my debt. In a long life, one meets many people and many of them have an influence on one. Of course, above all my wife and, to a lesser extent, our sons have had a very great impact on my thoughts, feelings and conduct.[635]

When asked whether he could relate any of Paul Tillich's ideas about exile to his own experience, he does so, but with reservations:

> BS: The theologian Paul Tillich defines exile as having both an external and an internal dimension:
>
> "The boundary between native land and alien country is not merely an external boundary marked off by nature or by history. It is also the boundary between two inner forces, two possibilities of human existence […]" (On the boundary)
>
> Thus, the exile is positioned on the boundary between the ties to his local community and family and the promise of a mode of being that exists outside of national or historical identifications. In other words, Tillich regards exile as an opportunity for spiritual growth and for the establishment of a different perspective on life. Can you relate any of his ideas to your own experience?
>
> HR: Yes, I am sure Paul Tillich is right. By going to Ireland and to T.C.D. I became a different person from the one I would have been if I had stayed in Germany. But in one's late teens and early twenties one normally develops one's personality considerably, if not radically. As a University Teacher I feel to have the outlook of an English academic- T.C.D. was still mainly in spirit an Anglo-Irish institution in the 1940ties. A German professor approaches his subject in a different way. But, of course, one's early upbringing is bound to have left its mark, too. All that cannot be quantified.[636]

Unlike the other exiles, Marianne Neuman remained in Ireland until her death in 2008 and had a long distinguished career and busy social life. Despite the relative ease with which she managed to establish a new life in Ireland she keenly felt the loss of her life in Germany that to her represented stability and comfort. She returned to Germany

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[635] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

[636] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

several times even in her last years to visit the former German Ambassador to Ireland, whom she also visited in Luxembourg. She said that being back in Germany did not bother her and there was certainly a note of nostalgia in her voice when she described the changes she had seen in Berlin's landscape – her grandmother's old flat in the Kurfürstendamm 24, for example, is now a hotel. So while these visits reconnected her with a cherished past, they also confirmed the loss of the life she so fondly remembered. On the whole, however, she enjoyed her visits to Berlin, and she particularly enjoyed eating the "lovely" food in the KaDeWe, German food being one of the things she missed in Ireland.

Despite these positive experiences and her memories of a happy and ordered life in Germany, as a matter of principle Marianne Neuman would never have wanted to live in Germany again after what happened to her there. And for the same reason she did not find it hard to take Irish citizenship either. For one thing, according to her, her German passport had the "Davidsstern" in it, which she did not like.[637] But it was the threat to her life that she said made her turn her back on her former home: "Wenn ein Land einmal versucht hat, einen totzumachen, dann will man ihm den Rücken kehren." She used the unusual term "totmachen" in another session as well: "Deutschland wollte mich totmachen." The branding of Jewish people through the use of the "J" (and later the David's star) and the mass murder of Jews in the concentration camps constituted the attempted annihilation of Jewish identity in Nazi Germany, and it is not surprising that Marianne Neuman felt she could not return to an identity that was forcibly taken from her. The choice of "totmachen" rather than the equivalent of "to kill" or "to

[637] This amalgamation of the two most infamous ways the National Socialist regime employed to mark Jewish citizens is interesting. In fact, it was 1938 that the compulsory "J" was introduced: "[…] als weitere Brandmarke wurde Anfang Oktober ein rotes 'J' in die Reisepässe der Juden gestempelt […]" And the David's star was introduced even later: "Am 1. September 1941 erging die Polizei Verordnung über die Kennzeichnung von Juden: Vom 15. September an mußte jeder Jude ab dem sechsten Lebensjahr einen gelben Stern auf der Kleidung aufgenäht tragen. Damit war die öffentliche Demütigung und Brandmarkung vollkommen, die Überwachung der verfolgten Minderheit perfekt." Wolfgang Benz, *Der Holocaust*, Munich: C. H. Beck 2005, p. 24 and pp. 35–36.

murder", especially with "ein Land" and "Deutschland" as the perpetrator, makes what happened sound almost impersonal, but also more fundamental. Of course, it was real people who actually committed the atrocities against her and others, but by emphasising the national dimension of these acts, in her mind it removes the crime to the level of principle where no reconciliation is possible.

With a comfortable German identity out of reach, Irish citizenship seems a natural substitute, but in fact Marianne Neuman's feelings concerning nationality were ambivalent. When I asked her which nationality she felt closest to at the time of our meeting, she replied after some hesitation: "Hard to say, none really." She said she did not really feel Irish or German, she felt "like a nobody", but after this rather melancholy statement she concluded firmly that nationality was "scheissegal". This reflects, albeit in slightly negative terms, the perspective of other exiles who feel that nationality is not that important to them. In Marianne Neuman's case, however, there is no indication that she found being removed from national ties liberating or positive. Rather her feeling "like a nobody" indicates that for her exile meant having been torn "from the nourishment of tradition, family, and geography", a reality that according to Edward Said is too often obscured by the view of exile in literature or religion.[638] Marianne Neuman did not remember how she felt about being Irish or German when she was younger, but thought that she did actually feel quite at home in Ireland. So despite her conflicted sense of national identity, in her daily life she did feel a sense of home. And her final statement on her life is overall a positive one: when I asked her if there was anything she would like to say about herself or her life that we had not touched on during our conversations up to that point she said that she hated her name, that she had met the pope, that she was proud of her uncle's book on law (in Washington University law library) and that she went to Cramer's most days to have a bowl of soup or pancakes with maple syrup and crispy bacon.

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[638] Edward Said, *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press 2000, p. 174.

Herbert Karrach never thought of Ireland as his home. In fact, while he seems to have liked Irish people, his feelings towards his host country are rather neutral. He says that when he left Ireland he did feel "Grateful for [his] shelter, education but otherwise neutral. At that time Eire's greatest export were its people."[639] He has no problem identifying himself in terms of nationality, however: he is "very happy to be a UK citizen".[640] And in a questionnaire by Gisela Holfter he states that when he got back to England after a visit to Austria he felt that it was the place "[w]here [he] now belong[ed]"[641] . He does not remember feeling Austrian when he was younger, and he certainly does not feel Austrian now even though in his autobiography he mentions visiting Austria with his wife, "so that [he] could show Mollie the places where [he] grew up."[642]

Considering how definite his feelings are about Austrian and British nationality it seems strange that he is so neutral about Ireland. It is true that Ireland could be considered a transition stage in his life between his lost childhood home and the home he eventually found in England with his family and where he worked and worshipped for a long time. Ireland was, however, the place where he found refuge, gained most of his education and most importantly found his faith. His emotional neutrality is likely due to what happened with his grandparents during the war. When asked in Gisela Holfter's questionnaire whether there was anything else he remembered and would like to mention he points out the fate of his grandparents:

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[639] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[640] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[641] Herbert Karrach, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 30 November 2005.

[642] Herbert Karrach, untitled autobiography, unpublished.

> I would rather like to forget the fact that when my parents were able not only to become self-supporting, but also were able to employ Irish workers, the Irish refused to grant visas to my grandparents which would have saved them from the gas chambers.[643]

He does not mention this in my own questionnaire which was completed less than two years later. It is impossible to say whether this omission indicates that in the meantime he managed to "forget" and let go of the bitter memory. What he writes in his autobiography about this indicates however that the decision of the Irish state not to grant the visas had a profound effect on his parents' attitude to Ireland, an attitude that Herbert Karrach was certainly aware of and most likely influenced by. Bitter and disappointed with the failure of "neutral Eire" – this is in quotation marks in the original text by way of commentary – his parents turned against the Christian faith and moved to England to support the war effort even though they had a successful business in Ireland at this point. In his autobiography Herbert Karrach does not reveal much about his own feelings regarding the matter. In any case he did not leave with his parents but stayed and finished his education.

Considering his faith which is the guiding principle of his autobiography, it comes as no surprise that Herbert Karrach does not consider nationality the most important part of his identity. Instead he considers important elements of his identity to be "My faith, my human family, my Christian family."[644] While his familial ties are obviously important, he particularly highlights the people who were responsible for his spiritual development as essential for shaping his identity: "Those whose example led me to Christ shaped my identity. Not a 'religion' but rather a relationship to Jesus Christ who after all is and was the Jewish Messiah. A German friend told me that I was a 'completed Jew'. I like that."[645] Here, like in his autobiography, he emphasises the difference between an

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[643] Herbert Karrach, Gisela Holfter's questionnaire, 30 November 2005.

[644] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

[645] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

organised religion and a personal faith. He likes the religious journey that ended with him being a devout Christian.

When I asked him whether he could relate Paul Tillich's ideas about exile as a position between local ties and the promise of a transcendent existence with the resulting opportunity for spiritual growth to his own experience, he concedes that his exile had a role to play in his spiritual journey:

> Yes this could not have happened easily had I remained happily in Austria – although you can never say "never" esp. when it concerns God. However as a Christian wherever I live I live in "Enemy occupied Territory" even though he is a defeated enemy (Satan) and I look a heavenly country." Hebrews 11v 15, 16 Philippians 3v20.[646]

The Bible verses he references both suggest that there is a better country in heaven that is waiting for us and that we long for as it is our true home. While he agrees that his exile made it easier for him to move beyond the local perspective he does not rule out that it might have happened anyway. As a Christian he now regards any earthly home as "enemy-occupied territory", a term which probably references C. S. Lewis's musings on the matter.[647] When I asked him whether there was any other way his faith had informed the experience of his exile or vice versa he replied: "I don't consider myself as exiled. Rather than being bitter I thank God for all HIS blessings."[648]

A passage in George Clare's book *Last Waltz in Vienna* beautifully illustrates the themes of home and loss. As he visits his parents' old flat in Vienna years after he was forced to leave his home, he reflects on what home now means to him:

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[646] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007. Hebrews 11:15–16 NIV "If they had been thinking of the country they had left, they would have had opportunity to return. Instead, they were longing for a better country—a heavenly one. Therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he has prepared a city for them."; Philippians 3:20 NIV "But our citizenship is in heaven. And we eagerly await a Savior from there, the Lord Jesus Christ,[…]".

[647] See C. S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*, London: Collins 2016, p. 46.

[648] Herbert Karrach, questionnaire, 16 August 2007.

> …and for the first time in thirty-six years I stepped over the threshold of my home. I had had many homes during those years; I had slept in countless beds in many countries, but even after all this time whenever I said 'home' I still meant my parents' flat in Vienna, where I spent the first seventeen years of my life. No other home could be like my childhood home, could enfold me in that feeling of utter security, of all-embracing warmth and love, and offer that utter certainty that no evil could reach me.[649]

The difference between "my home" and "many homes" is significant here. It is as though the physical visit to the parents' flat that follows the frequent visits to it he has made in his mind make him realise that for him there has only ever been one place that is his home. This realisation first manifests itself in the linguistic shift from "many homes" to "countless beds", which further reduces the emotional connotation of the places where he has lived since he left Vienna. Only the flat in Vienna is his true home, the source of instinctive and absolute security and of an organic sense of identity. He uses terms like "utter" and "all-embracing" to express a sense of identity that at least, or especially, in memory is absolute and unassailable. His home and by extension his childhood in Vienna represent what Paul Tillich calls the perspective of the native land with all its ties to specific physical, cultural and historical settings, and a sense of identity that is so instinctive it rarely demands consideration until it is lost.

When this organic sense of identity is lost, it retreats into the realm of memory and imagination. George Clare describes two walks around his parents' flat that involve an imagined past. The first is one where he remembers an actual walk he has taken through the flat with his father who showed him his possessions:

> In my imagination I had revisited the flat often. Hand in hand with my father I walked through the rooms. He had liked to do this from time to time. He called it our 'museum round'. Together we looked at his pictures, at the bronzes and the beautifully carved and painted eighteenth-century wooden harlequin balancing a saw-blade clock on his forehead; at the furniture, the Louis XVI bedroom, the French writing desk in Father's study, the work of a Herr Gruber, one of the last true masters of the cabinetmaker's craft in Vienna. Father being Father, he proudly said what he had paid for his treasures, estimated present value, and always ended our museum round with the words, 'And one day all this will belong to you, Georgerl.'[650]

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[649] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 89.

[650] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 89.

The "museum round" is a powerful exercise in ensuring the continuity of family history and identity. Father and son survey the treasures the father has accumulated so far in his life, and both the cultural and monetary value of these treasures are important indicators of the Klaars' achievements. In due course this accumulated treasure will pass to the son to preserve and add to as a custodian of the rich heritage of the Klaar family. Like a museum preserves the past their flat preserves their family tradition. This is probably why it was so important to George Clare's father to have his possessions go to his son, something that was still on his mind when he was being deported to Auschwitz. In his parents' last letter to him George Clare's mother urges him to take note of where their possessions are stored:

> In that same letter Mother stressed yet again that I must on no account fail to record carefully the depot number and warehouse address in Paris where our Viennese belongings were stored. That I knew was of the greatest importance to my parents, probably less because of any presentiments, but more out of their general sense of insecurity. They loved every single stick of furniture, every sheet, every cup and saucer more now than they had ever done. These things were all that remained of their years of happiness, home life and, above all, security, so sadly absent from their lives now.[651]

To the young George Clare, in fact, the flat symbolises more than just family tradition, it symbolises everything positive:

> The flat where I walked with Father in my memory was big and spacious. It paired elegance with comfort and, seen through the eyes of the child and growing boy, it encompassed within its walls everything that was beautiful and good and kind, everything that was my parents' life and my life, all that the word home can mean.[652]

The second walk takes place in the present. As George Clare walks through what used to be his parents' flat, in every room he imagines scenes from the past that have taken place there, as if he is conjuring what is irrevocably lost. But as he walks around the flat and actually starts to see it in the present and not through the eyes of memory, he appreciates that he has been caught up in a childhood memory and a strange double vision emerges:

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[651] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 285.

[652] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 89–90.

> And I had to accept that my parents had lived in two flats: the flat the eyes of the boy had seen and recorded, and the flat as it really was, the one the eyes of the man were looking at. For one moment as I stood in the hall, my lips forming words empty but polite, I thought I had made a mistake and gone to the wrong floor, but then, as I turned round I saw the protective steel strips my parents had fixed inside the entrance door to make it burglar-proof.[653]

Rather poetically, as he identifies the physical links between his memory and the present reality in the form of the metal strips that are supposed to safeguard against intrusion, he also identifies what has caused the irreparable tear between these two perspectives, between the absolute security of his childhood that lives on in his memory and the present that is marked by the consequences of terror:

> There they were still, these firmly fastened strips of steel no burglar could ever have broken through, but the criminals who eventually came to frighten and to steal did not have to use physical force to break in. The key of terror opens all doors, however well they may be protected.[654]

The key of terror has not only broken into the physical flat but has broken the Klaars' sense of identity by destroying everything they held dear: George Clare lost his name and his parents lost their possessions, their home and eventually their lives.

When I visited George Clare in 2007 I asked him whether he still thought that his parents' flat was the only true home he had ever known, and he explained how his feelings had changed:

> GC: No, it's changed. But I mean that was my childhood home and where I grew up and where my parents lived and that mattered a hell of a lot. But I don't want to go back even if I could have the flat.
>
> BS: So do you feel at home here now today?
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> GC: Yes, but I felt most at home in the cottage […][655]

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[653] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 90.

[654] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 90.

[655] George Clare, interview, 17 November 2007.

George Clare had a painting of this cottage in his study and called it his "beloved cottage" where he lived with Christel until they moved back to the city. Whenever he talked about the cottage he was quite nostalgic and he seemed to miss it a lot, even if the loss this time was not as fundamental as that of his first home.

In his book *Last Waltz in Vienna* the flat of his grandmother Julie also plays a fundamental role in the family's sense of identity. This is not just stated outright, but it is also reflected in the way the descriptions of the various family members are organised. A description of grandmother Julie's flat and a family visit anchors detailed descriptions of George Clare's aunts and uncles and their lives. Grandmother Julie's flat represents stability and a sense of family that is solid and secure, centred by her matriarchal authority. In fact, grandmother Julie's flat seems even more a source of stability than his parents' flat. This is the reason that he visits her on the day of the *Anschluss*:

> After breakfast I got dressed and did what was for me a surprising thing. I went to Grandmother Julie's flat. I visited Grandmother from time to time, and not always with Father, but that I felt a need to go to Josefstädterstrasse on this of all mornings shows not only that the old lady meant a lot to me, but also that I saw in her and her surroundings a permanence more firmly established than that of our own home. Our home represented the present, Grandmother's the past, and what I was really doing by going to see her was, I suppose, fleeing from our shattered present to the unity of our past.[656]

In retrospect George Clare realises that the visit to his grandmother is simply an attempt to escape the reality of what is going on by retreating to a safe past that no longer exists. In a way the entire narrative in his book mirrors this visit to a past that seems stable and meaningful in its solidity. Such a visit is an ultimately futile endeavour as the very reconjuring of the past also reaffirms its loss. In each case the visit to a past where the Klaars are a respected Jewish-Austrian family with a firm place in Austrian history and culture ends with the realisation that it all means nothing in a present where this is no longer true.

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[656] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, pp. 218–219.

What did this mean for George Clare's sense of nationality? As previously discussed his feelings towards Austria were quite negative and after he had finally reached England, he did his best to fit in there. During my first visit with George Clare in London he showed me a BBC TV programme that featured him and I almost did not recognise who was speaking as, in the programme, he had such a strong English accent which was not at all the Austrian-tinged speech I was used to from him. Christel also commented that when she first met him he wanted to be more English than the English. George Clare states this himself when he writes about his name change in *Last Waltz in Vienna*:

> But there was nothing to be done about it now, and in any case my feelings were also somewhat ambivalent. On the one hand I wanted to 'pass', to assimilate, to become English, and for that purpose Clare was of course much better than the foreign-sounding Klaar. By then I had begun to speak with what I imagined was an Oxford accent, and when, eventually, I found myself smiling, sometimes even laughing, at cartoons and articles in *Punch* I thought I had finally made it.[657]

As he got older George Clare realised, however, that he could not simply shed one identity for another. The life he had had in Vienna had such a profound impact on who he was that it could and should not be denied:

> I was much too young to realize that one can never eradicate one's background, that it is an essential part of one's identity and one to be cherished, and that all one can eventually achieve is a happy form of double vision which enables one to see England and the English, perhaps slightly blurred, but from the inside and the outside at the same time.[658]

The background that is such an "essential" element of his identity is what ultimately prevents him from completely adopting another identity, which according to George Clare leads yet again to the double vision typical of the experience of exile. In *Last Waltz in Vienna* George Clare practises what André Aciman calls "compulsive retrospection" of which double vision is the natural result: "With their memories

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[657] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 9.

[658] George Clare, *Last Waltz in Vienna*, London: Pan Books 2002, p. 9.

perpetually on overload, exiles see double, feel double, are double. When exiles see one place they're also seeing—or looking for—another behind it."[659]

This habit of "compulsive retrospection" does not feature prominently in the experience of Ernst von Glasersfeld. As previously discussed, he grew up in several countries with their respective cultures and languages, and so at a very young age he gained the perspective of someone who is not bound by singular local and historical identifications. Moreover, in his family nationality was not important and this has certainly influenced how he feels about it. When filling in my questionnaire he chose to answer my questions concerning place and nationality not individually as I asked them, but in a single paragraph in which he outlines the different aspects of home as he perceives them. What emerges is a sense of identity that at least in terms of its national component is made up of many different layers:

> I live in the United States. It has made possible my career (nowhere else would a university have considered anyone without a PhD) – If I have to have a nationality, the Irish passport is the one I like best (although Ireland is no longer what was in the 1940s) – If you ask for my spiritual home, it is Tuscany. The landscape, the architecture, and the intellectual history of that part of the world make it the most inspiring for me.
>
> Kurt Tucholsky wrote in the 1930s: In Europe you are many times a foreigner and once you are at home; it would be better to be a foreigner there, too. I share that feeling about nationality.[660]

Ernst von Glasersfeld distinguishes between a physical place of residence, a political nationality and what he calls his spiritual home. His answers move from the concrete to the abstract and from the external to the internal in a detailed analysis of his thoughts. But ultimately he concludes with the sentiment that it would be better not to be at home anywhere.

Ernst von Glasersfeld's lack of strong national ties means that the idea of exile does not involve the pain of loss so evident in the testimonies of other exiles. In fact, he did not

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[659] André Aciman, 'Foreword: Permanent Transients', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 7–14 [here: 13].

[660] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

answer the question about where he had felt in exile and what exile meant to him as it was clearly a concept that held no meaning for him at all. When asked to relate the concepts of assimilation and accommodation to his exile, he states:

> I never felt exiled. We had chosen to go to Ireland, and that's where we were living. It was only almost thirty years later that I became acquainted with the notions assimilation and accommodation. But I had learned early on that, wherever you are, you have to live with the differences as you perceive them.[661]

He relates Paul Tillich's ideas about exile offering the opportunity of a perspective free from local or historical identification to his views on language. "Living in more than one language is, I think, an enormous advantage. It's easiest achieved by living in different countries. It makes you realize that there is more than one way to achieve a modicum of contentment."[662] So it is the lack of nationality rather than its essential presence that shaped Ernst von Glasersfeld's sense of identity. When I asked him who or what had the most profound impact on who he was today he said it was "Too many things to list."[663] In the end he describes himself in terms of his creative legacy: "I like to think that I am what I have written."[664]

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[661] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[662] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[663] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

[664] Ernst von Glasersfeld, questionnaire, 22 February 2008.

VI. Conclusion

In the previous chapters I have traced the physical and psychological journeys of Monica Schefold, John Hennig, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman, Herbert Karrach, George Clare and Ernst von Glasersfeld into exile. Through their testimonies I have told the stories of how they were forced from their homes, with all the attachments of family, socio-cultural community and nationality, and into a new life in unfamiliar surroundings where they had to reconstruct their sense of identity as a result of this forced and violent displacement. Even though they were mostly from well-to-do backgrounds, the study participants do not form a very homogeneous group, their stories mainly tied together by the fact that they had to escape from the Nazi regime and that they fled to Ireland where they stayed at least for a time. But it is precisely the telling of individual stories that is important, as they add the unique experiences that make up the picture of exile in all its different and often contradictory facets.

It is, however, equally important to look for connections and similarities in the experiences discussed here. Without comparisons and general assessments, the individual stories would resemble a loose collection of disparate pieces rather than a meaningful picture. Seeking such similarities is, of course, a task that is inherently problematic. In his introductory remarks to his answers in my questionnaire, Hans Reiss warns against categorisation:

> Let me start with some general remarks.
>
> On reading and answering your questions I cannot help feeling that in some ways you are looking to unearth problems which either do not or did not exist or do not matter much to me. I consider it hardly to be lack of thought, but I do not worry about my background as much as you suggest I should. I feel to be an independent person and that is what matters to me. I am sure I am different from others. But if you probe deeply you will discover that everyone is a singular entity. Of course, there are affinities and people can be categorised, but all such categories are to some extent misleading. R.G. Collingwood, the Oxford philosopher, points out in his "Essay on Philosophical Method" that there will always be in any classification border-line problems. My late Bristol colleague, Stephan Körner, held the same view. So be aware of classification. Forgive my writing so frankly, but I feel it to be necessary.[665]

[665] Hans Reiss, questionnaire, 21 February 2007.

It is true that any effort of categorisation runs the risk of distorting or omitting details of significance in order to maintain the integrity of the classification system. But the exiles' stories told here, with the emphasis on and scope given to individual detail, are apt to resist such distortion. Conversely, eight individual stories might not seem sufficient to be able to draw definitive conclusions. They nevertheless constitute a starting point for future research on questions of identity in other relevant autobiographical accounts, especially written ones, as unfortunately the time for collecting oral testimony is all but over.

Through the work of Gisela Holfter, Horst Dickel, Hermann Rasche and others Ireland has taken its place on the map of international exile studies. The research done and still being done seeks to illuminate every aspect of the journey of people who fled from the Nazi regime and came to Ireland at least for a time.[666] The detailed analysis of what impact this forced dislocation had on their sense of identity and on their sense of home adds a complementary dimension to this research. At the same time the individual experiences add to the overall picture of exile:

> The collective fate of exile can be discerned and understood only from the sum of these experiences; this is why the biographical and autobiographical testimonies of all exiles are of such importance. Brought together, they provide a picture of the circumstances shaping their lives, from their expulsion from Germany to their acculturation in the USA, in South America, the UK, Israel and the other host countries of the emigration, or in far rarer cases, their re-emigration to Germany.[667]

While the exiles discussed here were largely from privileged backgrounds, their experiences also contribute to the collection of stories by ordinary people about how they dealt with their difficult lives in exile. Insights into the struggles faced by people

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[666] For the most comprehensive and inclusive study to date of German-speaking refugees in Ireland from 1933 to 1945 see Gisela Holfter and Horst Dickel, *An Irish Sanctuary. German-speaking Refugees in Ireland 1933–1945*, Berlin, Boston: Walter de Gruyter 2017.

[667] Wolfgang Benz, 'Exile Studies: Developments and Trends', in Gisela Holfter (ed.), *German-speaking Exiles in Ireland 1933–1945 (German Monitor 63)*, Amsterdam, New York: Rodopi 2006, pp. 21–35 [here: 21].

who are forced to leave their homes might also inform discussions on immigration and on how to treat migrants and refugees in Ireland today. It is important, as they re-establish themselves in their new surroundings, to extend them as much compassion and support as possible, not only because it is right but because it is of mutual benefit. In *The Anatomy of Exile* Paul Tabori argues that the participation of exiles ultimately enriches their host countries: "It is my contention that exiles have made an important and lasting contribution to whatever country was willing to receive them; that in the long run, whatever the cost to their hosts, they have repaid it many times over."[668] Indeed, for such a relatively small group of people (approximately 400) the German-speaking exiles who fled the Nazi regime had a remarkable impact on Irish society.[669]

Tabori argues not only that exiles helped their host countries and humanity in general however, but that they were uniquely qualified to do so by virtue of their experience: "Nor was it accepted—except, perhaps in some isolated cases—that the very fact of being exiles was a contributing factor to their ability in achieving these important successes."[670]

The question is, then, what it is about the experience of exile that creates the potential for such achievements. It is likely the special perspective gained from the loss of local and instinctive identification – the experience of exile, in other words, that Paul Tillich conceptualises as the position on the boundary. According to Tillich "[t]he boundary between native land and alien country is not merely an external boundary marked off by nature or by history. It is also the boundary between two inner forces, two possibilities

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[668] Paul Tabori, *The Anatomy of Exile. A Semantic and Historical Study*, London: Harrap 1972, p. 13

[669] See Gisela Holfter, 'How Ireland responded to refugees fleeing Hitler and the Nazis', *RTÉ Brainstorm*, 18 November 2019, https://www.rte.ie/brainstorm/2019/1118/1092574-how-ireland-responded-to-refugees-fleeing-hitler-and-the-nazis/ [Accessed 4 January 2020].

[670] Paul Tabori, *The Anatomy of Exile. A Semantic and Historical Study*, London: Harrap 1972, p. 153

of human existence […]".[671] The two possibilities mentioned here are an existence marked by national and historical identifications and one that transcends such local ties. Exile offers the chance for spiritual growth and a wider perspective by removing the claim of essentialist concepts of identity.

But one does not actually have to physically leave to achieve this. Tillich distinguishes between "physical" emigration and "spiritual" emigration. For Tillich spiritual emigration can be a "break with ruling authorities and prevailing social and political patterns" in either passive or active resistance, or it can be a wholly personal and inward journey that involves "parting from accepted lines of belief and thought; pushing beyond the limits of the obvious; radical questioning that opens up the new and uncharted".[672] The alien land of "spiritual" emigration is the place of critical detachment that opens possibilities for reflection and points to a new existence.

The exiles discussed here found themselves on the boundary between the lives they had left behind, with their instinctive claims of belonging, and their new lives that demanded a rethinking of such categories as home, nationality and personal identity. After a detailed look at their individual stories in the previous chapters, further comparison yields some insight into what influences the way one responds to the boundary position of exile.

The three youngest exiles, namely Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz and Herbert Karrach, have memories linked to lived experience in their homes relative to, if not necessarily proportional to, their ages at emigration. The case of Monica Schefold, the youngest of the exiles, is unique in this group. She is strictly speaking not a second-generation exile because she was born in Germany and escaped with her parents when they fled to Ireland. But she was so young at the time that she has no memories of her life in Germany. Her testimony is an important glimpse into the problems and

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[671] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 91.

[672] Paul Tillich, *On the Boundary. An Autobiographical Sketch*, London: Collins 1967, p. 92.

challenges she inherited from her parents' exile. Peter Schwarz was 11 when he emigrated, but his memories of home are limited to a vague sense of a happy childhood with some specific details and family anecdotes. Herbert Karrach was 14 when he left Austria, and his memories of his childhood in Vienna are more detailed than those of the two younger exiles. His attachment to his home is strongly associated with people and activities rather than place even though his testimonies contain detailed descriptions of the physical environment where the activities took place. None of the three youngest exiles constructs a particularly strong sense of home in their testimonies or a correspondingly strong sense of loss.

In contrast, the testimonies of Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman and George Clare can be grouped together as showing a strong attachment to home and culture and a subsequently strong sense of loss, even if the loss is dealt with in different ways in each case. Hans Reiss, in all his autobiographical materials and oral testimonies, describes his growing up in a happy home with loving parents, comfortable routines and no financial concerns; he was deeply shocked when this existence came under threat. Marianne Neuman regarded the happiness, comfort and order she had experienced in her youth as essential and significant aspects of the life she had had in Germany and the person she had been. In her memory this life represented her true home with its roots in the local community, with its familiar way of life and view of the world. George Clare also felt that his paternal family was deeply rooted in Austrian culture and history and it hurt him deeply that their contributions and loyalty were repaid with persecution and rejection. In my interview he denied any lingering sense of regret or emotional attachment to his former home, even though his speech had turned more Austrian in his old age. The overall picture he paints of his childhood is one of stability and routine, and their loss is identified as a fundamental change in his life.

The strong attachment evident in these three testimonies is linked to moderate wealth, a family life governed by comfortable routine and pride in the family's achievements. This does not mean, of course, that such things did not exist in the lives of the other exiles, but here they are identified as constitutive for the sense of a happy home.

Hans Reiss, Marianne Neuman and George Clare felt deeply attached to their homes and proud of their families' achievements. They describe their home as a world of stability and comfort, but while Marianne Neuman looked back on the home she had lost with fond nostalgia and regret – even though she did not want to live in Germany again out of principle – George Clare in my interview reflexively denied any such feelings for Austria. Hans Reiss does not construct his sense of home in opposition to the one he has lost, nor does he still mourn its loss. He seems to have moved on from what was before and is happy to focus on what is now. Naturally, he does not forget what happened to him in the Germany of the 1930s – as his extensive autobiographical work shows – but regards the time of his childhood as over and in the past.

The three oldest participants, namely John Hennig, Marianne Neuman and Ernst von Glasersfeld, each tell of very different experiences, which makes it clear that living at home for longer does not automatically create stronger attachments, it merely offers more time in which to do so. While Marianne Neuman felt very secure in her home and her identity until she was threatened and excluded, John Hennig and Ernst von Glasersfeld had relationships with their "native soil" that were less straightforward and not bound up in the local perspective.

John Hennig grew up with the religious beliefs, pacifist attitudes and poverty of his parents which made him an outsider from a young age. It also gave him a more critical perspective on Germany, its people and its history, so that while he did feel at home there, he experienced what Tillich would call "spiritual emigration" long before he physically had to leave the country to save his wife and children from the Nazis.

Ernst von Glasersfeld on the other hand grew up with the pan-European views of his parents and experienced what it was like to live in different countries at a very young age. As a result of his experience of living and being at home in different cultures he did not develop any exclusive attachments to any one particular home. In addition his decision to leave was largely a matter of conscience rather than dire need. This does not diminish the loss of what he had to give up, but having a choice can make a difference in how well we manage to accept the consequences of that loss.

Both John Hennig and Ernst von Glasersfeld found themselves in the position on the boundary cut off from local ties even while still at home; but while Hennig never wanted to be isolated and regretted the resulting fractures in his life, Glasersfeld experienced it as an opportunity and an advantage.

School and work life as experienced in the home countries do not form a large part of the testimonies in the questionnaires or interviews. Even the autobiographies, where they contain more lengthy discussions of time spent in school or university, generally paint a picture that is merely an extension of their identities as established by their family backgrounds and home life.

It was in the schools and universities, however, that the regime change with its policies of discrimination became particularly noticeable. Apart from Monica Schefold, who did not go to school in Germany, and Peter Schwarz, who does not remember much, all the other testimonies show that the anti-Jewish policies of the Nazi regime affected the exiles to some degree. John Hennig, after his marriage to Claire, barely passed his dissertation due to the anti-Jewish attitude of some of the examiners, and he also had to change his career plans. Hans Reiss also eventually had to abandon his school education and instead took lessons from a glazier, who despite the laws against it, taught Jewish children privately. Marianne Neuman emigrated when she was not allowed to take one of her exams in medicine due to her Jewish background. Herbert Karrach was told he could no longer attend his local secondary school because he was Jewish. George Clare was frequently confronted with anti-Semitic behaviour in school and Ernst von Glasersfeld had to abandon his degree in mathematics because of the rising tensions in the universities.

The harassment encountered in education was a reflection of what was happening in wider society. Before anti-Jewish sentiment and behaviour became widespread, school was a normal part of people's lives, especially for the bourgeois families the exiles came from, as they would have considered education very important indeed. So on the whole, school and university seem simply another arena in which familiar patterns of identity are reinforced or contested.

For Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz, Herbert Karrach and Ernst von Glasersfeld religion did not play much of a role while they were still at home. Ernst von Glasersfeld did not grow up with religion and did not belong to any church as he considered organized religion to be anathema to mystical revelation. The other three just did not have any significant experiences with religion before they left their respective homes even though they became religious later in life. Monica Schefold was simply too young even to understand the concept of religion, and Peter Schwarz, though brought up as a Lutheran, does not remember anything about his religious life in Germany either. Herbert Karrach might have been old enough, but he did not find his faith until after his emigration. He was from a Jewish background, but was baptised to save him from circumcision.

By contrast, John Hennig was religious from a very young age and grew up in a family that defined themselves by their religious beliefs. Religion shaped who he was and had a profound impact on his thought and behaviour. He often felt isolated because of what his religious principles demanded, but his faith was also a refuge and provided him with a way of salvaging a sense of home and continuity in a life full of twists and fractures.

Apart from Herbert Karrach, the exiles who grew up with at least one Jewish parent – and were old enough to remember – tended to have an uneasy relationship with the Jewish religion. Marianne Neuman's attitude was rather ambivalent, and Hans Reiss did not grow up with a particularly positive view of his Jewish background either. This changed when he met the Lutheran pastor Hermann Maas, who not only inspired Hans Reiss to become a believer, but also gave him a more positive view of Judaism. George Clare did not identify with the more religious Eastern Jews, preferring to think of himself as a fully assimilated Jewish Austrian. As in the eyes of the Nazis this was a distinction without a difference, his family did not escape persecution and the loss of everything they had known. This attack on who he was prompted George Clare to adopt Jewish identity in defiant opposition to the concept of Austrian identity that sought to exclude him. So for all the Jewish exiles their Jewish background was made an issue whether they were personally religious or not – and even whether they considered themselves Jewish or not.

The testimonies suggest that religion is not necessarily congruent with national attachment, but potentially runs counter to it. In the case of Jewishness it is constructed by the Nazi discourse as the opposite of German identity; and in the case of a strong personal faith it means a life lived according to doctrine and conscience rather than social rules or patriotic sentiments.

Despite the discriminatory laws that the Nazi regime enacted from shortly after Hitler's rise to power in 1933, at least some of the testimonies indicate that the discrimination and persecution did not have an immediate impact on the exiles' lives. As discussed previously, problems mainly manifested in public institutions like schools and universities at first. This does not mean that life was not becoming more and more restrictive and difficult. John Hennig had to reconsider his career plans after marrying Claire, and due to the prejudice of some of the examiners he nearly failed his dissertation. The couple, and later their young children, were shunned and found it more and more difficult to lead a normal life. Hans Reiss got his first taste of discrimination when he was denied a prize for academic excellence, but later the incidents of persecution became more serious: his great uncle Eduard was suddenly let go from his job and denied his pension, a Jewish pupil in Hans Reiss's school was expelled, and at the beginning of 1938 Hans Reiss's father was forced to sell his company. At first Marianne Neuman was not supposed to talk to certain boys anymore, and later she was not allowed to take one of her exams in medicine. Herbert Karrach was expelled from school and had to attend a different one in the Jewish area in the second district; there he was harassed by a crowd throwing stones and insults at the pupils. George Clare was almost expelled from school when he accused a teacher of being a Nazi, but otherwise the increasingly pervasive anti-Semitism did not really affect him and his family much, at least until the violence surrounding the *Anschluss*.

It was such occasions of state-sponsored public violence that finally shook the majority of the exiles out of inaction and denial – the written autobiographies by John Hennig, Hans Reiss and George Clare in particular detail the lengths some Jewish citizens went to when trying to accommodate the new regime in an effort to wait it out. When it was finally obvious that emigration was necessary the emotional impact was profound. The testimonies of John Hennig, Hans Reiss, Herbert Karrach and George Clare are full of

the strong and varied emotions of persecuted people trying to escape for fear of their lives. For them the time before emigration was marked by stress, sadness, anxiety, fear and despair to varying degrees.

The testimonies of Peter Schwarz, Marianne Neuman and Ernst von Glasersfeld do not suggest that they feared for their lives or had been subjected to violence or terror. Nor do they speak to the emotional impact of actually leaving. Organising their escape also seems to have been easier for them. There is no indication that Peter Schwarz, Marianne Neuman and Ernst von Glasersfeld had any trouble obtaining visas for Ireland, while for the others there were bureaucratic obstacles and anxious waits involved.

As a destination Ireland was very much an unknown entity for most of the exiles. John Hennig had some idea after his preliminary visit to Belvedere College – he was appalled by the poverty, but deeply impressed by the Catholic faith evident in everyday life – but most were more or less ignorant and had no idea what to expect. It was hardly anyone's first choice, but for many it was their only choice. The Klaars regarded Ireland as very much duller than France, and John Hennig and Peter Schwarz's mother were even warned against emigrating there. Ernst von Glasersfeld was the only one who was excited to go to Ireland because it was the place where *Ulysses* is set, but this did not mean that he had any idea what Ireland was actually like either.

For most of the exiles the journey to Ireland was a more or less unpleasant trip into the unknown. Monica Schefold, John Hennig, Peter Schwarz, Marianne Neuman and Ernst von Glasersfeld say comparatively little in their testimonies about the journey. The two longest descriptions that contain details of both the physical journey and the emotions associated with it are those by Hans Reiss and George Clare. For some it was a straightforward if lengthy journey, and for others it involved stops and starts and long periods of waiting. There were not just practical matters to attend to, but also the intense emotions of anxiety, fear, hope and relief to contend with.

John Hennig was glad that he was too distracted by trying on a life jacket to focus on the reality of leaving Germany behind. Because of where he was going he placed himself under the protection of St. Patrick, an act of hope in a time of change and loss.

Peter Schwarz found his mother's distress at leaving her home very upsetting and so the journey to Ireland was not a pleasant experience. He felt worried when they set off to leave Germany behind, but this did not stop him from settling in very quickly in Ireland. Hans Reiss was desperate to get out of Germany and terrified of getting caught on the journey before he had reached his destination. Even after he had safely arrived in Ireland it took him a while to believe that the friendly and helpful manner of the people he met was genuine. As soon as they had left Germany, Hans Reiss and Marianne Neuman associated life in exile with a lack of comfort and lower standard of living. Herbert Karrach was sad about leaving friends and family behind in Vienna, but relieved to get out of Austria himself. He was looking forward in excitement. George Clare experienced the stops and starts on his journey into exile as a roller coaster of hope and fear. When he had finally made it to London he felt profound relief at having escaped. While for most of the exiles the journey to Ireland was quite an unpleasant and emotional experience, Ernst von Glasersfeld seems to have had an easier time as he only remembered being eager to get to Ireland.

For the exiles life in Ireland meant a profound change, both practically and emotionally. After the initial difficulties, they all settled into their new lives with varying success. For different reasons Monica Schefold, John Hennig and Marianne Neuman had a complicated relationship with Ireland. Monica Schefold did not remember living in Germany and consequently regarded Ireland as her home. She loved how down-to-earth, free and happy her childhood was and fully identified with Ireland. But because of her parents' background, she was identified as German by others and thus effectively excluded from being properly Irish. John Hennig found it more difficult to feel at home in Ireland, even though he liked Ireland, admired the Irish faith and felt immensely grateful for the happy childhood his children experienced growing up there. Indeed, the fact that he kept the anglicised version of his name even after his return to German-speaking Switzerland shows how much he felt attached to Ireland, even if he could not truly consider it his home. Marianne Neuman alone stayed in Ireland for the rest of her life. Despite this, and even though for her and her husband the practical transition to a new life was probably easier than for others, the emotional transition was not as easy. She missed the ordered life she had known in Germany and in conversation had to put in conscious effort to overcome her nostalgic reflexes in order to arrive at the reluctant

admission that she actually felt quite at home in Ireland. All three had trouble escaping the claims of their past lives – whether actively remembered or not – which undermined their attachment to Ireland.

Although their memories of life in their home countries are quite different regarding their personal attachments, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Ernst von Glasersfeld all felt at home in Ireland and would have been happy to stay if circumstances had not compelled them to choose another path. All three tried to focus on what was positive in the present rather than dwelling too much on the past. Peter Schwarz quickly settled into his new life and soon felt at home. During his seven-year stay in Ireland Hans Reiss felt increasingly at home, mostly due to his work and life in Trinity College. In 1946 he became an Irish citizen and would have liked to stay for the rest of his life, but Trinity College Dublin terminated his employment, and so he moved to England. Ernst von Glasersfeld did not dwell on the loss of the life and the Europe he had known, but concentrated on what was positive about his new life. He soon felt at home in Ireland, a sense of belonging gained through the work on his farm.

While Herbert Karrach and George Clare also turned their back on the past and decided to look forward to their new life, neither of them really felt at home in Ireland. In Karrach's case it was probably because of the failure of the Irish government to grant visas to his grandparents – they were subsequently killed in the gas chambers. Even the ten reasonably happy and productive years he spent in Ireland, during which he finished his education, became a doctor, found his faith and resumed a lot of the activities he had enjoyed at home, apparently could not make up for the bitterness this caused. George Clare never actually looked forward to life in Ireland, but was always focused on going to England. So he was never prepared to develop a relationship with Ireland beyond being grudgingly grateful that it let him in and thus saved his life.

As in the case of their relationships with their home countries, the length of time the exiles lived in Ireland does not indicate how strongly they identified with their host country or to what extent they felt at home there. Time might be a prerequisite for developing a sense of belonging, but it does not necessarily result in a strong bond. Complications arising from the loss of home potentially interfere with how well one

manages to rebuild a sense of home, even if the desire to do so is very strong. Conversely, if one is not willing to fully engage with one's new surroundings, a sense of home can be equally elusive. This points to an important difference between one's childhood home and a home one later chooses. The former is the place of instinctive belonging that one does not think about unless confronted with something that challenges its original claim on one. The latter, on the other hand, is not one's home by default, but involves a choice and a lot of time and physical, mental and emotional work in order to make it one's own.

Education and work life in Ireland were quite different from what the exiles would have been used to in their home countries. They had to learn and work through a new language and in new surroundings. This meant the loss of familiar school and work routines as well as, for some at least, a significant disruption of their careers. Another important new experience was the prominent role of the church in the Irish education system and society in general. John Hennig and his daughter Monica Schefold, who was educated in a Dominican convent school, found this to be particularly beneficial.

The younger exiles found it much easier to access education than the older ones did to find gainful employment. The exiles of school age, namely Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Herbert Karrach, generally speaking enjoyed their time in the Irish education system. They made good friends and did well in their chosen studies, with three of them winning scholarships to Trinity College and one of them studying art at NCAD. All four began what turned out to be very fulfilling careers. Peter Schwarz and Hans Reiss stayed in academia in the areas of science and literature respectively; Herbert Karrach became a doctor and Monica Schefold had a varied career in the visual arts and art education.

For the older exiles it was much more difficult to find work that would provide financial security, let alone personal fulfilment. With the exception of Marianne Neuman, who after repeating part of her medical degree could work as a doctor and became quite a prominent figure in the medical scene, the older exiles largely made do with whatever was available to them, while battling legal, linguistic and financial restrictions. John Hennig's main priority when it came to finding work in Ireland was to earn enough

money to support his family. After making ends meet by juggling many different jobs, he finally found more steady employment, first as a records officer with Bord na Móna and later as a librarian with the ESB. George Clare had no option but to work in the job that secured him his visa for Ireland in the first place, even though he found the work in Hirsch's ribbon factory rather boring. Ernst von Glasersfeld and his wife ended up buying a farm because they were not allowed to work except for freelance work or farming, and they were unsuccessful in securing the former.

But it was not just the older exiles for whom money was a newly important factor in the decisions they had to make about their lives and careers. Financial considerations also influenced Peter Schwarz and Hans Reiss in their choice of subjects in university. Peter Schwarz chose a particular area of chemistry as it promised a better chance for postgraduate work later, while Hans Reiss chose to study French and German literature, so that he would be able to support himself sooner rather than having to depend on further charity. Herbert Karrach's ability to study his chosen subject of medicine depended entirely on his managing to secure scholarships.

Despite the difficulties, some also found education and work to be a positive counterpoint in their new situation. For John Hennig the many self-chosen research projects did not simply mean another source of income for the family; they also engaged his mind and kept him sane in a life that was difficult and full of change. Peter Schwarz found his career as a scientist a source of great personal fulfilment, while Hans Reiss regarded his work and the university as a spiritual home. His work provided mental stimulation and a way of combatting the anxiety caused by his situation. Since he felt he should make the most of the opportunity afforded him by his parents' sacrifice, his work also represented a way of actively creating a new life and a new identity. Ernst von Glasersfeld found work on the farm was satisfying as it gave him a real connection with the land.

While for at least half of the exiles religion was not important before their emigration, partly due to lack of maturity and partly due to lack of interest, the situation was different during their time in Ireland. Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz and Herbert Karrach were definitely religious now, with Herbert Karrach in particular stressing the

importance of his faith for his life and identity. The religious attitudes of the older exiles, who had been religious before emigration already, did not change much: John Hennig was still Catholic, Hans Reiss Protestant and Marianne Neuman Jewish. For George Clare and Ernst von Glasersfeld religion was not important during their time in Ireland, or really later for that matter.

The exiles who professed to a personal faith found it enriched their lives to varying degrees. Monica Schefold grew up as a Catholic and her daily life both at home and in school was structured by religious ritual. She did not question any of it much as a child and experienced Irish Catholicism as a positive influence in her own life as well as in society. Peter Schwarz would not call himself devout, even though he has been regularly attending different Protestant churches since he found his faith. Hans Reiss had a life-long engagement with Christianity and was very active, both in terms of outward devotion and inner reflection. Marianne Neuman, as when she was still at home, was uneasy about her Jewish identity. Nevertheless, she was active in the Jewish community in Dublin and, according to her, even involved in the founding of the Jewish Progressive Congregation.

Only John Hennig and Herbert Karrach, who have both chosen religion as the ordering theme of their autobiographies, explicitly state that religion had a profound impact on how they coped with their exile. Monica Schefold asserts that her father survived the first few difficult months in Ireland mainly through his faith, and John Hennig himself states that, through all the changes in his life, the church remained the one true home for him. After his religious epiphany in 1942, Herbert Karrach believed that he had to surrender his own will to God and that God would direct his steps. As a consequence of this belief Karrach interprets what happens in his life as meaningful. While John Hennig considered the church his lasting abode in a life full of twists and turns that has exiled him in more ways than one, Herbert Karrach does not see himself as exiled at all and is grateful for everything God gives him.

Naturally, the experience of exile had a profound effect on how people viewed themselves and their personal attachments. While almost all of the exiles considered nationality less important after their emigration, or even not important at all, some

nevertheless showed a definite identification with a new place. George Clare reacted to the loss of his home by rejecting his Austrian identity and by trying to become the quintessential Englishman instead. He felt British, even though he was aware that he could never be truly British. And while the places where he had lived since he left Vienna were not homes in the same way that his parents' flat had been, he eventually did feel at home in the cottage and in London. Peter Schwarz definitely feels at home in Scotland, but like most of the other exiles represented here he does not consider nationality very important. He seems to be able to make himself at home wherever he finds himself. For Herbert Karrach earthly ties are much less important than his true home in a heavenly country. Despite this – or maybe because of this – forming attachments is not difficult and he feels a definite sense of belonging with England and is happy to be a UK citizen. Hans Reiss feels at home in Bristol and Heidelberg, but retains Irish citizenship.

For others national belonging and a sense of home was less straightforward. Monica Schefold and Ernst von Glasersfeld also favour Irish nationality, if any, but neither thinks that having a nationality is important or even desirable. Marianne Neuman did not feel particularly Irish even though she held Irish citizenship; she felt like a nobody. Despite her conflicted sense of national identity, in her daily life she did feel quite at home in Ireland. John Hennig was similarly conflicted about his Irish nationality ("Papierire"). Through the experience of exile, he felt uprooted and thus felt that, apart from the church, he did not have a true home anywhere.

While for most of the exiles their experiences meant that categories such as "nationality" and "home" were complex issues, attachments to family and other significant people were still considered very important by many with regard to personal identity. Spouses and family feature prominently in most of the testimonies, and Monica Schefold, Peter Schwarz, Hans Reiss and Herbert Karrach specifically mention their families or people they have met through their work or religious community as key elements of their identity. Religion was also important for many, but only in the case of John Hennig and Herbert Karrach is it explicitly stated to be the crucial aspect of their identity.

There is a notable change in the role that education and work played in identity formation. While at home they mainly reinforced established patterns of identity, in exile they helped to establish a new sense of belonging. For Monica Schefold her passion for art and antiques, which she likes to save from annihilation by restoring them, and the people she met through her work are important parts of her identity. John Hennig viewed his work as a positive result of his exile position as well as a way of counteracting the negative effects of said position. Peter Schwarz does not explicitly state that his work formed an important part of his identity, but the fact that it is the only topic in his autobiography suggests that it was. For Hans Reiss his career has definitely played an important role in who he is, not least because so many of the people who have shaped his identity have done so in their capacity as academics. Becoming a British soldier was very important for George Clare in his effort to establish a new identity for himself. Not only did Ernst von Glasersfeld find that his work on the farm showed him where his home was, he also thought his personal identity lay in what he had written. These testimonies highlight the importance of work in the process of elective belonging.

As for the perspective beyond local ties that can be gained by the boundary position of exile, it is not surprising that John Hennig and Herbert Karrach consider it in terms very similar to Tillich. For both, the church is the transcendental alternative existence to the one marked by earthly ties. But while in John Hennig's case the church is seen as a refuge in a life marked by the painful loss of other forms of belonging, Herbert Karrach's belief that God's will directs his steps and imbues his life with meaning subsumes any pain.

Marianne Neuman and George Clare did not develop a particularly positive perspective as a result of their exile experience. Marianne Neuman seems to have felt quite torn between her remembered past and her present. She made a very successful life for herself in Ireland; there is no indication, however, that she found being removed from national ties liberating or positive. Similarly, George Clare attempted to replace his old attachments with equally strong ones, but ended up with a perspective of double vision, compulsive retrospection and a sense that for him there was no true home.

For Monica Schefold, on the other hand, the removal of her concept of home from national ties resulted in a perspective of openness and tolerance. She definitely tries to see the positive in her fate as an exile, even though there is a strong link with Ireland as well as some sadness that it never completely felt like her home. Peter Schwarz and Hans Reiss both also view their lives as a positive experience for which they are grateful. Peter Schwarz does not explicitly link this to his exile, but his assessment of who he is and the life he has had is marked by contentment and a sense of good fortune on his journey through life. Hans Reiss specifically views his exile in Ireland as a fruitful time in his life. For an example of a perspective that is the result of exile he points to his work as an academic. Had he stayed in Germany he would not have developed the approach of an English academic to the subject of German literature the way he has.

Ernst von Glasersfeld did not gain a perspective free from national and historical identifications through his experience of exile. In fact, the concept of exile held no meaning for him because he had grown up in different countries and different languages and had thus already realised "that there is more than one way to achieve a modicum of contentment."

It is not the intention of this dissertation to suggest that the loss of a secure home and identity is a positive experience because it frees us to explore new ways of being or thinking – even if some of the exiles found it to be so. Rather, the stories told here were intended to highlight the way the exiles managed to create something out of the loss and lead successful lives marked by their experiences. It would be fruitless to speculate how their lives would have turned out if they had been able to stay at home, but it would most likely have been easier in a lot of respects. While they might not have chosen to be forced out of their homes – and having made a voluntary choice would have substantially altered the experience in any case – they made the best of the situation according to their own ability and personality.

As previously discussed, in presenting the detailed accounts of the individual journeys of the exiles to Ireland, my aim is to give a voice to the experience of exile in its diverse manifestations. Such a close study is important in itself, but with its emphasis on

identity it naturally has wider implications. Since the end of the last century the discipline of exile studies has been aware that it should reorient itself to take into account the vast numbers of people that for various reasons believed they had no choice but to migrate to another country. What was true in the 1990s is as true today: migration is a normal part of social life all over the world and the consequences for social identities are significant. In fact, the editors of *Migration and Identity* argue that mass migration around the world has been a permanent feature of life for centuries and that it is the ideological view of capitalism that makes us see it as something exceptional:

> Against all evidence, there is a strong tendency, especially in the 'advanced' countries, for observers and 'opinion-makers' of all sorts—journalists, politicians, scholars—to treat migrations, no matter what their scale, as isolated, random events, outside of the central thrust of social development. Massive population movements are viewed *de facto* as accidents of history, the result of unusual circumstances, catastrophes, deviations from the norm. After all, the dominating discourses of world capitalist culture tell us that modern society is supposed to be stable and prosperous.[673]

The view that migration is a normal and permanent feature of global society challenges the idea that the nation state, conceived as a homogeneous cultural entity with a distinct territory and a unitary government structure, is the natural and ideal way to organise society. In order to maintain this idea the discourse of the nation state must in turn insist on the view of migration as something exceptional and random, while the reality of mass migration means the nation state is in fact always in crisis.[674]

The treatment of migration as an exceptional phenomenon is problematic as it perpetuates the notion that migrants, due to their different cultural backgrounds and their principal 'otherness', disrupt the social order in the host country. The exile of the people represented here occurred against the background of this tension between the

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[673] Rina Benmayor and Andor Skotnes, 'Some Reflections on Migration and Identity', in Rina Benmayor and Andor Skotnes (eds.), *Migration and Identity (International Yearbook of Oral History and Life Stories 3)*, New York: Oxford University Press 1994, pp. 1–18 [here: 4].

[674] See Rina Benmayor and Andor Skotnes, 'Some Reflections on Migration and Identity', in Rina Benmayor and Andor Skotnes (eds.), *Migration and Identity (International Yearbook of Oral History and Life Stories 3)*, New York: Oxford University Press 1994, pp. 1–18 [here: 5–6].

ideal of the nation state and the reality of its inherent instability. Both in Germany and Ireland they were confronted with a concept of national identity that was in essence homogeneous and based on mechanisms of inclusion and exclusion. Pushed to its violent conclusion by the Nazi regime it made them refugees in the first place, and in Ireland it prevented them from becoming truly Irish.[675]

Naturally, it is much more difficult today to maintain the discourse of a homogeneous and stable nation state. Globalisation and multiculturalism have profoundly changed the world we live in.[676] The nation as well as other traditional forms of belonging, such as family, work and local community, are less secure, if they are available for identification at all.[677] At the same time, a diverse population raises questions about traditional forms of social organisation. One of the more heatedly discussed issues is how to treat different identity groups and how to ensure that their rights and status in society are recognised – ironically, it seems that even debates about multiculturalism

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[675] For an exploration of how nation-building processes in Ireland led to a narrow concept of Irishness that is seen as homogeneous and unchanging see Bryan Fanning, *Racism and Social Change in the Republic of Ireland*, Manchester, New York: Manchester University Press 2002, pp. 30–58.

[676] Interestingly, in Ireland this seems to have reinforced the myth of the nation state retrospectively. The Working Group on Media and Interculturalism based at Dublin City University found that "[o]ne of the most fundamental, but unquestioned assumptions driving the discourses and informing policy initiatives in Ireland is the notion that pre-1990s Ireland was a monocultural society in which racism had no cause to exist." Debbie Ging and Jackie Malcolm, 'Interculturalism and Multiculturalism in Ireland: Textural Strategies at Work in the Media Landscape', in Gavan Titley (ed.), *Resituating Culture*, Strasbourg: Council of Europe 2004, pp. 125–136. Here I refer to the online version at http://doras.dcu.ie/4582/ [Accessed 15 March 2020].

[677] For a wide-ranging discussion of the problems that arise from the removal of identity from traditional social anchors see Zygmunt Bauman, *Identity: Conversations with Benedetto Vecchi*, Cambridge: Polity Press 2004. See also Anthony Giddens, *Modernity and Self-Identity. Self and Society in the Late Modern Age*, Cambridge: Polity Press 2004.

and political correctness do not escape unified and essentialist concepts of identity.[678] This ultimately raises questions about the relationship between identity and citizenship.[679]

One of the peculiarities of the Irish situation is that it is only since the Celtic Tiger that Ireland has experienced high levels of inward migration.[680] The German-speaking exiles who came to Ireland during the Nazi era had a significant impact on Irish society, but for them integration was much easier than for many immigrants today. With the separation of asylum seekers in the system of direct provision, it is harder for them to integrate into Irish society and contribute their work and perspective – up until 2018 they were not allowed to work at all. The conceptual shift from being a country of emigration to one of immigration is only slowly being reflected in Irish policy.[681] Whether diversity in Ireland is seen as something positive or negative by the Irish-born population seems to be largely linked to levels of education and financial security, frequency and quality of social contact with immigrants and the performance of the economy in general. Interestingly, immigration does not seem to have had much of an

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[678] See Joan W. Scott, 'Multiculturalism and the Politics of Identity', in John Rajchman (ed.), *The Identity in Question*, New York and London: Routledge 1995, pp. 3–14. The other articles in this volume may also be of interest in this context.

[679] See James Donald, 'The Citizen and the Man About Town', in Stuart Hall and Paul Du Gay (eds.), *Questions of Cultural Identity*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2003, pp. 170–190.

[680] For a breakdown of emigration and immigration in Ireland in the last few decades see Social Justice Ireland, 'Embracing Ireland as a Multicultural Society', 2019, https://www.socialjustice.ie/content/policy-issues/embracing-ireland-multicultural-society [Accessed 15 March 2020].

[681] See the Multiculturalism Policy Index of Queen's University (Canada) for information on the social effects of multiculturalism and on how policies are evolving over time: Queen's University, *Multiculturalism Policies in Contemporary Democracies*, https://www.queensu.ca/mcp/immigrant-minorities/evidence/ireland [Accessed 15 March 2020].

effect on how close Irish people feel to their country.[682] The associated challenge of the increase in national and ethnic diversity to Irish identity is, nevertheless, a theme in contemporary Irish literature: "Cultural and personal identities in the books mentioned are in a constant state of flux and the concept of 'Irishness' is becoming increasingly diffuse against the background of a multicultural Ireland."[683]

If migration challenges essentialist concepts of national identity it also highlights that these exist as a permanent feature of society. The myth of the nation state performs on a social scale the same function as the myth of the autonomous self does on an individual one. As discussed in chapter II, the desire and psychic need to consolidate one's identity are just as much a natural and integral part of human existence as the reality of its instability; this seems equally true for national identity. Despite – or perhaps because of – globalisation, mass migration and the awareness that traditional forms of identity are problematic in today's society, national identity is frequently invoked in political discourse.[684] In *Black Sun* Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke even suggests that far right ideologies are on the rise again because of the challenges of multiculturalism in Western

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[682] See Frances McGinnity, Raffaele Grotti, Helen Russell et al., *Attitudes to Diversity in Ireland*, Dublin: ESRI and the Irish Human Rights and Equality Commission 2018. Here I refer to the online version at https://www.ihrec.ie/app/uploads/2018/03/Attitudes-to-diversity-in-Ireland.pdf [Accessed 15 March 2020].

[683] Dore Fischer, 'Balancing Diversities: Multiculturalism and Cultural Identity in a Selected Number of Works of Modern Irish Fiction', *CALL: Irish Journal for Culture, Arts, Literature and Language*, vol. 1, iss. 1, article 14 (2016), https://arrow.tudublin.ie/priamls/vol1/iss1/14 [Accessed 15 March 2020]. For a more comprehensive discussion of the impact Celtic Tiger immigration had on contemporary Irish literature see Pilar Villar-Argáiz (ed.), *Literary visions of multicultural Ireland. The immigrant in contemporary Irish literature*, Manchester, New York: Manchester University Press 2013.

[684] For a discussion of how, with the aid of psychological concepts, variously constructed notions of national identity are essentialised and used to mobilise people into supporting or opposing particular social and political projects, see Steve Reicher and Nick Hopkins, *Self and Nation: Categorization, Contestation and Mobilization*, London, Thousand Oaks, New Delhi: Sage Publications 2001.

democracies caused by economic globalisation, affirmative action and Third World immigration.[685]

The problem is that even in a world of globalisation and mass migration we need ways of belonging that provide an adequate level of stability. According to Eva Hoffman, neither overemphasis on place, whether national or local, nor perpetual detachment are satisfactory strategies in this regard:

> The transports of patriotism, narrowness of provincial perspectives, and confinements of parochial traditions are not plausible solutions to the dilemmas of our time. And yet continual dislocation, or dispersion, is both facile and, in the long run, arid. Can anything be rescued from the notion of home, or at-homeness, that is sufficient to our condition? [686]

Salvaging something from the concept of home, in the face of global capitalism and the growing distrust of and disappointment with nation states and their role in identity formation and social regulation, might not be as difficult or impossible a task as it seems. The research of Tom Inglis and Susie Donnelly suggests that, in the case of Ireland at least, globalisation does not diminish attachment to the local and national.[687] In any case, it is my hope that the analysis of the experiences presented here will help towards the development of a post-national and post-traditional concept of identity that would indeed salvage something from the concept of home: "We need to develop a model in which the force of our first legacy can be transposed or brought into dialogue

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[685] See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *Black Sun. Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism and the Politics of Identity*, New York, London: New York University Press 2003, pp. 303–306.

[686] Eva Hoffman, 'The New Nomads', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 35–64 [here: 58–59].

[687] See Tom Inglis and Susie Donnelly, 'Local and National Belonging in a Globalised World: The Case of Contemporary Ireland', *Irish Journal of Sociology*, vol. 19, no. 2 (2011), pp. 127–143. Here I refer to the online version at https://hdl.handle.net/10197/5160 [Accessed 1 March 2020].

with our later experiences, in which we can build new meanings as valid as the first ones."[688]

[688] Eva Hoffman, 'The New Nomads', in André Aciman (ed.), *Letters of Transit. Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language and Loss*, New York: The New Press 2000, pp. 35–64 [here: 62].

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Appendix A: sample questionnaire

Germany

Tell me something about the kind of life you had before you came to Ireland! How would you describe it in a few words?

When and how did you first know you had to leave Germany?

How did you feel about it?

With whom could you share your thoughts and worries about what was going on?

What did you know about why you had to leave?

Can you recall anything about other people having to leave?

What impact did the political and ideological climate have on your life at the time?

Do you recall any incidents of anti-Semitic behaviour towards you, your family or any of your friends?

How did you or your family react the first time you were confronted with the growing anti-Semitism in Germany? Did you take any practical steps or adapt your behaviour?

What effect did it have on how you felt as a German (then and/or later)?

How did you feel about Germany just before you left?

What did you know about Ireland? What did your parents tell you about where you were going?

What feelings did you have when you thought about your new home?

Who and what were you going to miss (friends, certain foods, favourite places…)?

What did your mother/you decide to bring with you? Were there any things of particular sentimental value?

What did you do on your last day? Who did you say good-bye to?

The journey

Tell me about your experiences on the journey to Ireland!

What feelings did you have when you actually had to leave Germany behind, i.e. when you boarded the ferry?

When you left, was there an emotional break with Germany and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?

Ireland

How did your life change when you came to Ireland? What were the most noticeable changes?

With whom could you share your thoughts and worries at this point and later on?

How did people react to you (welcoming, suspicious…)? Can you recall any particular incident?

Did they make any particular issue about you being German and/or being Protestant? What remarks/behaviour were you confronted with?

Did people's behaviour towards you change? If it did, when and how?

How did you feel about your host country in the first few weeks?

The first few months?

Just before you left for Scotland?

How long did it take you to settle in Ireland?

To what extent did you think about Germany during this initial settling in period? What did you remember exactly? What was the general mood of these thoughts?

What if anything did you miss about your old home in Germany?

What correspondence was there with people in Germany (if any)?

Going roughly through the year, tell me about traditions and customs your family kept (e.g. New Year's, Easter etc.)!

To what extent were these German customs? What did these customs mean to you? What about them was particularly important to you (e.g. food, decorations…)?

How important was it to you to keep German customs, meet other Germans, read German books etc.?

Or instead to completely avoid anything German?

Did you make a conscious effort to learn about Ireland, get to know Irish people, Irish customs and culture? What did you do to achieve this?

When if ever did you start to think of Ireland as your home? How did this manifest itself?

How did you feel when you left Ireland?

Beliefs

Which faith/church did/do you belong to? Why?

What do you recall about your religious life in Ireland? Did it differ much from what it was like in Germany?

How closely were you involved in the activities of the church? What sorts of things would you do?

How did you find the Irish Catholicism? Was being a Protestant ever a problem?

How important was religion to you? Did this change at any point? If so, when and why?

How do you feel about Ireland now?

How do you feel about Germany now?

Where if anywhere do you feel at home now?

How important is nationality to you?

Today

How would you describe who you are today? What, in your opinion, are important elements of your identity?

To what extent and in what way do you think other people have shaped your sense of identity?

Where do you feel you are at home (place, nationality, religion, career etc)?

How would you describe your relationship with Germany, Ireland and Scotland today?

Do you remember specific events or people that influenced how you identified yourself in relation to Ireland and Germany (and later Scotland)?

Do you remember having felt German? Is there still part of you that feels German? What memory/thing/person is this feeling associated with?

Do you have any other comments?

Appendix B: sample questionnaire

Meran/Austria

Please, tell me something about your childhood. How would you characterise it in a few words?

What effect did the growing anti-Semitism and violence have on how you felt as an Austrian (then and/or later)?

How did you feel about Austria just before you left?

Apart from money and clothes, what did you decide to bring with you when you left for Ireland? Were there any things of particular sentimental value?

What thoughts/feelings did you have when you thought about your new home in Ireland? What did you expect the place "wo der Ulysses spielt" to be like?

In a 2005 lecture in Vienna you talked about the concepts of assimilation and accommodation: "Zusammen sind Assimilation und Akkommodation an der Entwicklung unseres gesamten Begriffsrepertoires beteiligt, denn die beiden Vorgänge funktionieren nicht nur auf dem Niveau der Sinneswahrnehmungen sondern auch auf jenem der Reflexion und Abstraktion." Can you relate these ideas to your experiences in exile? Have they helped to make sense of such change?

The journey

Please, tell me something about your experiences on the journey to Ireland.

When you left, was there an emotional break with Austria and your old life there or a more gradual change in how you felt? How did this manifest itself?

Ireland

How did your life change when you came to Ireland? What were the most noticeable changes?

In a conversation with Albert Müller and Karl H. Müller you said: "Denn in Irland, wo ich auf einer Farm gearbeitet habe, da lernte ich natürlich alle Ausdrücke für die Implements, die Pflüge und Eggen usw., von denen ich auf Deutsch keine Ahnung hatte, weil ich zuvor nie auf einer Farm gelebt hatte. Sowohl das Vokabular als auch die Begriffswelt entstehen aus der Gegend, in der man lebt, und den Leuten, mit denen man lebt. Das ist ja immer nur ein Ausschnitt, die Ausschnitte von einer Sprache in die andere sind oft sehr verschieden." In your experience, is there a unique 'Gefühlswelt' that corresponds to the respective 'Begriffswelt'?

How did people react to you (welcoming, suspicious…)? Can you recall any particular incident?

Did people's behaviour towards you change? If it did, when and how?

Going roughly through the year, tell me about traditions and customs you kept, if any (e.g. New Year's, Easter etc.).

To what extent were these Austrian customs? What did these customs mean to you? What about them was particularly important to you (e.g. food, decorations…)?

How important was it to you to keep Austrian customs, meet other Austrians, read books in German etc.?

Or instead to completely avoid anything Austrian?

Did you make a conscious effort to learn about Ireland, get to know Irish people, Irish customs and culture? What did you do to achieve this?

When if ever did you start to think of Ireland as your home? How did this manifest itself?

To what extent did you think about your old life? What did you remember exactly? What was the general mood of these thoughts?

What if anything did you miss about your old home (people, food, places, culture…)?

What correspondence was there with people on the continent (if any)?

How did you feel when you left Ireland?

Beliefs

Which faith/church did/do you belong to (if any)? Why?

How important was religion to you? Did this change at any point? If so, when and why?

Today

Where if anywhere do you feel at home now?

How would you describe your relationship with America, Ireland and Austria today?

How important is nationality to you?

How would you describe who you are today? What, in your opinion, are important elements of your identity (place, family, career…)?

Who or what had the most profound impact on who you are today?

Have you ever thought of yourself as being an exile or being in exile? If so when and where? What does the term ‘exile’ mean to you?

The theologian Paul Tillich defines exile as having both an external and an internal dimension: “The boundary between native land and alien country is not merely an external boundary marked off by nature or by history. It is also the boundary between two inner forces, two possibilities of human existence” (*On the Boundary*). Thus, the exile is positioned on the boundary between the ties to his local community and family and the promise of a mode of being that exists outside of national or historical identifications. In other words, Tillich regards exile as an opportunity for spiritual growth and for the establishment of a different perspective on life. Can you relate any of his ideas to your own experience?

Do you have any other comments?

Appendix C: meetings with Dr Marianne Neuman

The following text, like the questionnaires, the interview with George Clare and the written sources (see chapter I, section 6), forms the basis for my analysis. As it is not derived from either a questionnaire or a straightforward interview, however, it is necessary to outline the details of its conception.

I met Dr Marianne Neuman on numerous occasions between May 2004 and November 2005.[689] After an introductory conversation on the phone she invited me to her home in Dublin where most of our meetings took place except for the times when we went to a nearby café "Cramer's" for a bite to eat and when I visited her in hospital.

The first time I arrived she showed me her office and some of the other rooms downstairs and then we had tea and coffee and biscuits while we talked, and with an air of defiance and pleasure – as she knew that strictly speaking it was not allowed – she sneaked one of the biscuits under the table for my guide dog. That became our ritual for all subsequent visits. Her office, where our conversations took place, was full of stacks of papers that seemed to have been there for decades. In fact, the house in general gave the impression that it had not changed much at all since the time she and her husband had moved in there.

While she looked forward to my visits and seemed to enjoy them, initially she did not want any part of our conversations to be recorded in any way. As we got to know each other better she allowed me to take notes on my laptop, which I did as best I could without interrupting the flow of our exchanges too much.

However, it was still not possible to do a formal interview, so we had informal chats during which I would try to steer her towards certain topics and keep her on point as she

[689] The main meetings took place on 17 May 2004, 28 May 2004, 1 July 2004, 31 May 2005 and 7 November 2005.

liked to digress and tended towards repeating certain episodes, sometimes with subtle differences in the details.

Our conversations were held in both English and German. I tried to respond to her choice of language in each case, but changed less overall, while she spoke a liberal mixture of the two languages, sometimes even changing mid-sentence. This is why some of the quotes I used in the text below are in English, while others are in German.

She also had a fondness for what one might call colourful language. To make her point she would often overstate things deliberately or employ a number of choice swear words. In general I have not taken notes of the specific wording of such statements, but where they do appear in a direct quote I have left them in for accuracy's sake. Out of context they may seem to be indicative of a rather colloquial use of language, but I would like to point out that they are more part of the eccentric and shocking air Dr Neuman liked to cultivate. In fact, in her obituary her linguistic accomplishments are mentioned specially: "Her vocabulary was astonishing, possibly because of being fluent in English, German, Italian and French, with a passable knowledge of other languages. 'And I can spell the words,' she would pronounce."[690]

Dr Marianne Neuman died on 17 March 2008 at the age of 94. It is not surprising therefore that the stretches of more formal interviewing and note-taking tired her quickly and seemed to stress her, especially when she could not remember certain details. I limited these in order to keep her discomfort to a minimum. Another problem was that due to her failing health our meetings were sometimes months apart and it was not always possible or appropriate simply to continue where we had left off. So in the end I was left with several sets of notes that covered some, but not all of the questions I had asked the other participants. In the text below I have structured these notes, a mixture of quotes and my own impressions, along the same lines as the questionnaires I used for the other participants, with topics such as childhood, journey etc. I would like

[690] 'Berlin-born Doctor Devoted to Ambulance Brigade', *The Irish Times*, 5 April 2008.

to stress that I have imposed this structure on the notes afterwards, as the information contained in the text emerged in a much more random order over several visits. The ordering of the material does of course constitute an act of interpretation in itself, but as it was not possible to render the way in which the information emerged and analyse it in its unadulterated form it made sense to choose a format that would allow comparison with the other participants.

Childhood in Germany

Marianne Neuman was born in 1913 in Berlin as the daughter of Charlotte and Kurt Heilfron. Her family lived in the Rankestraße 27 in a rented flat ("gemietete Etagenwohnung"), close to the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche. Her father was "Reichsbahndirektor", and she seemed very proud of his professional achievements, his "important job" and a medal he received to honour his services ("like a Ph.D."), as she mentioned these on several occasions.

In describing her mother Dr Neuman focused on the fact that she (her mother) was Jewish and related this to her own feelings about being Jewish. She said she would have liked to convert, but her mother did not and so she did not think it was right for her to do it either.

Dr Neuman was educated at the Auguste-Victoria-Schule in Nürnberger Str. 63, where she learned French, then Latin and, only for the last three years of her schooling, English. Nevertheless she had what she called a "good grasp of English", which helped her when she emigrated to Ireland. In fact, she loved languages and said she would have liked to be an interpreter, but that she was not allowed to because she had to study medicine or law: anything else would not have been good enough. She also pointed out that she did not have Greek in school because she did not go to the "good school" like the boys. And twice she remarked on another difference between her and her brother's upbringing, namely that he was allowed out by himself while she had to have a governess until she was eighteen: "Mein Bruder durfte abends vor die Tür, weil er ein Junge war, und ich nicht. Ich bin mit achtzehn Jahren mit Kinderfräulein zur Tanzstunde." On the whole she remembered her childhood years in Berlin as a happy

period in her life, marked by the comfort and order that a well-to-do middle-class family would have experienced at that time. She described her life as follows:

> Nett und richtig. Also ich meine, die Leute standen morgens auf, haben Mittag gegessen, Tee getrunken und sind abends schlafen gegangen. Es war ein vernünftiges Leben, nicht so scheiße verändert wie heute.

The journey

According to Dr Neuman, at first the Nazi ideology did not affect her life much – she was not supposed to talk to certain boys anymore – but when she was not allowed to take one of her exams in medicine because of her Jewish descent she decided it was time to leave Germany: "If they won't allow me to do my exams, what are they going to do next?" She thought she could take her exams somewhere else.

One day before the opening of the Olympic Games in 1936 she and her then fiancé Rudi Neuman, himself a doctor, whom she met in October 1935 and got engaged to on 31 March or, as she said in a different session, 1 April 1936, left Germany. They went to England first where they got married. She described her journey in terms of the contrast between former comfort at home in Germany and the limitations she would have to put up with after they had left, such as a third-class train ticket to "Belgium or somewhere" and then London. At their wedding in London in 1936 there were nine or ten people, including her parents, her brother and a Dr and Mrs Hirsch. The dinner cost "three and six pence" per person and Dr Neuman remembered not being able to finish her plate: "Ich konnte meine Speise nicht aufessen, weil wir keine Zeit mehr hatten, das ärgert mich heute noch nach 70 Jahren." They stayed in the Grosvenor Hotel, "aber nicht das feine".

The next morning they saw a military parade and then left for their honeymoon in Locarno, Switzerland. She recounted how she lost her wedding ring on the beach, but then found it again. And she showed it to me with the words: "den habe ich heute noch an."

As they were not allowed to stay in England permanently they decided to emigrate to Ireland because of the Irish connection of Rudi Neuman's mother. His mother was born in Holywood/Belfast, and so, due to the new law passed to accommodate de Valera's

lineage, Rudi could have an Irish passport. In turn Marianne could get an Irish passport because she was married to an Irish citizen. While Marianne and Rudi Neuman had little trouble obtaining visas and passports, she mentioned that her husband's brother and wife had difficulties and were not allowed into Ireland. According to her they went to France instead where they were killed.

Dr Neuman said she knew nothing about Ireland before she came, in fact she did not even know Ireland existed: "Back then there were only English, French, German and Italian people; that was the horizon of my world." As for what they decided to bring with them, it was two vans full of furniture and other cherished belongings, such as a bookcase full of valuable and valued books, such as one by Goethe, "das beste Buch, das ich hatte", two chairs from her grandmother's dining-room and a table and six chairs. She seemed very proud of these items and her house indicated quite a strong attachment to her former life in Germany. She said she did not really think about Ireland when they left or about her feeling about her situation: "Das Praktische war wichtiger – wo kriegen wir Mittagessen her?"

Her parents went from London back to Berlin. She could not remember why, but had a definite opinion on her parents' decision to return to Germany: "Bloody idiots!" But after their housekeeper Käthe had hidden them, they escaped in 1939 and came to Ireland too, one day before the war started.

Ireland

Dr Neuman's first impressions of Ireland were not particularly positive: "The food was horrible, people were horrible," but she qualified this statement by pointing out that she did not really like people in general. In her opinion Ireland was 30 years behind at the time. Her husband did not know any English before they left Germany because he went to a school where he was taught French, Latin and Greek. He had to learn it from scratch with her help. For Dr Neuman on the other hand the transition to English was easy enough because she had a good grasp of the language due to her school education.

With the help of Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh and Arthur Cox, "very nice people", they got established very quickly in Ireland. At first they stayed in a hotel in Harcourt Street

(Harcourt Street Hotel), but after somebody had told them there was a house for sale they looked at it and bought it. Dr Neuman said as she did not like moving, she never did again, and so she still lived in the same house in Upper Rathmines Road when I met her.

It was not difficult for them to get their passports or a work permit. Having already passed his British medical exams in Edinburgh, Rudi Neuman set up a surgery as soon as he got his permission to practice medicine.[691] Marianne Neuman first had to repeat her *Hauptstudium* (2.5 years) and take her exams in the College of Surgeons before she could work as a doctor. Later she was doctor to 17 embassies, still 5 when I spoke to her, including the German embassy.

Despite the fact that she was involved in associations such as the St John Ambulance Brigade, the Dublin Jewish Burial Society and the Dublin Jewish Progressive Congregation she characterised her social life as fairly quiet, apart from the occasional evening of Bridge. She also pointed out that her contacts were mainly with Irish people.

Her feelings towards the Jewish community in Ireland and about being Jewish herself seem to have been ambivalent. She said she was not involved too much in the Jewish community as she did not think it was very important. She never felt very Jewish; she had Jewish religion classes in school, but never liked Jewish people much. Neither did she think much of her husband being doctor to the Maccabees. And she mentioned that she refused to sit beside the Chief Rabbi at a state dinner for Johannes Rau.

However, in 1946 she and her husband were involved in the foundation of the Progressive Jewish community in Dublin. They relaxed a lot of the orthodox rules and so they were allowed to smoke on a Saturday and could eat what they wanted.

While she certainly never experienced any anti-Semitic incidents in Ireland, she said she always felt a bit wary of how people might react if they found out she was Jewish.

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[691] See also 'Berlin-born Doctor Devoted to Ambulance Brigade', *The Irish Times*, 5 April 2008.

Present day

When I asked her which nationality she felt closest to at the time of our meeting she replied after some hesitation: "Hard to say, none really." She said she did not really feel Irish or German, she felt "like a nobody", but after this rather melancholy statement she concluded firmly that nationality was "scheißegal". She did not remember how she felt about being Irish or German when she was younger, but thought that she did actually feel quite at home in Ireland.

Dr Neuman returned to Germany several times even in her last years to visit the former German Ambassador to Ireland, whom she also visited in Luxembourg. She said that being back in Germany did not bother her and there was certainly a note of nostalgia in her voice when she described the changes she had seen in Berlin's landscape. Her grandmother's old flat in the Kurfürstendamm 24, for example, is now a hotel. I also asked her what she missed about Germany and her former life and she replied "Lachsschinken", and after more thought, "Heizung", but it seems to have been German foods that had a special significance in her memory of home. In another session she complained that it was difficult to get German food in Ireland and that she missed "fois gras", "Gänseschmalz", and interestingly even "Schweineschmalz". She particularly enjoyed eating the lovely food in the KaDeWe when she visited the former Ambassador in Berlin.

Despite these positive memories, as a matter of principle she would never want to live in Germany again after her experiences. And for the same reason she did not find it hard to take Irish citizenship either. For one thing, according to her, her German passport had the "Davidsstern" in it,[692] which she did not like. But it was the threat to her life that she

[692] This amalgamation of the two most infamous ways the National Socialist regime employed to mark Jewish citizens is interesting. In fact, it was 1938 that the compulsory "J" was introduced: "[…] als weitere Brandmarke wurde Anfang Oktober ein rotes 'J' in die Reisepässe der Juden gestempelt […]" And the David's star was introduced even later: "Am 1. September 1941 erging die Polizei Verordnung über die Kennzeichnung von Juden: Vom 15. September an mußte jeder Jude ab dem sechsten Lebensjahr

said made her turn her back on her former home: “Wenn ein Land einmal versucht hat, einen totzumachen, dann will man ihm den Rücken kehren.” She used the unusual term “totmachen” in another session as well: “Deutschland wollte mich totmachen.”

Nevertheless, she still spoke German with German nationals. With her daughter Elizabeth, who lives in America and is married to a writer, she spoke a mixture of English and German. Her other daughter Evelyn, who is married to a Garda, and her grandson Rudi can speak German, but according to Dr Neuman they do not like it.

Her husband Rudi died in 1965 and from then on she had the practice by herself, with patients still calling to her at the time I spoke with her. Even after forty years she seemed sad when she talked about her husband.

When I asked her if there was anything she would like to say about herself or her life that we had not touched on during our conversations up to that point she said that she hated her name, that she had met the pope, that she was proud of her uncle’s book on law (in Washington University law library) and that she went to Cramer’s most days to have a bowl of soup or pancakes with maple syrup and crispy bacon.

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einen gelben Stern auf der Kleidung aufgenäht tragen. Damit war die öffentliche Demütigung und Brandmarkung vollkommen, die Überwachung der verfolgten Minderheit perfekt.” Wolfgang Benz, *Der Holocaust*, Munich: C. H. Beck 2005, p. 24 and pp. 35–36.

Appendix D: transcript of the Interview with George Clare

Birte Schulz: Do you prefer to just kind of talk or should I ask you questions?

George Clare: Ask me, you know what you want to know.

BS: Yeah, of course I'm mainly interested in Ireland, but um…like when you were still in Austria and the situation started to get worse, how did you feel as an Austrian back then?

GC: I wasn't an Austrian anymore, not in my inner thing, that was finished.

BS: Right. And so what did you feel you were or was that just not important anymore?

GC: What did I feel about what?

BS: Well, I mean…you said you weren't an Austrian anymore…

GC: No.

BS: …so what were you instead or did that not matter anymore?

GC: It was finished. [pause]

BS: And so when you left Austria did you just emotionally break with the country or…

GC: I'd broken long before I left. The moment it became nazified and Jew-hating, that was it.

BS: So you weren't particularly upset when you left or…I mean…?

GC: No, I wanted to get out, get away from there, that was the only thing that motivated us.

BS: And what about, I mean I know you probably can't separate that from the country, but what about the life you had had there with your parents?

GC: Oh it was a very good life

BS: And you weren't upset that that was gone?

GC: No, it had gone, there was no question about it.

BS: And what about, I think we talked about that the last time as well, your relationship with Germany 'cause I was quite surprised that it seemed a lot more positive than that with Austria.

GC: Yes, because, ah, when my parents…My mother was partly brought up in Germany, and before the Nazis my parents made the journey through Germany, Berlin etc., and they came back enchanted: How much more 'big town' it was compared to Vienna, how unprovincial, and… [pause] But I mean I had no feeling of loss for Austria; they didn't want me, they wanted to throw me out and they had done so and I was lucky enough to get out.

BS: But Germany you had sort of grown up with this more positive image but…and how did that develop because I mean you did go to Berlin and then there was the false start of trying to get out and going back and…You know, was it always a positive relationship or?

GC: Well, as an Austrian of course the Germans were our allies in the last war, in the world war, and that played a part in one's feelings. Ah, I wasn't anti-German [small pause] by nature…when Hitler took over and all that happened, and happened more, anti-Semitism happened more rapidly in Austria, and more thoroughly than it had done in Germany. But I was in Berlin during the so-called Kristallnacht [pause] and ah [pause] thank God nothing happened to us.

But when I got to Berlin there were still Jewish shops, they hadn't been plundered yet or broken up. A remote cousin of mine, a little older than I, said "What would you like to

do?" I said "Whatever you say." He said "Would you like to go for a drive in my car?" And I looked at him: a Jew had a car? It was impossible in Austria. It was all more rapid.

And I never forget we went for dinner somewhere in a hotel where we actually stayed. And the dining-room was full of people, many wearing swastika badges, but not one would make a rude remark about "oh they're Jews" or something like that. In Vienna yes, they would have thrown you out, they wouldn't have let you in.

BS: And what about later, after the war?

GC: After the war I was very fascinated by Germany, interested, I was delighted to have a pretty important position in post-War Germany.

BS: And at that stage, I mean, how had your relationship with Austria developed or was that just…?

GC (interrupts): It was dead!

BS: Sorry?

GC: It was dead.

BS: So it just broke…

GC (interrupts): I had no feeling there…Yes…It was finished

BS: And when you went to Ireland was there anything of particular sentimental value you brought with you? I mean I know you couldn't bring much, but was there anything that was…

GC: My mother. Yes.

BS: Yeah, but no thing?

GC: No.

BS: No, I suppose.

GC: I mean the chapter was finished. They threw me out or threatened me and that was it.

BS: And how was life in Ireland when you got there? How was it different from…?

GC (interrupts): Boring.

BS (laughing): Boring.

GC: Bloody boring.

BS: Why was it boring?

GC: Well, I mean ah…my job was - because I was the only one who could speak English of that whole lot - to instruct Irish girls and boys in ribbon-weaving [pause] because it was a ribbon factory. I didn't know the first thing about it. But there was a … expert with us and he told me what to translate and I did. And that was that.

BS: So it wasn't particularly interesting?

GC: Well, yes, it was interesting because I was free. Mind you, the coppers came…ah…several times and said

"Are you still here? You shouldn't be here…so…because the visa is for your parents and your father is not here, your mother has left, so what are you doing here?"

So I said: "I'm a refugee and I am working in that factory and I'm training Irish youngsters to become ribbon-weavers. Without me they couldn't."

"Oh." And then they left me alone. They came about… CID check came about three times "You still here?" I said "Yes" So that was it.

BS: And what contact was there with Irish people? You mentioned Madge…

GC: Madge McGee

BS: Yeah, in Galway, was…

GC: She was a, she was not a Catholic, she was Protestant actually. She had a newspaper and tobacconist shop in Galway in the Main Street and that was where also quite a lot of Irish people came in the evening to chat and talk, and I was sitting there, getting free cigarettes and coffee and whatever, and she was very fond of me.

BS: So how often would you meet with her and would you talk a lot?

GC: Practically every day in the evening.

BS: And what would you talk about?

GC: The war, the Germans, that's about it, the English, the Irish.

BS: And what would her point of view have been, if you remember?

GC: Oh, she was very pro-British.

BS: Right.

GC: Very.

BS: And was she following the war at all?

GC: Yes of course. It was there all the time. You know, the first thing we knew was our factory was actually a former barrack, barracks, and the day war broke out the Irish army arrived and moved in. So there were Irish soldiers all over the place. But that was it.

BS: And were there any other people that would have been important or that you remember?

GC: My landlady, forget what's the, one of the main roads, I had a bedroom. She was a nice, frightened little woman with a sister, and I lived there quite happily.

BS: And that was…

GC: Well, happily is exaggerated, but…

BS: And that was in Galway or in Long-?

GC: In Galway.

BS: And is there anyone that you would have been in contact with after you'd left Ireland?

GC: No. Madge McGee up to a point. We corresponded a bit.

BS: And what, I mean because you were sort of in the West of Ireland, how much did you come in contact with or what was your impression of rural Ireland, the landscape and the Gaelic language?

GC: Nice, but boring. I mean, I was Viennese, don't forget that. I grew up in a very big city…with a lot of history, lousy one, but history just the same.

BS: Well, and you were young.

GC: You know, we were brought up still very much in the monarchy. It wasn't there anymore, but my grandmother, who was very influential, grandmother Julie, hence Julie Clare, she talked a lot about the emperor Franz Josef, and that was her life. And she had various Hofräte, retired, coming to visit her, who knew her from before because my grandfather the doctor was the district medical officer for a very important part of Vienna, and they knew lots of people. [pause]

That's it. I didn't particularly miss that because it wasn't my [small pause] life, though I was very interested in the monarchy in a sense.

BS: And was there anything you missed? I mean, I don't know, food maybe or…

GC: No.

BS: …anything at all?

GC: Food yes, the food in Vienna was certainly better than in Ireland.

BS: [laughs]

GC: But…ah…No, I missed my girlfriend, who became my first wife.

BS: But you didn't really…Well, I kinda asked you that already…you didn't really think about Austria and what your life had been?

GC: No, that was past and forgotten, and I'd seen them at their worst, and thank you.

BS: And how long did it…or did you ever settle in Ireland or…

GC: Not really because I always wanted to go to the girlfriend and to the British Army because this was my war. I had a very loud argument with my father in Ireland when they came to see me in the hotel and I told him "Daddy, when there is a war I'm going to join the British Army". He said "Are you mad? Do you know what it is to be a soldier?" I said "I don't know, but I'm not mad, and it's going to be my war [pause] and I shall fight into it, in it." I didn't actually, I never got near a shot.

BS: But what exactly made you feel it was your war?

GC: Well, because it was the war against the Germans and the anti-Semites, who considered me not to be a human being because I was Jewish-born. [pause, lights cigarette]

So it was my war, and I wanted to defeat them and shoot as many as I could. I didn't shoot a single one, and I've never fired a shot in anger.

BS: But how did you actually get to England and into the British Army? How did you hear about you know requirements and recruit…

GC: Oh, I went to see the attaché in Dublin and said "I'd like to join the RAF." And he was very open-minded. He said "Yes, may I have your details and all of that." In due course, of course (sorry), you can't join the RAF, all you can join is the Pioneer Corps. So I said "Well, if I have no choice, I have no choice, alright." And I got a visa or a stamp in my passport that I could come to England to join the forces, and I then went to the recruitment office and said I wanted to join the RAF.

BS: And where was the recruitment office?

GC: Oh, in London.

BS: In London, okay. So you went straight from Dublin to London?

GC: Yeah, sure. My girlfriend lived there…

BS: Right.

GC: …and I think we got married shortly after I got there. And they said "No, you can't, you got to join the Pioneer Corps", and I said "No, I don't want the bloody Pioneer Corps, it's a bloody labour unit." And it was ridiculous, all the foreign Jews were in the Pioneer Corps, it was the only thing they could join. And there were professors, doctors, highly intelligent people, and just people like me, and we all wanted to join fighting units, but there wasn't a chance at the time. And then I got to, I read the Daily Express, and there was William Hickey, the columnist, Tom Driver was his real name, and so I sat down and wrote a letter to him saying "Look this is a bloody shame, here I am nineteen year old or twenty, I want to fight in the British Army and they stick me in this bloody labour unit. I want to get out of it." And he got in touch with me, he phoned, and he invited me to come to London and have lunch with him in the House of

Commons. That was an invitation to paradise. So I went. Went into the House of Commons, was stopped by a copper, and I said "Mr. Driver is expecting me." He said "Alright, stay here, I'll get in touch." And he came out and took me to lunch in the House of Commons. You have no idea, that was heaven. I only learned later that he was one of the best-known gays in London, but obviously I didn't make the mark, he left me alone, there was no attempt to seduce the young George Clare, or Klaar as I was then. [pause]

And he did something, and I think two months, wasn't quite two months later there was a notice on our company notice board and anybody – no, I was first interviewed by a major, who wanted me either to join the paratroops or number ten commandos, and I said "No, thank you. I want to be a soldier, but not a hero." So that was it. But that meant it was opened, I was one of the first to volunteer, and I was transferred to the Royal Artillery. I was trained as a – what was it called? – a position officer assistant, something like that. But I was never sent anywhere where they were shooting. And then actually, there was very much Jew [coughs] My company major came in one morning and had this document. They were looking for intelligent people to go to Cambridge or Oxford and study Russian to become interpreters and he said "Klaar, that's your, for you", and I said "Oh no, I want to join a fighting unit…" No, I actually went for an interview, and that was in Kensington, and I walked up the stairs, and there sat a lance corporal. He was an old school chum of mine, who had been kicked out of every school he got in. And he said "What are you doing here?" I said "Well, I'm volunteering for that Russian thing." He said "Don't be stupid! You, don't you speak German? You don't want to learn Russian and sweat. I'll change your name, I get you interviewed." And so I was called in for an interview, there was a lady and two men, I think all army, and they talked to me, and they obviously liked me and said "Okay…ah…you'll be posted to Germany." That was already when the British were already there. And so I was sent to Berlin, to Schlüterstrasse, and there I met, I was welcomed by the Major who ran the show – he was actually from Bavaria, half-Jewish. And he realised fairly quickly that I was – there were other sergeants – that I was the most intelligent of the lot, and so he said "Okay, we'll find out what we'll do with you." And then one day I came back, still in uniform, from having been to the US document centre where they had the entire index of the NSDAP, all the membership cards, everything, and I went

into the office, and there was my then Major and two German gentlemen. And they were chatting, I joined the talk, and at one point the younger one of the two, who looked most un-German, he was extremely well dressed, cheerful, all the others…

And ah, then he turned out he knew far more British officers than I knew, and he talked about a Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel Kirkpatrick, who was by then a civilian, an ex-cavalry man, and his trousers of his suits had the cavalry cut, as tight as you could think. So I said to the younger one of the two "And you are wondering how he gets into his trousers in the morning and out of them in the evening." And he laughed his head off and said "Yes, absolutely." And then they left, of course I hadn't understood the names when we were introduced, and my Major came out with me, we said goodbye, and he said "You know who that was?" I said "No, not a clue, I didn't get the name." "Axel Springer, and he is the coming big publisher in Germany." And that's how we met.

And Axel, who was very fond of English habits etc ah had got it that ah the English all called each other by their Christian names, so he said "George, call me Axel!" And when he finally came and said "I've got a job for you", we agreed that I would join him, he said "And you call me Axel!" And that was a sensation in the Springer-group: thousands, but nobody has ever called Axel Axel or what was called by his Christian name. Ah…and that was the start. [pause] And I joined him I think in '53, and I was as happy as anything because I was worried, because we had already children, what was the future going to be, and I met my first wife in a café, glowing with pleasure, and told her, and she said "Oh, all that means is that your children will grow up as bloody Germans." And I said "Not at all", and, okay, that was it. I joined Axel, became a director, ran the international side of things, and I was a relatively big man in the group. And that's how it started 'til it ended. I met this one [Christel has come in] in…through my job, in the Daily Telegraph building where we had our London offices.

Christel Clare: I have a feeling we told them all that.

BS: No. Bits of it…

GC: She asked me!

BS: We kind of chatted about it the last time, but this is a bit more structured.

CC: But I'm sure, I'm sure we told you the story about me getting the job with Springer News Service in the Daily Telegraph building, and he was on holiday when the other guy, the Hungarian, brought him 'cause he didn't have a clue about it 'cause I was the first person he ever tested or examined to be employed. No?

BS: Well, we have just got here, so I asked him other stuff…

CC: No, no, I mean last time.

BS: Yeah, yeah.

CC: I thought I told you all that last time. No?

BS: Yeah, but…

CC: Yeah, it had nothing to do with that.

Paul Mc Galey: It's not a problem.

[Everyone talking.]

BS: I was actually going to ask you…you know your wife said" Oh, your children are going to grow up as Germans", but at…how important was nationality to you at that point?

GC: By that time I was a British soldier, and I was British.

BS: Right.

GC: And that was it.

BS: So you felt British. 'Cause I think you said in the book, in 'Last Waltz in Vienna', that the best you can hope for is a sort of double vision, that you look at the English

from the inside and the outside, but you never quite belong, and I thought that was very interesting.

GC: Well sure, as far as the British are concerned you never quite belonged, you weren't British even if your nationality by then was.

BS: But you felt completely British, did you, or…

GC: I felt I was not completely British because obviously I wasn't and I knew it…ah…and there was a lot of the continent in me: continental history, the whole Austrian history [pause] but ah [pause] okay. That was it. [To Christel] Any remarks?

CC: Well you want my impressions when I met you?

GC: Yes.

CC: He wants to be more English than the English: Bowler hat, huge umbrella, sort of velvet on the collar…

GC (gestures): Bowler hat, yes.

CC: Sort of very playing the part. And I was amused.

GC: And then you went and married me without laughing.

CC: Smiling.

GC: Yeah.

CC: I kept smiling.

BS: So how come you never settled in Ireland? Was that purely because you had wanted to go to England all along?

GC: No, because I wanted to be in the army and do some fighting, and didn't, but that's a different matter.

BS: Yeah.

CC: And you didn't want to go back to Ireland after the war was over.

GC: No.

BS: How come, like ahm, I think Gisela told me you said that ahm you know the I-, what was it? Irish eyes are famous for smiling, but Irish hearts were not or something. Did the fact that you essentially bought your way into Ireland affect your relationship with Ireland at all?

GC: I didn't have a relationship with Ireland, not really.

BS: No?

GC: They let me in and saved my life, fair enough. Although the coppers would have liked me to go out, but they didn't do anything about it.

BS: And your parents just ahm…would it have made a difference, you think, how you felt about Ireland if they had stayed with you?

GC: No, no difference. My father…My mother wanted to be with my dad, and my dad was with the bank he'd worked for all his life, which was a French bank, and they asked him to come. And he was the only one of – and they got quite a few Austrian Jews from the bank to France – and they were the only ones who didn't survive; all the others went into hiding.

[pause]

And when my father was arrested by the local police sergeant in St. Pierreville he climbed up through the top window and shouted at them "I'm going to jump before you

and kill myself." And the sergeant said "If you want to, but all that'll happen you'll hurt yourself and we'll still send you, it's our orders, it's my orders." And that was that.

BS: And why do you think it was so important to your father to…that you get the stuff they had brought into this warehouse in Paris I think it was, wasn't it?

GC: That's right. Well, it was, I mean he had valuable furniture, paintings, he loved paintings and art and bronzes and all sorts of things, and he wanted me to inherit it, but never got 'round to that. I did get compensation from the German government up to a point.

BS: But I mean…Do you think that was just because the things were valuable?

I mean the compensation….

GC: Who?

Was looking for the valuables?

BS: No, no, no, do you think your dad just wanted you to have them because they were valuable?

GC: They were beautiful! And we'd lived with them all our lives.

CC: But you also told me at the time that it was very much a thing to do in society, it was very much ahm an ambition in fathers to leave something for their children.

GC: Oh, of course.

CC: That was important from the emotional point of view, never mind the value of the things.

GC (in the affirmative): Mm.

BS: Well and I guess the things were connected with his life as well.

GC: With what?

BS: With his life in Vienna.

GC: Yes, it was his career, it was his home. He's grown up there, he served in the First World War in the Austrian army, and he was known in Italy where he was stationed as Bellissimo Tenente, [pause] the best-looking lieutenant. Well, he was very proud of that. [pause]

Have I shown you photos?

Come with me!

BS: Yes.

GC: Both of you!

[We walk through the hall, he shows us the bust of Goethe.]

GC: It's Goethe.

BS: Oh ja, didn't you have that in the garden of the cottage, did you? No?

GC: Yes, we had it there. And it was a letter from my father where he wrote about my mother and said "She's working all day and when she's got a little bit free she goes and sits down and reads, mainly Goethe. And Christel picked that idea up and had this Goethe built for me.

[We walk on.]

GC: That's my dad with my mum. And there is my dad as a baby. And here we were on holiday in Bad Ischl where the emperor actually had his summer house.

BS: Yeah, I was just going to say Bad Ischl is very famous.

GC: And that's me, daddy, mummy. And you've seen Mrs [inaudible] in the photo I've shown you.

BS: [affirmative noise].

GC: Before I was promoted to…well, it was a lieutenant colonel, the rank, but it was a sort of civilian…(to Judge) Oops, get up, silly arse.

[Judge runs off.]

PMG: Running amok.

GC: Hmm?

PMG: The dog is wandering.

BS: I think Judge is running around having a look at the flat.

GC: Go on, move!

PMG: Oh, the dog.

BS: No, no, not us.

GC: No it's my…study is there. You've got lights there, just press the button. There you are.

GC: Those are my two grandsons, meanwhile they parents themselves.

What else have I got here? My honorary doctorate, two paintings by me.

That was our beloved cottage, beloved by me.

BS: yes, I think you told us last time Christel wanted to move back to the city.

GC: And there my grandsons, now fathers themselves. And then there's family, Julie… No, that's Sylvia, that's the oldest. Andrew and Kiki and Sylvia again Julie, Andy. There we are.

[We walk back into the living-room talking about Judge.]

GC: Any other questions there?

BS: Well, just where…

GC: Ask and you'll receive a reply!

BS: Where do you feel at home 'cause I read in you know 'Last Waltz' as well that you were saying that when you went back to Vienna to visit your parents' flat that, you know, you felt that was the only true home you ever knew. Is that still true or has that changed a bit now?

GC: No, it's changed. But I mean that was my childhood home and where I grew up and where my parents lived and that mattered a hell of a lot. But I don't want to go back even if I could have the flat. [To Christel] You were with me at the flat.

CC: Ja.

GC: What did you think of it? [pause] Nothing.

CC: It was a, it was a gutbürgerliche…ah…

GC: Right.

CC: Don't forget it wasn't your flat anymore, it was this woman's flat…

GC: That's true.

CC: With her taste and her…

GC: All the lovely things had been…

CC: Yeah, yeah.

GC: …removed.

CC: It didn't feel like your flat. I didn't associate it with all the things you had told me about your childhood because it wasn't like you described it.

GC: No.

CC: So all I know is that that I never forgot how you wrote about Vienna that it was an unheimlich vertraute fremde Stadt. That I've never forgotten.

GC: Do you get this?

BS: affirmative noise.

CC: But she would. [doorbell] Oh, they're early!

GC: Who's that? Peter and Duschitza?

CC: Peter and Duschitza are coming for tea.

GC: Oh good. I mean tea.

BS: So do you feel at home here now today?

GC: Yes, but I felt most at home in the cottage which she didn't like because she didn't have enough people to talk to.

BS: Ah, but it sounds…

GC: I don't need people to talk to, ahm, talking to myself. So there you go.

BS: Well, thank you –

GC: And the people who are coming are Duchitza and Peter Michalsky, who was a member of my staff an international news business for Springer. And he still…he is retired, but he still works half of…some time. And that was a fascinating…I liked that, to create that. Today it would be different. And what I wanted was Springer to become international, but he wasn't very fond of the idea because it cost money, but under his widow they owned papers in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, God knows where, very international now. Mind you I was more looking Britain and America. But it was a very good job I had, very good conditions. When I said I wanted a car they said "Well, what Mercedes do you want?"

BS (laughs): How bad.

GC: And I was pretty well paid. [pause] But okay, my beloved wanted London, so she got it. As I got older and more compliant.

BS: Yeah, but it seems…I mean the fact that you painted the cottage as well…

GC: Oh sure!

BS: …seems to suggest that you were very happy there.

GC: Oh, I loved it. I didn't…I don't…I'm not a chap who needs to talk with lots of people. I'm perfectly happy within myself and books and politics and whatever, what I'm interested in. But I do need what in German you call Ansprache, people to talk to, Ansprache.

So there we are. Living happily ever after for as long as it goes…